

A DAY'S JOURNEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MISS J——G——.

In a certain little boudoir, in a large and elegant house, were assembled three of the prettiest girls that the world ever beheld. The one with the soft, brown hair, and great gray eyes, was Miss Josephine Godfrey, and she was sole proprietor of this same boudoir. At the present time she was engaged in saying a few last words of farewell to her two school friends, Fanny Clarendon, and Margaret Dale.

"Now, Madge, be sure to write me everything. I might as well ask the moon to write as the unconscionable Fan, so I depend on you for all!"

"I will forward to you all the particulars of our very interesting existence, you may be sure, dear Josie, and will faithfully recount to you the story of our likes and dislikes, our joys and sorrows. Good-by, dear, our school-days are over, and hurrah for the days to come!"

Then the three maidens parted, and Josephine was left alone, while Margaret, accompanied by her friend Fanny, commenced her journey to her country home, many miles away from the gay and active city. As Margaret fulfilled her promise of writing to her friend all that concerned herself and Fanny, I know of no better way of telling my story, than by placing before my readers three epistles from that young lady to Josephine. The first was written immediately after they reached home.

EPISTLE I.

OAKLAND, *May 12th, '62.*

DEAREST JOSIE: After much wandering about by cars, steamboat, and stage, here we are at last, safely ensconced in my papa's house, with the bright sunshine filling my room with light, and the flowers shedding their fragrance through the sweet summer air, and rising even to the windows of my own little boudoir, where I, as a faithful friend, have already seated myself to communicate my thoughts to you, while that lazy, ridiculous Frances lies sleeping beside me. She is the veriest torment of my life! You have not forgotten

her old ways: how she was eternally dozing, when you and I were in for a frolic, and how she was eager for fun, just as we were wearied out, and preparing to rest! I assure you she hasn't improved one bit. She is the same nonsensical, good-for-nothing beauty, whom you and I, by some unaccountable instinct, chose for our friend. I declare, she looks so enchanting lying there, with her beautiful hair thrown back from her sweet face, her great eyes closed, and her lashes shading her soft cheeks, her red lips just parted, her hand, so tiny and white, half concealed in her curls, that I can't help thinking she is the most exquisite little angel that ever strayed away from heaven!

But one page devoted to somnolent Fan, is sufficient. I must tell you of our journey. We came the first day by rail, as you know, and hadn't a single adventure. We tried our best to have something befall us—either good or bad—we were indifferent which. We would have been content with the romantic or sentimental, comic or tragic. That day, however, "from morn till dewy eve," was more stupid and dull, than any we have ever experienced in all the eighteen years of our existence; and I was thankful enough when the conductor threw open the door and shouted, "Clinton." I gave Fan several sharp pinches before I could arouse her to the consciousness that we had arrived at the end of our day's journey. Just as she opened her eyes, I heard a gentleman exclaim: "Well, Fan, can't you manage to wake up long enough to speak a word to your old uncle?" With one leap and a cry of joy, Fanny was in her uncle's arms, and I was left a solitary looker-on at their affectionate greeting. After several minutes had elapsed in eager questions and answers, the witch had the grace to turn and introduce me, who looked, I dare say, forlorn and uncomfortable enough. Mr. Davis spoke kindly to me, and soon had us both, bag and baggage, stowed away in his comfortable carriage; and Fan's tongue never rested for a moment from her incessant chatter till we reached his house. There his wife met us; gave us a good supper, and at ten o'clock we retired to our room. We slept soundly, and were called at seven

in the morning—breakfasted at eight, and at nine were on board the boat for Sidney. And now comes the most interesting event that has befallen us since the merry days when we were all together. Scarcely were we seated on deck, and Fan was looking about for some comfortable place to take a rest, when I observed, sitting directly opposite, two young Apollos, whose sole occupation seemed to be gazing at us. I drew a book from my bag and tried to read, but I felt their eyes upon me. There they sat as quiet and indifferently cool as you please, each in an easy chair, and puffing clouds of smoke from their "Havanas," as though they had no other thought in life, save that of lolling here and there, and staring at any pretty girl who should chance to appear before them. I endured their impudence for half an hour, and then roused Fan from her reverie—she solemnly avowed she was not asleep!—and, taking her arm, made her accompany me to the saloon. We found a sofa and took possession of it, and then and there I whispered my thoughts to her. I told her how those two exquisites had stared me out of countenance, and had smiled at her sleepy face. She was soon wide awake, and watching for the entrance of these two spies upon our actions. Soon they came in, passed by us, and sat down at some distance. Notwithstanding their impertinence on deck, we soon lost all fear of them; for as they sat there reading, they looked so gentlemanly and so handsome, that we began to feel a very deep interest in them. Somehow, we did find there was some person on that boat whom we knew, or who would have the grace to exchange a word with us, who were nearly dying of ennui! Of course we did not wish them to notice us! It is highly improper, when young ladies are travelling alone, to converse with, or accept the attention of any stranger, however interesting he may be! We only sighed to each other, and longed for some one to entertain us, or be entertained by us. No one came; and as we had nothing else to do, we studied those youths. Man, you know, is the noblest work of nature, so where could we turn our eyes or our thoughts to find a worthier object of contemplation? We differed as to their beauty. We agreed they were both handsome, but my favorite was very fair, with great blue eyes, as good and pure-looking as the June sky; hair wavy and brown, with a clear, golden light, like the

sun rippling in and out; a broad, intellectual forehead, good nose, and a mouth like Diana's bow! Don't think I lost my heart to so much beauty—I did not—though he is just as handsome as the picture I have drawn. In discussing their merits and their faults, we designate them by these very appropriate names: I called my hero Adonis, and Fan hers Apollo! You must understand that Adonis was fair, and bright, and merry, while Apollo was a shade taller, with hair black as the raven's wing, and eyes which I fancied could, on occasion, flash up with a terrible light, but which also could grow soft and tender, when his thoughts were calm and holy. They both had an air of high-bred courtesy about them, and of dignified reserve, which was irresistible. At last Fanny and I retired to our state-room, as her curls needed arranging. When she was ready to emerge, she did look even more lovely than usual. We took up our station again upon the sofa, but noticed that during our absence Adonis and Apollo had disappeared. Fan vowed she was never in such a wretched boat, and never saw so many stupid people congregated in one place! Finally, as no one of interest approached, her eyes drooped, and she was soon fast asleep, her head resting on the hard, wooden frame of the sofa. I left her in a few moments to go to my room, and when, in half an hour I returned, she was still sleeping, but her head was softly pillowed on a large gray shawl. Who could have placed it there? I looked around, but could not solve the riddle. Only a few ladies and children were in the saloon. Adonis and Apollo had not returned. Quietly and peacefully Fan slept till the gong sounded for dinner, when she started up, exclaiming: "Have I been asleep?" As she rose she noticed the shawl, and said: "Why, Madge, where on earth did this come from? Whose can it be?" I was about to reply, when I heard a step close behind me, and looking up beheld Adonis and Apollo. Apollo, with a smile and a bow, said:—

"The shawl belongs to me, madam. I was passing through the saloon, and saw you sleeping, with a shockingly hard resting-place for your head, and took the liberty of placing it where I thought it would afford you some comfort and easier repose.

Fan blushed the least bit in the world, and half opening her eyes and looking through the long golden lashes at him she murmured:

"I thank you, sir, for your trouble."

"I can assure you it was no trouble, but a pleasure. If you think I deserve any reward, you will bestow upon me the favor of escorting you to dinner. You and your friend are alone, I believe, and we are in the same sad condition; so why may we not exchange for the rest of the day, and I will pass Fred, here, over to your friend, if she will allow, and deprive her of your undivided attention for a few hours. I am Mr. Harry Seton, and this is my travelling-companion and chum, Fred Karriek."

What could we do, dear Josie, but accept our cavaliers, who so gallantly offered to befriend us? Whether you are shocked or not, we did accept them, and a merrier party never arose from any dinner, than that which ascended to the saloon, and went from thence out to the bright, sunny deck, where we promenaded and chatted like friends of a dozen years' standing. But there is an end of all things pleasant on earth, and, in the midst of our enjoyment, the sun went down below the horizon, and the lengthening shadows warned us that we were almost home. So, as we neared the wharf, Adonis and Apollo—I shall still call them so!—gathered up our shawls and bags, and bid us good-by, when they had safely deposited us in the old stage-coach for our five miles' ride. Then with many hopes expressed that, ere long, they should see us again, they retraced their steps to the boat, and we were whirled off—"over the hills and far away"—and in less than an hour were in my room here at dear old Oakland. Papa is very happy to have his little girl back again, and ~~Fan~~ and I mean to enjoy ourselves.

If you are not utterly wearied with my nonsense, I shall write again soon, and tell you how we spend our days, and if we ever hear anything more of our gallants! Fan has just opened her eyes, and says: "Give my love to Jo," and with the same from myself,

I am yours, eternally, MADGE.

EPISTLE II.

June 15th, 1862.

MY DEAR JOSIE: Since I wrote you last I've really had no time to call my own; but this afternoon, while the rain beats against my window, and I feel quite certain of no interruption, I mean to devote an hour to you,

and tell you of some of the strange events that have occurred since my last was sent.

Scarcely a fortnight after our arrival here, Mrs. Pearce, who lives in the mansion you always admired so much, gave a large party. Her friends, young and old, from the city and country were invited, and she came in person to say to Fanny and me that we must on no account fail of being there. We heard it whispered about that the party was particularly given for two friends of Mrs. Pearce, gentlemen who had come up from the city to spend a few weeks in hunting and fishing. We little dreamed who they were!

The all important night arrived at last, and we were gorgeous in our ball dresses. Fanny wore white lace looped up with moss rose-buds, with a cluster of the same on each shoulder and in her sunny curls. She looked the dearest, most lovable little fairy in the world. I being taller and *more stately*, was attired in a violet silk with pearl ornaments. Papa said we looked "very well." We were rather late, and the parlors were overflowing with beauty and grace when we entered with papa. Whom do you think we espied the moment we crossed the threshold! Two elegant gentlemen whom Mrs. Pearce introduced as "My brother, Mr. Seton, and my friend, Mr. Karriek."

Fanny and I were utterly astonished, but none the less pleased to discover that our travelling companions were real bona-fide gentlemen, and we had not been deceived in them after all. For some reason or other that party was the merriest and pleasantest that Fan and I ever attended. The music was glorious, and the dancing all we could desire. Adonis and Apollo were introduced to papa, and he being very much pleased with them, extended a warm invitation for them to call at his house. When they bade us good-night at the carriage door, Adonis said: "I shall see you to-morrow." Fanny and I went home to talk over the party, and wait for "to-morrow." It came, and after breakfast we walked out to the piazza. I sat in the shade diligently crocheting, while she twined wreaths of daisies and myrtle to adorn Fido withal. We were both more silent than usual. Fanny scarcely spoke a word, till, in looking about, she saw two figures approaching the lawn. "Look, Madge, there they are!" as though I knew who "they" might signify! I soon discovered that Adonis and Apollo were coming

towards us; so we made our most elaborate courtesy, and wished them good-morning. We discussed the subject of the party, and we talked of the flowers in the garden, and recalled some of the pleasing incidents of our journey. We passed a pleasant morning, and made plans for picnics, rides, and various pleasures, to be realized during their sojourn of a month. That evening we rode out to the lake, and returned by moonlight; 'twas charming. Since then, there have been so many amusements, that I cannot begin to enumerate them. Suffice it to say, that each day brings some new pleasure to us, and I don't know what will become of Fan and me when our cavaliers depart. You must not breathe this to a soul; but I fancy Apollo will not leave her till he has won a certain promise from Fan; and if he claims it, I feel quite as sure that she will be very ready to give it. He is a young man of irreproachable character, and the only son of a very wealthy father. By profession, he is a lawyer, and resides in Philadelphia. With all these recommendations, together with a loving heart, I think he is very worthy of even my pretty friend's heart. I have built all sorts of castles about them, and shall be terribly unhappy if they fall to the ground. To-morrow we have a party to spend the day over on the Island. How I wish you were here, and you could accompany us, with your old beau, Charlie Gilman. By the way, he looks less smiling and light-hearted than he did last year. I am afraid he pines for you. He always inquires particularly for "Miss Josephine."

I hear Fan's voice welcoming her friend, and so as Adonis cannot be far behind, I must leave you. I didn't look for them to-day, as it storms frightfully. I will write again as soon as possible; till then, farewell.

Yours,

MADGE.

P. S.—Adonis and Apollo have decided to prolong their stay another month. Fan thinks the arrangement "jolly!"

EPISTLE III.

OAKLAND, August 12, '62.

MY DEAR JOSIE: Two months since I've sent one word to you! You will forgive my seeming neglect, for I have thought of you

every day, and will now tell you why I have not written before.

First, then, let me give you the happy intelligence that I am beloved by the best man in all the world! Yes, Josie, I am betrothed to Mr. Frederick Karriek—*my Adonis!*—and that is not all. Fanny has gone home, accompanied by her Apollo, the tall, dark, Harry Seton! Shall I tell you the particulars? I will try.

For several weeks, indeed from our first acquaintance, Fanny and I knew they had their preference—that the sweetest flowers and rarest fruits, Adonis always bestowed upon me—while she was the recipient of Apollo's favors. One evening, six weeks ago, Fanny and Apollo rode out to the lake, and I, not caring to ride, accompanied Adonis on a walk to the pine grove. The air was sweet and still, and we strolled quietly together through the fields till the sun went down and the stars twinkled overhead. I walked beside him, but somehow, my tongue was mute. My heart was full of pleasant thoughts, but I could not find words to express them. My companion was silent also; but I felt neither awkward nor dull. I was strangely happy, and at last his voice broke in upon my musings, and he said: "Only one month more of this pleasant life, and then I must go back to the old routine of business. This summer has been a perfectly happy one for me, and I shall miss you strangely when I am gone. Shall you ever wish your friend were back here again with you? Will you send me a thought occasionally from your happy heart?" He looked down into my face, and raising my eyes to his, I saw the glance of love, that look which, once seen, is never mistaken or forgotten! I replied: "I shall think of you often, and shall be sorry when our pleasant summer has faded away, and you and your friend and Fanny have left me. I shall be very lonely then." He said: "Would you be lonely if *they* went and *I* stayed?" I did not speak, but I suppose he read the answer in my eyes, or felt it in his heart, for he stopped, and standing there in the moonlight, he drew me toward him, and whispered, "Margaret, my pearl, my darling, do you not know I love you? does not your soul tell you what I must say to-night? I love you with all the strength of my nature, and my spirit yearns to be united to yours, the purest and fairest I ever knew! Do you love me any,

dear? Can you ever love me?" My whisper, "Can I help it?" satisfied him. For a moment, the knowledge of my great happiness nearly overpowered me. I wanted to fall on my knees there under the clear sky, and thank God for his goodness to me; but standing by his side, my soul ascended to Heaven, and I think God knew and accepted the silent petition which arose to Him from my trembling heart. I cannot tell you of the walk home. The remembrance of it is too sacred to be brought forth for other eyes, even though they are only the loving ones of my good Josephine. When he left me that night, I went to my room, and shed many tears—tears of joy and thankfulness. Why did God bestow so much blessedness upon His unworthy child? Oh, pray that I may never forget to thank Him for all His gifts!

At last Fanny came home, and entering my room, walked straight to where I sat, and throwing her arms around my neck, said: "On, Margie, Margie, may you some time be as happy as I am this night! He whom I adore loves me more than aught else on earth!" Then I told her my secret; and we talked of our future and our happiness till the eastern hill-tops grew bright in the morning sunlight.

From that day the angels in heaven were not more blest than we! The weeks flew by like minutes, and still they did not leave us; but I discovered, before long, that my joy was not to be all unclouded. One evening Fred had looked more serious than usual, and when I asked him to tell me his sorrow, he said that he must leave me for a longer time than either of us had before believed. He could not take me in his arms, and stay at home to live in my presence and be happy, as long as his arm was strong enough to strike a blow in his country's cause. He could suffer, if need be, but he could not live to feel that he allowed others to endure all the labor and the pain, while he had health and strength as well as they. He knew I would be brave and true, and would not bid him stay when his country called!

Oh, it was very, very hard; but God gave me strength to bear the burden; and so with my own hands I fastened the glittering badge upon my hero's shoulder, and with kisses and prayers I sent him forth!

He has gone, dear Josie, but I will not believe that he never will return! God will

restore him to me by and by, and, till then, I can wait!

Fanny is at home preparing for her wedding; and on the sixteenth of next month will be assembled at her father's house many relatives and friends, to witness the joining of hands, and hear the holy words pronounced which shall transform our gay little Fanny Clarendon into Mrs. Harry Seton, and bestow upon him the privilege of saying:—

'Tis done! but yesterday a bachelor
Unarmed, with woes to strive
To-day I am a married man,
The happiest one alive!

You will be present at her bridal, of course, and, till we meet there, I will say adieu.

Yours, with love,

MARGARET.

For eight months Captain Kartick remained in the army, doing a soldier's duty as faithfully as it could be performed. The weary march, the cold and cheerless nights, the awful excitement of the battle-field, were all experienced by him, and he never flinched. Always foremost in the fight, his guardian angel protected him, and brought him, unharmed, from each encounter, until the dark day at Gettysburg. Surrounded by the dead and dying, he fell; but not to die. God would not offer the bitter cup to the little girl at home quite so soon; so his wounds were healed, and in a few weeks he left his post, where he had given all that God demanded. When he returned to his waiting heroine, he drew her tenderly to his breast, and said: "There is still enough of me left to protect you, but let your heart answer if you will marry a cripple! Your '*Adonis*' has but one arm." And she answered: "All that I loved the best has returned to me. The noble soul and the pure, precious heart. Could I ever ask more of Heaven than to bestow upon me the priceless boon of a good man's love?"

And so, dear reader, the story ends. There is a fragrance of orange flowers in the air; and the marriage bells are sending forth a welcome to Margaret and her *Adonis*.

A Locomotive with a History.

Among the locomotives secured by General Terry in his overland movement from Wilmington to Goldsboro,' is one that possesses some historical interest, the engine "Job Terry." The Terry first came into the possession of the United States military authorities by the occupation of Alexandria, Virginia, in May, 1861; was re-captured by Stonewall Jackson at Front Royal, in the famous Banks retreat down the Shenandoah, in the summer of 1862; re-captured soon after by the Union forces near Martinsburg, and found slightly damaged; was, however, soon put in running order; ran for us but a short time, again falling into rebel hands at Warrington Junction, Virginia, at the time of Pope's disastrous campaign, doing the rebels service till re-possession for Uncle Sam, a short time since, by her namesake, General Terry. It is fair to assume that the military vicissitudes of this locomotive are at last over, and that while there is steam in her lungs it will be respired for the exclusive benefit of the United States Government.—*Scientific American.*

[The "Job Terry" was originally owned by the Fall River Railway Company, was built at Taunton, Mass., and after the union of the Fall River and the Old Colony companies was run on the Bridgewater Branch. The engine was sold to the United States Government in 1860 to go south. Its subsequent adventures, excepting the time and circumstances of its capture by the rebels, are shown in the above paragraph.]

Atchison and Pike's Peak Railway.

The Atchison (Kansas) *Daily Champion* says: "We learn from Major Gunn that about two thousand Germans who have recently arrived in this country, are on their way to Atchison from New York, to work on the Atchison and Pike's Peak railroad. The company has hired them, agreeing to pay them partly with twenty acres of land apiece, out of the late Kickapoo reservation, thus forming an important valuable colony of industrious citizens in our country, and also securing laborers for an important public work, which has heretofore been difficult to do."

"No, permit me to keep it on; I cannot show as calm a face as you to-night, so let me hide it."
Something in the touch and tone caused Cecil to look closer at the mask, which showed nothing but glittering eyes and glimpses of a black beard.
"Where is the sign that will assure me you are Germain?" she demanded.
"Here," and turning to a fold of the black domino she saw the rose still hanging as she had tied it.
"No wonder you did not care to show your badge, it is so faded. Break a fresh one from the trellis yonder, and I will place it better for you."
"Give me one from your bouquet, that is fresher and sweeter to me than any other in the garden or the world."
"Moonlight and masquerading make you romantic; I feel so too, and will make a little bargain with you, since you prize my rose so highly. You shall take your choice of these I wear, if you will answer a few questions."
"Ask anything--" he began eagerly, but caught back the words, adding, "put your questions, and if I can answer them without forfeiting my word, I will, truly and gladly."
"Ah, I thought that would follow. If I forfeit my word in asking, surely you may do the same in answering. I promised Basil to control my curiosity; I have kept my promise till he broke his, now I am free to satisfy myself."
"What promise has he broken?"
"I will answer that when you have earned the rose. Come, grant my wish, and then you may question in return."
"Speak, I will do my best."
"Tell me then what he binds you to Yorke?"
"The closest, yet most inexplicable."
"You are his brother?"
"No."
"He cannot be your father, that is impossible?"
"Decidedly, as there are but a few years difference between our ages."
She smiled at her own foolish question.
"Then you must be akin to me, and so bound to him in some way. Is that it?"
"I am not akin to you, yet I am bound to you both, and thank God for it."
"What is the mystery? Why do you haunt me? Why does Yorke let you come? and why do I trust you in spite of everything?"
"The only key I can give you to all this is the one word, love."
She drew back, as he bent to whisper it, and put up her hand as if to forbid the continuance of the subject, but Germain said, warmly:
"It is because I love you that I haunt you. Yorke permits it, because he cannot prevent it, and you trust me, because your heart is empty and you long to fill it. Is not this true? I have answered your questions, now answer mine, I beg of you."
"No, it is not true."
"Then you do love?"
"Yes."
"Whom, Cecil, whom?"
"Not you, Germain, believe that, and ask no more."
"Is it a younger, comelier man than I?"
"Yes."
"And you have loved him long?"
"For years."
"He is here to-night?"
"He is. Now let us go in, I am tired of this."
"Not yet, stay and answer me once more. You shall not go till I am satisfied. Tell me, have you no love for Yorke?"
His sudden violence terrified her, for, as she endeavored to rise, he held her firmly, speaking vehemently, and waiting her reply, with eyes that flashed behind the mask. Remembering his wild nature, and fearing some harm to Basil, she dared not answer truly, and hoping to soothe him, she laid her hand upon his arm, saying, with well-feigned coldness:
"How can I love him, when I have been taught for years only to respect and obey him? He has been a stern master, and I never can forget my lesson. Now release me, Germain, and never let this happen again. It was my fault, so I forgive you, but there must be no more of it."
There was no need to bid him release her, for as the words left her lips, like one in a paroxysm of speechless repentance, grief or tenderness, he covered her hands with passionate tears and kisses, and was gone as suddenly as he had come. Cecil lingered a moment to recover herself and re-adjust her mask, and hardly had she done so, when down the path came Hamlet, as if in search of her. The difference between the two had never been more strongly marked than now, for Germain had been in his most impetuous mood, and Yorke seemed unusually mild and calm, as Cecil hurried toward him, with a pleasant sense of safety as she took his arm, and listened to his quiet question:
"What has frightened you, my child?"
"Germain, he is so violent, so strange, that I can neither control nor understand him, and he must be banished, though it is hard to do it."
"Poor Germain, he suffers for the sins of others as well as for his own. But if he makes you unhappy, he shall go, and go at once. Why did you not tell me so before?"
"I did, but you said, let him stay. Have you forgotten that so soon?"
Yorke laughed low to himself.
"It seems that I have forgotten. It was kind of me, however, to let him stay where he was the happiest; did you not think so, Cecil?"

"No, I thought it very unwise. I was hurt at your indifference, and tried to show you your mistake; but I have done harm to Germain, and he must go, although in him I lose my dearest friend, my pleasantest companion. I am very proud, but I humble myself to ask this favor of you, Basil."
"Gentle heart, how can he ever thank you for your compassion and affection? Be easy, he shall go; but as a last boon, give him one more happy day, and I will make sure that he shall not offend again, as he seems to have done to-night. I, too, am proud, but I humble myself, Cecil, to ask this favor of you."
So gently he spoke, so entirely changed he seemed, that Cecil's eyes filled, for her heart felt very tender, and before she could restrain it, an impulsive exclamation escaped her.
"Ah, Basil, if you were always as kind as now, how different my life would be."
"So would mine, if I dared be kind." The answer was impulsive as the exclamation, and he made a gesture as if to take her to himself; but something restrained him, and with a heavy sigh he walked in silence.
"Dared to be kind?" she echoed, in a griefed and wondering tone. "Are you afraid to show that you care for me a little?"
"Mortally afraid, because I cannot tell you all. But, thank Heaven, there will come a time when I may speak, and for that hour I long, though it will be my last."
"O Basil, what do you mean by such strange words?"
"I mean that when I lie dying, I can tell my miserable mystery, and you will pity and pardon me at last."
"But you once said you would never tell me."
"Did I? Well, then Germain shall tell you when he dies. You'll not have long to wait."
Cecil shivered at the ominous words, and started with a faint cry, for they seemed confirmed, as her eye fell on a dark figure lying with hidden face among the grass, not far from the solitary path they had unconsciously chosen. There was something so pathetic about the prostrate figure, flung down as if in the abandonment of despair, that Cecil was on the point of going to offer comfort, when her companion detained her, whispering, earnestly:
"Leave him to me, and go on alone. It is time for the unmasking, and we shall be missed. I'll follow soon, and bring him with me."
She obeyed, and went on, more heavy-hearted than when she came. Within, the gaiety was at its height, and as she entered, Sir Walter was instantly at her side, leading her away for the last dance before the masks were removed. Presently silence fell upon the motley throng, and all stood ready to reveal themselves, when the signal came. A single horn sounded a mellow blast, and in a moment the room brightened with smiling faces, as the black masks fell, while a general peal of laughter filled the air. Cecil glanced about her for her husband and Germain. They were standing together near the door, both unmasked now, and both more mysterious to her than ever. Neither looked as she expected to see them; Yorke was grim and pale, with smileless lips and gloomy eyes; Germain leaned near him, smiling his enchanting smile, and wearing the indescribable air of romance which always attached to him, and even now, rendered him a more striking figure than many of the gayer ones about him.
"Shall I ever understand them?" she sighed to herself, as her eye turned from them to Sir Walter, standing beside her, one hand on his sword-hilt, the other still holding the half mask before his face, as if anxious to preserve his incognito as long as possible. Yorke's eye was upon him, also, as he waited with intense impatience to see his suspicion confirmed; but in the confusion of the moment, he lost sight of the marquise and her attendant before this desire was gratified. Making his way through the crowd as fast as frequent salutations, compliments and jests permitted, he came at last to the balcony. A single glance assured him that his search was ended, and stepping into the deep shadow of the projecting wall, he eyed the group before him with an eye that boded ill to the unconscious pair.
Cecil's face was towards him, and it wore a look of happiness that had long been a stranger to it, as she spoke earnestly, but in so low a tone that not a word was audible. Her companion listened intently, and made brief replies; he was unmasked now, but the long plume of his hat drooping between his face and the observer, still prolonged his suspense. Only a few moments did they stand so, for, as if bidding him adieu, Cecil waved her hand to him, and re-entered the hall through the nearest window. Sir Walter seated himself on the wide railing of the balcony, flung his hat at his feet, and turned his face full to the light, as if enjoying the coolness of the sea breeze. One instant he sat humming a blithe cavalier song to himself, the next, a strong hand clutched and swung him over the low balustrade, as a face pale with passion came between him and the moon, and Yorke's voice demanded, fiercely:
"What brings you here? Answer me truly, or I will let go my hold, and nothing but my hand keeps you from instant death."
It was true, for though Alfred's feet still clung to the bars, his only support was the arm, inflexible as iron, that held him over the rocky precipice, below which rolled the sea. But he was brave, and though his face whitened, his eye was steady, his voice firm, as he replied, unhesitatingly:
"I came to see Cecil."
"I thought so! Are you satisfied?"

"Fully satisfied."
"That she loves you as you would have her love?"
"Yes, as I would have her love."
"You dare say this to me!" and Yorke's grip tightened, as a savage light shot into his black eyes, and his voice shook with fury.
"I dare anything, if you doubt it, try me."
Alfred's blood was up now, and he forgot himself in the satisfaction it gave him to inflict a pang of jealousy as sharp as his own had been.
"What was she saying to you as she left?" demanded Yorke, under his breath.
"I shall answer no questions, and destroy no confidences," was the brief reply.
"Then I swear I will let go my hold!"
"Do it, and tell Cecil I was true to the end."
With a defiant smile, Alfred took his hands from the other's arm, and lunged there only by that desperate clutch. The smile, the words, drove Yorke beyond himself; a mad devil seemed to possess him, and in the drawing of a breath, the young man would have been dashed upon the jagged cliffs below, had not Germain saved them both. Where he came from, neither saw, nor what he did, for with inconceivable rapidity Yorke was flung back, Alfred drawn over the balustrade, and planted firmly on his feet again. Then the three looked at one another; Yorke was speechless with the mingled rage, shame and grief warring within him; Alfred still smiling disdainfully; Germain pale and panting with the shock of surprise at such a sight, and the sudden exertion which had spared the gay evening a tragic close. He spoke first, and as one having authority, drawing the young man with him, as he slowly retreated towards the steep steps that wound from the balcony to the cliff that partially supported it.
"Go, Basil, and keep this from Cecil; I have a right to ask it, for half the debt to you is cancelled by saving you from this act, that would have made your life as sad a failure as my own. I shall return to-morrow for the last time; till then, I shall guard this boy, for you are beside yourself!"
With that they left him, and he let them go without a word, feeling that indeed he was beside himself. How long he stood there, he did not know; a stir within recalled him to the necessity of assuming composure, and fighting down the agitation that must be controlled, he went in to play the courteous host at his own table, and answer to the toasts drunk to the health and happiness of himself and his fair wife. He went through with his duties with a desperate sort of gaiety that deceived careless observers, but not Cecil. She, too, was feverishly restless, for Alfred did not appear, and Germain was gone also; but she hid her disquiet better than Yorke, and the effort made her so brilliantly beautiful and blithe that the old fancy of "Yorke's statue" was forgotten, and "Yorke's wife" became "the star of the goodly company."
The evening came to an end at last, and Yorke's long torment was over. Early birds were beginning to twitter, and the short summer night was nearly past, as the latest guest departed, leaving the weary host and hostess alone. Cecil's first act was to unclasp the diamonds, and offer to restore them to the giver, saying, gratefully, yet with gravity:
"I thank you for your generous thought of me, and have tried to do honor to your gift, but please take them back now, they are too costly ornaments for me."
"Too heavy chains, you mean," and with a sudden gesture, he sent the glittering handful to the ground, adding, in a tone that made her start:
"Did you bring that boy here?"
"Do you mean the gullible Sir Walter?"
"I mean Alfred Norton."
"No, I did not ask him."
"You knew he was coming?"
"I only hoped so."
The dark veins rose on Yorke's forehead, he locked his hands tightly together behind him, and fixed on her a look that she never could forget, as he said slowly, as if every word was wrung from him:
"You must see him no more. I warn you, harm will come of it if you persist."
A smile broke over her face, and with a shrug of her white shoulders, and an accent of merry malice that almost drove him frantic, she answered, nonchalantly:
"Why mind him more than poor Germain? If he comes, I cannot shut him, unless my lord and master has turned jealous, and forbids it; does he?"
"Yes."
Yorke left the room, as he uttered the one word that was both an answer and a confession; had he looked backward, he would have seen Cecil down upon her knees gathering up the scattered diamonds, with that inexplicable smile quenched in tears, and on her face that tender expression he so longed to see.

CHAPTER IX.
ON THE BACK.

The house was not astir till very late next day, for master and mistress breakfasted in their own rooms at noon, and seemed in no haste to meet. A more miserable man than Yorke the sun did not shine on. Oppressed with remorse for last night's violence, shame at last night's betrayal of jealousy, and bitter sorrow for last night's defeat, he longed yet dreaded to see Cecil, feeling that all hope of winning her heart was lost, and nothing but the resignation of despair remained for him.
Fearing that Alfred might venture back, he haunt-

No. 4.-COMPLETE IN FOUR NUMBERS.
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1865, by
ELLIOTT, THOMAS & TALBOT, in the Clerk's Office of the
District Court of Massachusetts.
[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
A Marble Woman:
--OR--
THE MYSTERIOUS MODEL.
A NOVEL OF ABSORBING INTEREST
BY A. M. BARNARD.
AUTHOR OF "V.V.: OR, PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS."

HE voice was feigned, nothing but the outline of the figure was visible, and no badge distinguished this domino from a dozen others, but after a moment's pause and a brief scrutiny, Cecil seemed satisfied, and removing her mask, exclaimed, with an air of perfect confidence:
"It is Germain; you cannot hide yourself from me."
"Is madame sure?"
"Yes, I know you by the rapid beating of your heart. You forget that, *mon ami*."
"Does no other heart beat fast when it approaches you, lovely marquise?"
"None but yours, I fancy. You have been dancing, and I bade you not, it is dangerous. Come now, and rest with me; the music is delicious from this distance, and the night too beautiful to waste in crowded rooms."
With an inviting gesture she swept her silken train aside, that he might share the little seat, and as he took it, put up her hand to remove his mask, with the smile still shining on her face, the friendly tone still softening her voice.
"Take off that ugly thing, it impedes your breathing, and is bad for you."
But he caught the hand, and imprisoned it in both his own, while the heart-beats grew more audible, and some inward agitation evidently made it difficult to speak quietly.

to say and garden like a restless ghost, despising himself the while, yet utterly unable to resist the power that controlled him. No one came, however; not even Germain, and the afternoon was half over before Cecil appeared. He knew the instant she left her room, for not a sound escaped him; he saw her come down into her boudoir looking so fresh and fair he found it hard to felgn unconsciousness of her presence, till he was composed enough to meet her as he would. The windows of her room opened on the shady terrace where he had been walking for an hour. After passing and re-passing several times, in hopes that she would speak to him, he pulled his hat low over his brows, and looking in, bade her "Good morning." She answered with unusual animation, but her eye did not meet his, and she bent assiduously over her work as if to hide her varying color. Yorke was quick to see these signs of disquiet, but the thought of Alfred made him interpret them in his own way, and find fresh cause of suffering in them.

Both seemed glad to ignore last night, for neither spoke of it, though conversation flagged, and long pauses were frequent, till Yorke, in sheer desperation, took up a book, offering to read aloud to her. She thanked him, and leaning on the window ledge he opened at random and began to read. Of late, poems and romances had found their way into the house, apparently introduced by Germain, and to her surprise Yorke allowed Cecil to read them, which she did with diligence, but no visible effect as yet. In five minutes Yorke wished she had refused his offer, for the lines he had unwittingly chosen were of the tenderest sort, and he found it very hard to read the tuneful raptures of a happy lover, when his own heart was heaviest. He hurried through it as best he could, and not till the closing line was safely delivered did he venture to look at Cecil. For the first time she seemed affected by the magic of poetry; her hands lay idle, her head was averted, and her quickened breath stirred the long curls that half hid her face.

"She thinks of Alfred," groaned Yorke, within himself, and throwing down the book, he abruptly left her for another aimless saunter through the garden and the grove. He did not trust himself near her again, but lying in the grass where he could see her window, he watched her unobserved. Still seated at her embroidery frame, she worked at intervals, but often dropped her needle to look out as if longing for some one who did not come. "She waits for Alfred," sighed Yorke, and laying his head down on his arm, he fell to imagining how different all might have been had he not married his own happiness by blinding her to atone for one wrong with another. The air was sultry, the soft chirp of insects very soothing; the weariness of a wakeful night weighed down his eyelids, and before he was aware of its approach, a deep sleep fell upon him, bringing happier dreams to comfort him than any his waking thoughts could fashion.

A peal of thunder startled him wide awake, and glancing at his watch, he found he had lost an hour. Springing up, he went to look for Cecil, as he no longer saw her at her window. But nowhere did he find her, and after a vain search he returned to the boudoir, thinking some clue to her whereabouts might be discovered there. He did discover a clue, but one that drove him half mad with suspense and fear. Turning over the papers on her writing-table, hoping to find some little message such as she often left for him, he came upon a card bearing Alfred's name, and below it a single line in French.

"At five, on the beach. Do not fail." Yorke's face was terrible as he read the words that to his eyes seemed a sentence of lifelong desolation, for, glancing despairingly about the room, he saw that Cecil's hat was gone, and understood her absence now. A moment he stood staring at the line like one suddenly gone blind; then all the pain and passion passed into an unnatural calmness as he thrust the card into his pocket and rung like a man who has work to do that will not brook delay.

"Where is Mrs. Yorke?" was the brief question that greeted Anthony when he appeared. "Gone to the beach, I think, sir." "How long ago?" "Nearly an hour, I should say. It was half past four when I came home; she was here then, for I gave her the note; but she went out soon after, and now it's half past five."

"What note was that?" "An answer to one I carried to the hotel, sir." "To Mr. Alfred, was it not?" "Yes, sir." "Did you see him, Anthony?" "Gave it into his own hand, sir, as mistress bade me, for it was important, she said." "Very important! He answered it, you say?" "Yes, sir. I met him on the lawn, and when he'd read the note, he just wrote something outlandish on his card and told me to hurry back. Is anything wrong, master?" "Mrs. Yorke has gone boating with him, I believe, and I am anxious about her, for a storm is blowing up and Mr. Alfred is no sailor. Are you sure she went that way?"

"Very sure, sir; she had her boat cloak with her, and went down the beach path. I thought she spoke to you lying under the pine, but I suppose you were asleep, so she didn't wake you."

"She stopped, did she?" "Yes sir, several minutes, and stooped down as if speaking to you."

"You were watching her, it seems. Why was that?" "Beg pardon, sir, but I couldn't help it; she looked

so gay and pretty it did my old eyes good to look at her." "You may go." The instant he was alone, Yorke caught up a delicate handkerchief that lay on a chair, and calling Judas, showed it to him with a commanding, "Find her." The dog eyed his master intelligently, smelt the bit of cambric, and with nose to the ground, dashed out of the house, while Yorke followed, wearing the vigilant, restless look of an Indian on the war trail. Under the pine Judas paused, sniffed here and there, hurried down the path, and set off across the beach, till coming to a little cone, he seemed at fault, ran to and fro a minute, then turned his face seaward and gave a long howl as if disappointed that he could not follow his mistress by water as by land. Yorke came up breathless, looked keenly all about him, and discovered several proofs of the dog's sagacity. Cecil's veil lay on a rocky seat, large and small footprints were visible in the damp sand, and a boat had been lately drawn up in the cove, for the receding tide had not washed the mark of its keel away.

"She could not be so treacherous—she has gone with Germain—I will not doubt her yet." But as the just and generous emotion rose, his eye fell on an object which plainly proved that Alfred had been there. A gold sleeve button lay shining at his feet; he seized it, saw the initials "A. N." upon it, and doubted no longer, as the hand that held it closed with a gesture full of ominous significance, and turning sharply, he went back more rapidly than he came. Straight home he hurried, and calling Anthony, alarmed the old man as much by his appearance as by the singular orders he gave.

"If Germain comes, tell him to wait here for me; if young Norton comes, do not admit him; if Mrs. Yorke comes, put a light in the little turret window. I am going to look for her, and shall not return till I find her, unless the light recalls me."

"Lord bless us, sir! If you're scared about mistress, let some one go with you. I'll be ready in a jiffy."

"No; I shall go alone. Get me the key of the boat-house, and do as I tell you."

"But, master, they'll put in somewhere when they see the squall coming on. Better send down to the hotel, or ride round to the Point. It's going to be a wild night, and you don't look fit to face it."

But Yorke was deaf to warnings or suggestions, and hastily preparing himself for the expedition, he repeated his orders, and left Anthony shaking his head over "master's recklessness."

As he unmoored the boat, Judas leaped in, and standing in the bow, looked into the dim distance with an alert, intent expression, as if he shared the excitement of his companion. Up went the sail, and away flew the "Sea-Gull," leaving a track of foam behind, and carrying with it a heart more unquiet than stormy sea or sky. Across the bay skimmed the boat, and landing on the now deserted beach, Yorke went up to the hotel, so calm externally that few would have suspected the fire that raged within.

"Is young Norton here?" he asked of a clerk lounging in the office.

"Left this afternoon, sir."

"Rather sudden, wasn't it? Are you sure he's gone?"

"Don't know about the suddenness, Mr. Yorke, but I do know that he paid his bill, sent his baggage by the 4.30 train, and said he should follow in the next."

"Did he say anything about coming over to the Cliffs? I expected him to-day."

"I heard nothing of it, and the last I saw of him he was going toward the beach to bid the ladies good-by, I supposed."

"Thank you, Gay. I had a message for him, but I can send it by mail." And Yorke sauntered away as if his disappointment was of a very trifling one. But the instant he was out of sight his pace quickened to a stride, and he made straight for the depot, cursing his ill-timed sleep as he went. Another official was soon found and questioned, but no young gentleman answering to Alfred's description had purchased a ticket; of this the man was quite sure, as very few persons had left by either of the last trains.

"Well planned for so young a head, but Judas and his master will outwit him yet," muttered Yorke between his teeth, concentrating all his wrath on Alfred, for he dared not think of Cecil.

Stopping at Germain's lodging, he was told that his friend had gone to town at noon, and had not yet returned. This intelligence settled one point in his mind and confirmed his worst fear. Regardless of the gathering storm, he put off again, shaping his course for the city, led by a conviction that the lovers would endeavor to conceal themselves there for a time, at least. A strange pair of voyagers were scudding down the harbor that afternoon; the great black hound, erect and motionless at the bow, though the spray dashed over him, and the boat dipped and bounded as it drove before the wind; the man erect and motionless at the helm, one hand on the rudder and one on the sail, his mouth grimly set, and his fiery eye fixed on the desired haven with an expression which proved that an indomitable will defied both danger and defeat. Craft of all sorts were hurrying into port, and more than one belated pleasure boat crossed Yorke's track. The occupants of each were scanned with a scrutinizing glance, and once or twice he shouted an inquiry as they passed. But in none appeared the faces he sought, no answer brought either contradiction or confirmation of his fear, and no backward look showed him the welcome light burning in the little turret window. Coming at last to the wharf where they always landed, he questioned the waterman to whose care he gave his boat.

"Ay, ay, sir; this squall has sent more than one phillandering young couple home in a hurry. The last came in twenty minutes ago, just in time to save the crew from more water than they bargained for."

"Did you observe them? Was the lady beautiful? the gentleman young? Did you catch the name of either? Where?"

"Drop anchor there, sir, till I overhaul the first cargo of questions," broke in the man, for Yorke was hurrying one inquiry upon the heels of another without waiting for an answer to any. "Did I observe 'em? No, I didn't, particularly. Was the lady pretty? Don't know; she was wrapped up and scared. Was the gentleman young? Notmore than three-and-twenty, I should say. Did I catch their names? Not a name, being busy with the boats."

"Did they seem fond of one another? Were they in a hurry? Which way did they go?"

"Uncommon fond, and in a devil of a hurry. Which way they went I can't tell; it was no business of mine, so I didn't know. Anything more, sir?" said the man, good humoredly.

"Yes; take this for your trouble, and show me the boat they came in."

"Thanky, sir; that's it over yonder. The lad must have been half seas over with love or liquor, to bring his sweetheart all the way from the Point in a cockle shell like that."

"From the Point? It is a hotel boat, then?"

"Ay, sir; I know 'em all, and the Water Witch is the worst of the lot, but her smart rigging gives her a rakish look to them that don't know a mudscrew from a wherry."

"Did the young man give you any orders about the boat?"

"Only to keep her till she was called for."

"And you have no idea which way they went?"

"No sir; they steered straight ahead as far as the corners, but what course they took then, I can't say."

Yorke was gone before the man had finished his sentence, and with Judas at his heels, turned toward his old home, feeling little doubt but he should find the fugitives at Mrs. Norton's close by; for though she was absent for the summer, her house was accessible to her son. Admitting himself without noise, he searched his own premises, and from the garden reconnoitered the adjoining ones. Every window was closely shuttered; no light anywhere appeared, and the house was evidently unoccupied. Hester, when called, had heard and seen nothing of Mr. Alfred for months, and was much surprised at her master's sudden appearance, though he fabricated a plausible excuse for it. Out he went again into the storm that now raged furiously, and for several hours searched every place where there was the least possibility of finding those he sought. He looked also for Germain, hoping he might lend some help; but he was in none of his usual haunts, and no clue to the lost wife was found.

Drenched, despairing and exhausted with his fruitless quest, he stepped into a lighted doorway for shelter, while he took a moment's thought what course to pursue next. As he stood there, Ascot, the young artist came from the billiard room within; he had been Yorke's guest the night before, and recognizing his host in the haggard, weather-beaten man standing in the light, he greeted him gaily.

"Good evening, ancient mariner; you look as if your last voyage had not been a prosperous one. I can sympathize with you, for thanks to that confounded Water Witch, we nearly went to the bottom in the squall this afternoon."

"The Water Witch?" cried Yorke, checking himself in the act of abruptly quitting Ascot whose gaiety was unbearable just then.

"Yes, I warn you against her. We came over from the Point in her, and had a narrow escape of being made 'dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant bodies,' as 'Manteline' says."

"This afternoon, Ascot? At what time?"

"Between five and six."

"Did you leave the boat at the lower wharf where we usually land?"

"Yes; and there she may stay till doomsday, though I ought to be grateful to her, after all."

"We? Then you were not alone?"

"No; my Grace was with me— There Ascot stopped, looking half embarrassed, half relieved, but added, with a frank laugh:

"I never could keep a secret, and as I have betrayed myself, I may as well confess that I took advantage of the storm and danger to make myself a very happy man. Give me joy, Yorke; Grace Coventry is mine."

"Joy! Your torment has but just begun;" with which gloomy answer Yorke left the astonished young gentleman to console himself with love-dreams and a cigar.

"Have I lost my senses as well as my heart, that I go chasing shadows, and deluding myself with jealous fears and fancies, when perhaps there is no mystery or wrong but what I conjure up?" mused Yorke, as he crossed the deserted park, intent upon a new and hopeful thought. Having made one mistake, he began to believe that he had made another, and wasted time and strength in looking for what never had been lost. Weariness calmed him now, the rain beating on his uncovered head cooled the fever of his blood, and the new hope seemed to brighten as he cherished it.

"I'll go back and wait; perhaps she has already come, or tidings of her. Anything is better than this terrible suspense," he said, and set about executing his design in spite of all obstacles.

It was nearly midnight now, too dark and wild to attempt returning by water, and the last train had left; but only a few miles lay between him and home,

and neither weariness nor tempest could deter him. Soon mounted on a powerful horse, he was riding swiftly through the night, recalling legends of the Wild Huntsman to the few belated travellers who saw the dark horseman dash by them, with the dark hound following noiselessly behind. The storm was in accordance with his mood, and he liked it better than a summer night, though the gusts buffeted him and the rain poured down with unabated violence. At the first point where the cliffs were visible, he reined up and strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the light that should assure him of Cecil's safety. But a thick mist obscured land and sea, and no cheering ray could pierce the darkness. A mile nearer his eye was gladdened by the sight of a pale gleam high above the lower lights that glimmered along the shore. Brighter and brighter it grew as he approached, and soon, with a thrill of joy that made his heart leap, he saw that it shone clear and strong from the little turret window. An irrepressible shout broke from his lips as he galloped up the steep road leaped the gate and burst into the hall before man or maid could open for him.

"Where is she?" he cried, in a voice that would have assured the wanderer of a tender welcome had she been there to hear and answer it.

Anthony started from a restless doze in his chair, and shook his gray head as he eyed his master pitifully.

"She ain't here, sir, but we've had news of her; so I lit the lamp to bring you home."

Yorke dropped into a seat as if he had been shot, for with the loss of his one hope, all strength seemed to desert him, and he could only look at Anthony with such imploring yet despairing eyes, that the old man's hard face began to work as he said below his breath:

"After you'd gone, sir, I went down to the Point and stayed round there till dark. Just as I was coming away, old Joe came in bringing a sail he'd picked up half way down the harbor. There were several of us standing about the pier, and naturally we asked questions. Then it come out from one and another that the sail belonged to the boat Mr. Alfred took this afternoon. He left there alone, but one of the men saw him with a lady afterward, and by his description I knew it was mistress."

Yorke covered up his face as if he knew what was coming and had not courage to meet it; but soon he said, brokenly, "Go on," and Anthony obeyed.

"The man wasn't quite sure about Mr. Alfred, as he don't know him, and didn't mind him much; but he was sure of mistress, and could swear to the boat and sail, for he helped rig it, and his sweetheart made the streamer. I'd like to think he was wrong, but as Mr. Alfred hired the boat, and the dear lady was seen in it, I'm awfully afraid they were wrecked in the squall."

How still the house seemed as the words dropped slowly from Anthony's lips. Nothing stirred but poor Judas panting on his mat, and nothing broke the silence but the soft tick of a clock and the sobbing of the wind without. Yorke had laid down his head as if he never cared to lift it up again, and sat motionless in an attitude of utter despair, while the old servant stood respectfully silent, with tears rolling down his withered cheeks, for his gentle mistress had won his heart, and he mourned for her as for a child of his own.

Suddenly Yorke looked up and spoke.

"Have you sent any one to look for them?"

"Yes, master, long ago, and—"

"What is it? You keep something back. Out with it, man; I can bear anything but suspense."

"They found the boat, and it was empty, master."

"Where was it? Tell me all, Anthony."

"Just outside the little bay, where the gale would blow hardest and the tide run strongest. The mist was broken short off, the boat half full of water, and one broken oar still hung in the rowlock, but there was no signs of any one except this."

Turning his face away, Anthony offered a little silken scarf, wet, torn and stained, but too familiar to be mistaken. Yorke took it, looked at it with eyes out of which light and life seemed to have died, then put it in his breast, and turning to the faithful hound, said in a tone the more pathetic for its calmness:

"Come, Judas; we went together to look for her alive, now let us go together and look for her dead."

Before Anthony could detain him he had flung himself into the saddle and was gone. All that night he haunted the shores, looking long after others had relinquished the vain search, and morning found him back in the city, inquiring along the wharves for tidings of the lost.

Taking his own boat, he turned homeward at last, feeling that he could do no more, for the reaction had begun, and he was utterly spent. The storm had passed, and dawn was breaking beautifully in the east; the sea was calm, the sky cloudless; the wind blew balmyly, and the sea-gull floated along a path of gold as the sun sent its first shaft of light over the blue waste. A strange sense of peace came to the lonely man after that wild night of tempest and despair. The thought of Cecil quiet underneath the sea was more bearable than the thought of Cecil happy with another, for in spite of repentance and remorse, he could not accept his punishment from Alfred's hand, and clung to the belief that she was dead, trying to find some poor consolation for his loss in the thought that life was made desolate by death, not by treachery. So sailing slowly through the rosy splendor of a summer dawn, he came among the cluster of small islands that lay midway between the city and the little bay. Some were green and fair, some were piles of barren rocks; none were inhabited, but on

one still stood a rude hut, used as a temporary shelter for pleasure parties or such fishermen as frequented the neighborhood. Yorke saw nothing of the beauty all about him; his eyes were fixed upon the white villa that once was home; his mind was busy with memories of the past, and he was conscious of nothing but the love that had gone down into that shining sea. Judas was more alert, for, though sitting with his head on his master's knee, as if trying to comfort him by demonstrations of mute affection, he caught sight of a little white flag fluttering from the low roof of the hut, and leaped up with a bound that nearly took him overboard. The motion roused Yorke, and following the direction of the dog's keen eye, he saw the signal—saw, also, a woman wrapped in a dark cloak sitting in the doorway, with her head upon her knees, as if asleep.

In an instant both dog and man were trembling with excitement, for there was something strangely familiar about the cloak, the bent head with its falling hair, the slender hands folded one upon another. Like one inspired with sudden life, Yorke plied his oars with such energy that a few vigorous strokes sent the boat high upon the pebbly shore, and leaping up the bank, while Judas followed baying with delight, he saw the figure start to its feet, and found himself face to face with Cecil.

CHAPTER X. AT LAST.

WHILE Yorke slept, on the previous afternoon, Cecil met Alfred on the beach, talked with him for half an hour, and when he left her, hastily, she stood waving her hand till he was out of sight; then she looked about her, as if in search of some one, and her face brightened as she saw Germain approaching.

"I am glad you are come," she said, "for I was just trying to find a man to take this boat home, and here I find a gentleman. Alfred came in it, but delayed so long that he had only time to run across the cliffs and catch the train. Will you ferry me over to the Point, and add another favor to the many I already owe you?"

"Nothing would please me better, but instead of landing so soon, let me take you down below the light-house, as I promised you I would. This will be my only opportunity, for I go away to-morrow, and you know you said I should have one more happy day."

"Did Basil tell you that?" asked Cecil, looking disturbed, as his words recalled last night's adventures.

"No, but I am well aware that I trouble you—that you wish me gone, and I shall obey; but give me this last pleasure, for I may never come again."

The smile he gave her was both melancholy and submissive; she longed to bid him stay but dared not, yet remembering Basil's wish that she should bear with him a little longer, she was glad to grant it, for she felt her power over this man, and feared nothing for herself. A moment's hesitation, then she went toward the boat, saying, in her friendliest tone:

"I trust you, and you shall have your pleasure; but, believe me, if I wish you gone it is for your own sake, not mine."

"I know it—I am grateful for your pity, and I will not disturb your confidence by any violence. Indeed, I think I'm done with my old self, and grow quieter as the doubt approaches."

Cecil doubted that, as she remembered the scene before the fountain, but Germain was certainly his constant self now, and as they sailed across the bay before the freshening wind she found the hour full of real rest and enjoyment despite her care. Absorbed in animated conversation, and unconscious of the lapse of time, they glided past the Point, the pleasant islands, the city with its cloud of smoke, the light-house on its lonely rock, and were floating far down the harbor, when the growling of distant thunder recalled them from the delights of a musical discussion to the dangers of an impending storm. A bank of black clouds was piled up in the west, the wind came in strong gusts, the waves rolled in long swells, and sea and sky portended a summer squall.

"How careless I have been," exclaimed Germain, looking anxiously about him. "But I fancy we need fear nothing except a drenching, for it will take some time to return in the teeth of this gale. Wrap your cloak about you, and enjoy the fine sight, while I do my best to atone for my forgetfulness."

Cecil had no fear, for Germain was a skillful boatman, and she loved to watch the grand effects of light and shade as the thunderous clouds swept across the sky, blotting out the blue and making the water sombre with their shadows. An occasional flash seemed to rend the dark wall, but no rain fell, and by frequent tacking Germain was rapidly decreasing the distance between them and home. Safely past the city they went, for Cecil would not land there lest Yorke should be alarmed at her long absence, and as the storm still delayed, she hoped to reach shelter before it broke.

"Once past the islands and we are quite safe, for the little bay is quiet, and we can land at any point if the rain begins. A few minutes more of this rough work, and we can laugh at the gale. Bend your head, please, I must tack again else—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a crash of thunder like the report of cannon, as a fierce gust swept down upon them, snapping the slender mast like a bulrush, and carrying Germain overboard wrapt in the falling sail. With a cry of horror Cecil sprang up, eager yet impatient to save either herself or him; but in a moment he appeared, swimming strongly,

cleared away the wreck of the sail, righted the boat and climbed in, dripping but unhurt.

"Only another of my narrow escapes. I'm surely born to die quietly in my bed, for nothing kills me," he said, coolly, as he brushed the wet hair from his eyes and took breath.

"Thank Heaven! you are safe. Land anywhere, for now the sail is gone we must not think of reaching home," cried Cecil, looking about her for the nearest shore.

"We will make for the lower island; the storm will not last long, and we can find shelter there. Unfortunately that I am, to make my last day one of danger and discomfort to you."

"I like it, and shall enjoy relating my adventures when we are at home. Let me row, it is too violent exercise for you," she said, as he drew out the oars and took off his coat.

"It will not hurt me—or if it does what matter? I would gladly give my life to see you safe."

"No, no, you must not do it. Let the boat drift, or give me an oar; I am strong; I fear nothing; let me help you, Germain."

"Take the rudder then and steer for the island; that will help me, and the sight of you will give me strength for a short tussle with the elements."

Cecil changed her seat, and with her hand upon the helm, her steady eyes upon the green spot before them, sat smiling at the storm, so fair and fearless that the sight would have put power into any arm, courage into any heart. For a time it seemed to inspire Germain, and he pulled stoutly against wind and tide; but soon, to his dismay, he felt his strength deserting him, each stroke cost a greater effort, each heart-beat was a pang of pain. Cecil watched the drops gather on his forehead, heard his labored breathing, and saw him loosen the ribbon at his throat, and more than once dash water over his face, alternately deeply flushed and deadly pale. Again and again she implored him to desist; to let her take his place, or trust to chance for help, rather than harm himself by such dangerous exertion. But to all entreaties, suggestions and commands, he answered with a gentle but inflexible denial, an utter disregard of self, and looks of silent love that Cecil never could forget.

The rain fell now in torrents, the gale steadily increased, and the waves were white with foam as they dashed high against the rocky shore of the island which the little boat was struggling to reach. Nearer and nearer it crept, as Germain urged it on with the strength of desperation, till, taking advantage of a coming billow, they were carried up and left upon the sand, with a violence that nearly threw them on their faces. Cecil sprang out at once; Germain leaned over the broken oars panting heavily, as if conscious of nothing but the suffering that racked him. Her voice roused him, but only to fresh exertion, for seizing her hand he staggered up the bank, swung open the door of the hut and dropped down at her feet as if in truth he had given his life to save her. For a moment she was in despair; she ran out into the storm, called, waved her handkerchief and looked far and near, hoping some passing boat might bring help. But nothing human was in sight; the nearest point of land was inaccessible, for an ebbing wave had washed the boat away, and she was utterly alone with the unconscious man upon the barren island. She had a brave spirit, a quick wit, and these were her supporters now, as, forgetting her own fears, she devoted herself to her suffering comrade. Fortunately, her vinaigrette was in her pocket, and water plentiful; using these simple remedies with skill, the deathlike swoon yielded at last, and Germain revived. With the return of consciousness he seemed to remember her situation before his own, and exert himself to lighten its discomforts by feeble efforts to resume his place as protector. As soon as he had breath enough to speak, he whispered, with a reassuring glance:

"Do not be afraid, I will take care of you. The pain has gone for this time, and I shall be better soon."

"Think of yourself, not me. If I only had a fire to dry and warm you I should be quite happy and content," answered Cecil, looking round the gloomy place that darkened momentarily.

With the courtesy as native to him as his impetuosity, Germain tried to rise as he took out a little case and pointed toward a corner of the hut.

"You need fire more than I; here are matches, there is wood; help me a little and you shall be quite happy and content."

But as he spoke the case dropped from his hand, and he fell back with a sharp pang that warned him to submit.

"Life still and let me care for you; I like to do it, and the exercise will keep me warm. Here is wood enough to last all night, and with light and heat we shall be very comfortable till morning and help comes."

With the heartiness of a true woman, when compassion stirs her, Cecil fell to work, and soon the dark hut glowed with a cheery blaze, the wooden shutter was closed, excluding wind and rain, the straw scattered here and there was gathered into a bed for Germain, and with her cloak over him, he lay regarding her with an expression that both touched and troubled her, so humble, grateful and tender was it. When all was done, she stepped to the door, thinking she heard the sound of passing oars; nothing appeared, however, but as she listened on the threshold Germain's voice called her with an accent of the intensest longing.

"Do not leave me! Come back to me, my darling, and let nothing part us any more."

She thought he was wandering, and gave no answer but a soothing:

"Hush, rest now, poor Germain."

"Never that again; call me father, and let me die happy in my daughter's arms."

"Father!" echoed Cecil, as a thrill of wonder, joy and blind belief shook her from head to foot.

"Yes, I may claim you at last, for I am dying. Let your heart speak; come to me, my little Cecil, for as God lives I am your father."

He struggled up, spread wide his arms, and called her in a tone of tenderness that would have carried conviction to the most careless listener. Cecil's heart did speak; instinct was quicker than memory or reason. In an instant she understood the attraction that led her to him, owned the tender tie that bound them, and was gathered to her father's bosom, untroubled by a doubt or fear. For a time there were broken exclamations, happy tears, and demonstrations of delight, as father and daughter forgot everything but the reunion that gave them back to one another. Soon Cecil calmed herself for his sake, made him lie down again, and while she dried his hair and warmed his cold hands in her own, she began to question eagerly.

"Why was I never told of this before?" she sorrowfully said, regretting the long years of ignorance that had deferred the happiness which made that hour so bright, in spite of darkness and danger.

"My life depended upon secrecy, and this knowledge would have been no joy, but a shame and sorrow to you, my poor child."

"Mama always told me that you died when I was a baby; did she believe it?"

"No, she knew I was alive, but in one sense I did die to her, and all the world, for a convict has no country, home or friends."

"A convict!" And Cecil shrank involuntarily;

"Hear me before you cast me off. Try to pity and forgive me, for with all his sins your father loves you better than his life."

"I do not cast you off—I will love, pity, and forgive; believe this, and trust your daughter, now that she is yours again."

Cecil spoke tenderly, and tried to re-assure him with every affectionate demonstration she could devise, for the one word "father" had unlocked her heart, and all its pent-up passion flowed freely now that a natural vent was found. Lying with her hand in his, August Stein told the story of the past, and Cecil learned the secret of her father's and her husband's life.

"Dear, nineteen years ago Basil and your mother were betrothed. The gifted young man was a fit mate for the beautiful girl, and but for me they might have been a happy pair this day. In an evil hour I saw her, loved her, and resolved to win her in spite of every obstacle, for my passions ruled me, and opposition only made me the more resolute and reckless. I used every art to dazzle, captivate and win her, even against her will, and I succeeded; but the brief infatuation was not love, and though she fled with me, she soon discovered that her heart still clung to Basil. Well it might, for though we had wronged him deeply he took no revenge, and would have helped us in our sorest strait. We were not happy, for I led a wild life, and your mother longed for home. Her father disowned her, when our secret marriage was discovered, her friends deserted her, and for a year we wandered from place to place, growing poorer and more wretched as hope after hope failed. I had squandered my own fortune, and had no means of earning a livelihood except my voice. That had won me my wife, and I tried to sing my way to competence for her sake. To do this, I was obliged to leave her; I always did so reluctantly, for the birth of my little daughter made the mother dearer than before. Cecil, always remember that I loved you both with all the fervor of an undisciplined nature, and let that fact lighten your condemnation of what follows."

"I shall remember, father."

"Coming home unexpectedly, one day, I found Basil there. He had discovered us, and, seeing our poverty, generously offered help. I should have thanked and honored him for that, but knowing that he did it for Cecilia's sake I hated and distrusted him, refused his kindness, and forbade him the house. He bore with me, promised your mother that he would befriend her, and went away, hoping I would relent when I was calmer. His nobleness made my own conduct seem more base; the knowledge that my wife reproached me for destroying her happiness wounded me deeply, and the thought that Basil saw my failure and pitied me rankled in my heart and made me miserable. I had been brooding darkly over these things as I returned from my distasteful work a night or two later, and was in a desperate mood. As I entered quietly, I saw a man bending over the cradle where my baby lay; I thought it was Basil, my wrath rose hot against him, some devil goaded me to it, and I felled him with a single blow. But when the light shone on his dead face I saw that it was not Basil but the young surgeon who had saved both wife and child for me."

There was a long pause, broken only by Stein's fluttering breath and Cecil's whisper:

"Do not go on; be quiet and forget."

"I cannot forget nor be quiet till I tell you everything. I was tried, sentenced to imprisonment for life, and for ten years was as dead to the world as if I had laid in my grave. I raged and plied like a savage creature in my prison, made many desperate attempts to escape, and at last succeeded. I left Australia, and after wandering east and west, a homeless vagabond for two weary years, I ventured back to England, hoping to learn something of my

wife, as no tidings of her had reached me all those years. I could not find her, and dared not openly inquire; Yorke tells me she concealed herself from every one, accepted nothing even from him, but devoted herself to you, and waited patiently till it pleased Heaven to release her."

"Poor mama! now I know how heavy her burden must have been, and why she longed to lay it down."

"Child, she did not find it half so heavy as I found mine, nor long to lay it down as bitterly as I have longed for eighteen years. If she had loved me it would have saved us both, for affection can win and hold me as nothing else has power to do. It has done much for me already, because, since I knew you, my darling, I have learned to repent, and, for your sake, to atone, as far as may be, for my wasted life."

"It is very sweet to hear you say that, father, and to feel that I have helped you, even unconsciously. Now leave the sorrowful past, and tell me how you found Basil and myself."

"Growing bold, after two years of safety, I ventured to inquire for Yorke, thinking that he could tell me something of your mother. He had left Germany, where we first met, and had gone home to America. I followed, and found him leading the solitary life you know so well. He was so changed I hardly recognized him; I was still more altered, and trusting to the disguise which had baffled keener eyes than his, I offered myself as a model, feeling curiously drawn to him as the one link between Cecilia and myself. He accepted my services, and paid me well, for I was very poor: he pitied me, knowing only that I was a lonely creature like himself, and so generously befriended me that I could not harden my heart against him; but overpowered by remorse and gratitude I betrayed myself, and put my wife into his hands, only asking to see or hear of my life. He knew nothing of her then, but with a magnanimity that bound me to him forever, he kept my secret, and endeavored to forgive the wrong which he never could entirely forget."

"O Basil, so generous, so gentle, why did I not know this sooner, and thank you as I ought?"

The tender words were drowned in sudden tears, as Cecil hid her face, weeping with mingled self-reproach and joy over each revelation that showed her something more to love and honor in her husband. But she soon dried her tears to listen, for her father hurried on as if anxious to be done.

"I saw you, my child, the night you came, and was sure you were mine you were so like your mother. I implored Basil to let me have you, when I knew that she was gone, but he would not, having promised to guard you from me, and never let your life be saddened by the knowledge of your convict father. He has kept that promise sacredly, and bound me to an equal silence, under penalty of betrayal if I break it except as I do now, when I have nothing more to fear. He let me see you secretly, when you slept, or walked, or were busy at your work, for he had not the heart to deny me that. Oh, Cecil, you never knew how near I often was to you—never guessed what right I had to love you, nor how much I longed to tell you who I was. More than once I forgot myself, and would have broken my word at any cost, but something always checked me in time, and Basil's patience was long-suffering. The night he let me see and sing to you did me more good than years of prison life, for you unconsciously touched all that was best in me, and by the innocent affection that you could not control, made that hour more beautiful and precious than I can tell you. Since then, whether near or absent, gloomy or gay, I have regarded you as my saving angel, and tried in my poor way to be more worthy of you, and earn a place in your memory when I am gone."

Such love and gratitude shone in his altered face that Cecil could only lay her head upon his shoulder, praying that he might be spared for a longer, better life, and a calmer death at last. Soon her father spoke again, smiling the old sweet smile, as he caressed the beautiful head that leaned against him as if its place were there.

"Did my little girl think me a desperate lover, with my strange devices to attract and win her? Basil told me that I frightened you, and I tried to control myself; but it was so hard to stand aside and see my own child pass me like a stranger, that I continually forgot your ignorance and betrayed how dear you were to me. What did you think of that mysterious Germain?"

"What could I think but that he loved me? How could I dream that you were my father when all my life I had believed you dead. Even now I almost doubt it, you are so young, so charming and light-hearted when you please."

"I am past forty, Cecil, and what I am is only the shadow of what I was, a man endowed with many good gifts; but all have been wasted or misused, owing to a neglected education, a wayward will, an impetuous nature and a sanguine spirit, which has outlived disgrace and desolation, suffering and time."

"And this is the mystery that has perplexed me for so long. I think you might have told me as well as Basil, and let me do my part to make you happy, father."

"I longed to do so, and assured him that we might trust you; but he would not break his promise to your mother. It was wise, though very hard to bear. I was not a fit guardian for a beautiful young girl like mine, and I knew it, yet I wanted you, and made his life a burden to him by my importunity. Love him, Cecil, love him faithfully, for he has spared you much sorrow, and through you has saved your father."

She did not answer, but looking into her face, he was satisfied. Thus opening their hearts to one another, the night wore on, yet neither found it long, and when at last Stein slept, exhausted, Cecil sat beside him, thinking happy thoughts, while the wind raved without, the rain beat on the low roof, the sea thundered round the island, and Yorke went searching for her far and wide.

Morning dawned at last, and as her father still slept, she opened the little window, that the balmy air might refresh him, put up her signal of distress, and sat down to watch and wait. The sound of hurrying feet roused her from her reverie, and looking up, she saw her husband coming toward her, so changed and haggard that her joy turned to fear. Dreading to excite her father, she instantly glanced over her shoulder, and barred the entrance with her extended arm. Her gesture, her expression, instantly arrested Yorke, and while Judas frowned delightedly about her feet, he stood apart, with the sad certainty that she was not alone, to mar his joy at finding her.

"Is he there?" was his first question, sternly put. "Yes; he is ill and sleeping; you must not disturb him. Blame me if you will, but he shall be left in peace."

She spoke resolutely, and closed the door between them and the sleeper, keeping her place upon the threshold, as if ready to defend him, for Yorke's manner alarmed her even more than his wild appearance. The action seemed to affect him like an insult; he seized her arm, and holding it in a painful grasp, eyed her almost fiercely, as he said, with a glance that made her tremble:

"Then you did leave me sleeping, and go away with this man, to be wrecked here, and so be discovered?"

"Yes; why should I deny it?"

"And you love him, Cecil?"

"With all my heart and soul, and you can never part us any more."

As she answered, with a brave, bright smile, and a glad voice, she felt Yorke quiver as if he had received a blow, saw his face whiten, and heard an accent of despair in his voice, when he said, slowly:

"You will leave him, if I command it?"

"No—he has borne enough. I can make him happy, and I shall cling to him through everything, for you have no right to take me from him."

"No right?" ejaculated Yorke, loosening his hold, with a bewildered look.

"None that I will submit to, if it parts us. You let me know him, let me learn to love him, and now, when he needs me most, you would take me from him. Basil, you have been very generous, very kind to both of us, and I am truly grateful, but while he lives, I must stay with him, because I have promised."

He looked at her with a strange expression, at first as if he felt his senses colic; then he seemed to find a clue to her persistency. A bitter laugh escaped him, but his voice betrayed wounded pride and poignant sorrow.

"I understand now; you intend to hold me to my bond, and see in me nothing but your guardian. You are as ignorant as headstrong, if you think this possible. I gave up that foolish delusion long ago, and tried to show you a truer, happier life. But you were blind and would not see, deaf and would not hear, hard-hearted and would not relent."

"You bade me be a marble woman, with no heart to love you, only grace and beauty, to please your eye and do you honor. Have I not obeyed you to the letter?"

Coldly and quietly she spoke, yet kept her eyes on the ground, her hand on her breast, as if to hold some rebellious emotion in check. As the soft voice re-echoed the words spoken long ago, all that scene came back to Yorke, and made the present moment doubly hard to bear.

"You have, you have! God forgive me for the wrong I did you. I tried to atone for it, but I have failed, and this is my punishment."

He spoke humbly, despairingly, and his proud eyes filled as he turned his face to hide the grief he was ashamed to show. Cecil stood with bent head, and face half hidden by her falling hair, but though she trembled, she compelled voice and features to obey her with the ease which long practice had made second nature.

"If you had cared to teach me a gentler lesson, I would have gladly learned it; but you did not, and having done your best to kill love in my heart, you should not reproach me if you are disappointed now, or wonder that I turn to others for the affection without which none of us can live."

"I will not reproach; I do not wonder, but I cannot give you up. Cecil, there is still time to relent, and to return; let me tell you how hard I have tried to make you love me, in spite of my own decree, and perhaps my patience, my penitence, may touch your heart. I will not urge my right as husband, but plead as lover. Will you listen?"

"Yes."

Cecil stole a glance at him as she spoke, and a curious smile touched her lips, though she listened with beating heart to words poured out with the rapidity of strong emotion.

"When you came to me, I kept you because you were like your mother, whom I loved, and who deserted me. That loss embittered my whole nature, and I resolved to make your life as loveless as my own. It seemed a small atonement for a great wrong, and believing that it was just to visit the sins of the parents upon the children, I carried out my purpose with a blind persistency that looks like madness to me now. But the sentiment I had sworn revenged

itself upon me, and while trying to cheat you of love, it crept into my own heart, and ruled me like a tyrant. Unconsciously, I loved you long before I knew it; that was why I disliked Alfred, why I was so willing to marry you, and why I was so disappointed when others found in you the same want that I felt yet would not own. The night I watched beside you, fearing you would never wake, I found the key to my own actions, saw my delusion, and resolved to conquer it."

He paused for breath, but Cecil did not speak, though the hidden face brightened, and the heart fluttered like a caged bird.

"I could not conquer it, for it was my master. You can never know how hard I tried, how rebellious my pride was, nor how firm my purpose, but all failed, and I was forced to own that my happiness, my peace, depended upon you. Then I determined to undo my six years' work, to teach you how to love, and make my wife mine in heart as in name. I gave myself wholly to the task of winning you; I studied your tastes, gratified your whims, and tried every art that can attract a woman. You were tired of the old home, and I gave you a new one; you enjoyed Germain's society, and I let him come, in defiance of my better judgment; you had some pride in my talent, for your sake I displayed it; you loved pleasure, and I labored to supply it freely; I even tried to lure you with splendor and bribe you with diamonds. But I had lost my skill, and all my efforts were in vain, for no veritable marble woman could have received my gifts more coldly, or ignored my unspoken love more utterly than you. One smile like those you daily gave Germain would have repaid me, but you never shed it over me; one frank word or affectionate look would have brought me to your feet; but all the compassion, confidence and tenderness were given to others—for me you had only indifference, gratitude and respect. Cecil, I have suffered one long torment since I married you, longing for my true place, yet not daring to claim it, lest I should rouse aversion and not love."

Still with her head bent, her face hidden, and her hand upon her heart, she stood, and Yorke went on, more passionately than before.

"I know that I have forfeited my right to expect affection or demand obedience, but I implore you to forget this infatuation, and retrieve this rash step. You do not know what you are doing, for this will mar your whole life, and make mine worthless. Cecil, come back to me, and let me try again to win you! I will work and wait for years, will be your servant, not your master, will bear and suffer anything, if I may hope to touch your heart at last. Is this impossible? Do you love Alfred more than reputation, home or husband?"

"I never have loved Alfred."

"Then who, in God's name, is this man to whom you will cling through everything?"

"My father."

She looked up now, and turned on him a face so full of hope and joy, that he stood dumb with astonishment as she drew nearer and nearer, with outstretched hands, beaming eyes and tender voice.

"O Basil! I know all; the past is forgiven, your long labor and atonement are over, and there is no need for you to work or wait, because my heart always has been yours."

If the dead Cecilia had come to him in the youthful guise she used to wear, it would not have more amazed and startled him than did these words from his wife's lips, and not till he felt her clinging to him so trustfully, so tenderly, did he fully realize his happiness.

"What does it mean? Why keep this from me so long. Did you not see I loved you, Cecil?"

"It means that I, too, tried to conquer myself, and failed. Till very lately, I was not sure you loved me, and I could not bear to be repulsed again."

"Ah, there is the thorn that has vexed you! You are a true woman, in spite of all my training, and you could not forget that hour, so I had to suffer till you were appeased. Is it possible that my innocent, artless girl could lay such plots, and wear a mask so long that she might subdue her guardian's proud heart?"

"Everything is possible to a woman when she loves, and you were only conquered with your own weapons, Basil. Let me make my confession, now, and you shall see that you have not suffered, worked and waited all alone. When you bade me renounce love, I found it very hard to kill the affection that had grown warmer than you chose to have it. But I did my best to seem what you desired me to be, and your lessons of self-control stood me in good stead. I chilled and hardened myself rigorously; I forced myself to be meek, cold and undemonstrative to you, whatever I might be to others; I took opium, that I might forget my pain, and feign the quietude I could not feel, and I succeeded beyond my hopes. When you asked me to marry you, I was half prepared for it, because Alfred insisted that you loved me. I wished to believe it; I wanted to stay, and would have frankly owned how dear you were to me, if you had not insisted upon offering me protection, but no love. That night I resolved to show you your mistake, to prove to you that you had a heart, and teach you a better lesson than any you had taught your pupil."

"You have done so, little dearest, and I am your scholar henceforth. Teach me gently, and I will study all my days. What more, Cecil?"

"I found it very hard to resist when you grew so kind, and should have been sure you loved me, but for Germain. Why you let him come, and showed no displeasure at my delight in his society, was so inexplicable to me that I would not yield till I was satis-

fied. Last night my father told me all, and if any thing could make you dearer, it would be the knowledge of the great debt we owe you. My generous, patient husband, how can I thank you as I ought?"

He bowed her how, and for several minutes they stood in the sunshine, very silent, very happy, while the waves broke softly on the shore, as if all storms had passed away forever. Yorke spoke first:

"One thing more, Cecil, lest I forget it, for this sudden happiness has turned my brain, I think, and nothing is clear to me but that you are mine. What does this mean?" and drawing out the card, he held it before her eyes, with some anxiety dimming the brightness of his own.

She took it, tore it up, and as the white shreds went flying away on the wind, she said, smiling:

"Let all your jealous fears go with them, never to come back again. What a miserable night you must have had, if you believed that I had left you for Alf!"

"An awful night, Cecil," and he told her all his wanderings and his fears.

"I will not say that you deserved it for harboring such a thought, because you have suffered enough, and it is so much sweeter to forgive than to reproach. But you must promise never to be jealous any more, not even of 'poor Alf.'"

The happy-hearted laugh he had so longed to hear gladdened his ear, as she looked up at him with the arch expression that made her charming.

"I'll try," he answered, meekly; "but keep him away till I am very sure you love me, else I shall surely fling him into the sea, as I nearly did the night Sir Walter and the marquise tormented me. Why did he come? and why did you meet him yesterday?"

"He came to tell me that he had replaced my image with a more gracious one, for when he heard that I was married, he cast me off, and found consolation in his pretty cousin's smiles. His was a boyish love, ardent but short-lived, and he is happy now, with one who loves him as I never could have loved. Hearing of our masque, he planned to come in disguise, and tell his story as a stranger, that he might the better watch its effect on me. But I knew him instantly, and we enjoyed mystifying those about us, till I forgot him in my own mystification. You did not wish him to come again, so I wrote to him, saying good-by, and begging him to go at once. The disobedient boy had more to tell me, and sent word he should be on the beach at five. I knew he would come to the house unless I met him, and fearing a scene—for you have grown very tragic, dear—I went. He delayed so long that he had only time to hurry across to the lower depot for the last train, leaving his boat to father and myself."

"What misery the knowledge of this would have spared me! Why did you not tell me, when we were together yesterday, that Alfred had forgotten you?"

"I meant to do so, but you gave me no opportunity, for you were so restless and strange, I was half afraid of you. Besides, since you had confessed jealousy, I hoped you would confess love also, and I waited, thinking it would come."

"How could I own it, when you had confessed that you loved a younger man than I, and my eyes were blinded by Alfred's silence and your own?"

"I did not tell you that it was my father. Did he betray me?"

She looked perplexed, and Yorke half ashamed, as he confessed another proof of his affection.

"It was I, Cecil, who came to you in the garden, who questioned you, and was stabbed to the heart by your answers. Good heavens, how blind I've been!"

"Never reproach me with treachery, after that. Why did you change dresses? To try me?"

"Yes; and as you sat there so near me, so gentle, frank and beautiful, I found it almost impossible to sustain my character; but I knew if I revealed myself, you would freeze again, and all the charm be gone. Heaven knows I was a miserable man that night, for you disappointed me, and Alfred drove me half mad; but your father saw my folly, and saved me from myself. God bless him for that!"

"Yes, God bless him for that, and for saving me to be your happy wife. Come now and wake him; he has been very ill, and needs care."

They went, and kneeling by him, Cecil called him gently, but he did not answer; and taking her into his arms, her husband whispered, tenderly:

"Dear, he will never wake again."

Never again in this world, for the restless heart was still at last, and the sunshine fell upon a face of such reposeful beauty, that it was evident the long sleep had painlessly deepened into death.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A short time since I happened to be in Valparaiso, where I made the acquaintance of an American, one of the officers of the United States whaling ship Nantucket, which had run in from her fishing grounds in the Pacific, to obtain a supply of water and fresh provisions; and one day, in talking over the different events of the cruise, which had lasted two years, he narrated the following curious incident which had befallen them:

One morning at daybreak, when lying becalmed, they found themselves in the midst of a shoal of sperm whales, and all four of their boats were speedily lowered and chase given. Two of my father's, successful, and by the afternoon, had returned to the ship, towing their captured prey; but the others were not so fortunate. After an arduous chase of many hours, a desperate struggle ensued, in which one of the boats was shattered by a blow from the ponderous flukes of an enraged whale, and while the men were engaged in picking up their companions, the whale disappeared in mid ocean.

Wearied with their long day of fruitless toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the men prepared to return to their ship, which had long before sunk beneath the horizon; for, being calm, she could not make sail to follow them. After pulling for some hours, however, they felt a slight breeze spring up, which they knew would bring her to them; and after a while, a rocket ascending showed her position; and this signal was repeated every half hour, until the vessel was within a few miles. They had been resting on their oars for some time, but had once more resumed them upon noticing that the breeze was dying away, and their ship likely to be again becalmed, when all at once a sound struck upon their ears which made each pause in astonishment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse, heavy, smothered kind of moan, which seemed to be borne to them across the waters; but whether from near at hand or far away, they could not tell.

The men stood up in their boat and listened. The night was cloudy and dark; but the line between sea and sky was sufficiently distinct to show to their practised vision the form of their own vessel, which was only three miles away; but no sail was visible on that part of the horizon from whence the sound appeared to come. Thinking it possible, however, that some shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their neighborhood, they joined together in a shout; but there was no response audible. All at once, however, some flashes of light gleamed across the distant darkness, and a bluish glare shone out for a minute or two, flickered, and disappeared. At the same moment, a distant piercing cry, followed by moanings similar to the first they had heard, rose on the night air. In all their experience, whether on sea or land, they had never heard sounds like them, and, amazed and startled, and with all the superstitious fears excited to which sailors are prone, the men in the boats whispered their conjectures to each other.

"There's nothing as I know of that swims the sea or flies in the air, could make those sounds," said one. "If there was any craft any where within miles, we could see her sails plain enough; we are too far out at sea for coasters carrying cattle. Besides, there's no such trade on this coast, and we're eight hundred miles from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew must she have? That's what I want to know," said a second. "I know what it is to be adrift and perishing. I was one time on a raft with twenty more, for two and thirty days, and a whole lot of 'em went mad and died raging, from drinking the salt water, and yelled, and fought, and throttled each other till they were pitched overboard; but then these here sounds aren't human like."

For some time the men listened, but nothing further was heard or seen. They also rowed for some distance in the direction of the sounds, and again shouted, but got no reply; and an hour afterwards they were picked up and taken on board. The captain, when he heard their story, swept the horizon with his night glass; but detecting no sail, he concluded that the vessel from which the light had proceeded (if they really had

seen it) had passed out of sight in the interval; and as for the sounds which had startled them, he made little of them.

"You heard a grampus grunting, or some seals snorting, or may be, some penguins trumpeting," he said. "You were all knocked up and half asleep. Turn in, the whole lot of you, and take a snooze till daylight, for we must finish stripping and trying out this fish. A set of lubbers you were, to lose that other whale!"

They did as they were ordered, but were perfectly convinced that the sounds they had heard were not caused by any such agencies as their commander had mentioned. The light, strange as it was, certainly might have proceeded from a passing ship, although, in that case, it was odd they could not see it. Each of the noises separately also might be thus accounted for, perhaps; but the whole occurring together, and proceeding from one quarter, was to them inexplicable.

They had been asleep some hours, and day was about to break. The breeze had slightly freshened; but the ship, after having picked up the boats, had been hove to, and consequently had remained stationary during the night, the carcass of the whale having been placed alongside, secured by tackles, preparatory to stripping the blubber, or "blanket-piece," as it is technically called. Some of this had already been taken off, hoisted on deck, cut up, and placed in the huge coppers used in the sperm whale fishery for boiling (or "trying out," as it is termed,) the oil—these coppers being imbedded in brickwork on the upper or open deck. The fires beneath them being laid ready for lighting, the mate was busy with his preparations, when the captain, who had been in bed, turned out and came on deck.

"Do you know," said he, "that I really think that there was no mistake in what the hands said? There's something out of the way going on, or afloat near us. My cabin window was open—the head of my bunk is close to it—and as I lay there I heard something—I can't make out what? Did you not hear any thing?"

"No; we've been busy knocking about the decks. What was it like?"

"Well, at first it was like what the men said—deep groaning, moaning and rumbling kind of noises, a good distance off, apparently. Then I heard a scream; then some one laughed. I should have thought myself dreaming, only for what the men had said."

"How long since was this?" asked the mate. "Within this last quarter of an hour. But is every thing ready for trying out, Mr. Smart?" And the captain examined the preparations made. "Call the watch as soon as it is light enough, and set all hands at work. The coppers are charged, so you may as well light the fires, and then pass the word along for silence fore and aft. I want to listen and try and make out what those noises mean."

He went and stood by the taffrail, while the men on deck, ceasing their work, went to the side, or mounted the rigging.

For a short time they remained thus, looking and listening, when the captain, hearing again the deep moaning he had described, raised the speaking trumpet he held, and hailed. As the hoarse sound died away, a startling reply was given. A burst of strange, harsh laughter came ringing across the water, gradually changing into a wild cry, which rose upon the night air, sounding inexpressibly sad and mournful. At that moment, as the seamen, thrilled and awe struck, listened, the fires which had been lit beneath the coppers, and which had been fed with pieces of refuse blubber, began to burn up brightly, the flames presently shooting up half way to the tops, and casting a broad red glare over the surrounding waters. And, as if this flame had been a spell to conjure up the demons of the deep, from the thick darkness beyond the verge of the circle of light issued a succession of sounds of the most extraordinary character. Yells and howls, shrill screams and roars—now commingled, now separate—at times dying away, and again, as the flames shot up, fiercely rising in hideous chorus—assailed the ears of the astounded whalers, while at intervals, mingled with the uproar, was what seemed to some on board to be the sound, indistinctly heard, of human voices. This continued until the vessel had passed on her way some distance, when the noise became more and more faint and finally died away.

Before the fires had been lit, the ship had been put before the wind, in order that the smoke and flame might pass forward, and not endanger the rigging or incommode the men at their labor. Some of the latter, alarmed at the sounds, would willingly have had her continue her course and leave the vicinity; but the Yankee skipper was not so superstitious; and being determined to ascertain their cause, he ordered the fires to be put out, (so that the vessel might sail against the wind) and returned. While the lookouts aloft were trying to catch sight of any vessel or other object in the neighborhood, the sounds again reached them; and, steering in their direction, the ship was hove to and a boat lowered; but the men hung back when the captain ordered a crew in, and wished to wait for daylight.

"Why, what are you afraid of, men? Do you think there are evil spirits cruising?"

He paused in surprise, and all hands uttered a cry. A strange phenomenon was presented to their view; a pale blue phosphorescent light suddenly gleamed out of the darkness, and showed them a wreck dismantled and drifting. Through the open ports and breeches in the bulwarks, broken by the waves, the unearthly looking radiance shone, glimmering and flickering on the stump of the mainmast, the only fragment of a spar left standing. Its bows were towards them, and from their own mastheads they could at times, when it pitched and rolled, see down on to its deck. Close to the after hatchway burned a blue, tremulous flame, sometimes shooting up vividly, at others sinking until nearly extinguished, by the light of which all on deck was rendered visible. All hands looked eagerly for

signs of a crew; but nothing in shape of a man was to be seen. The deck was cleared, the long boat and spars gone; there was nothing to conceal them from view, had any man been on board.

But although nothing in the guise of mortal man was visible, other objects presented themselves to the view of the awe-stricken sailors. Gaunt and weird-looking shapes of hideous animals were plainly seen flitting restlessly to and fro in the ghastly light of that unnatural illumination, on a lonely wreck at sea.

"I can tell you, sir," said my informant, at this portion of his narrative, "that I, for one, was scared, and no mistake about it. I was brought up in a part of New England where a belief in the supernatural prevails. I had heard that evil spirits appeared at times in the form of beasts and haunted the place where they had, when on earth, committed their crimes; and we were off that coast where, for two hundred years, the desperadoes of every clime—pirates and buccaneers—had pursued, when in life, their horrid calling. As the blue light flickered, and the yells once more broke out; these tales of my early days might have made me fancy myself in the presence of some phantom ship with its ghastly crew."

"But daylight soon came, the blue light went out, and we then saw that the wreck was a real one—and that a boat was towing astern; and when we pulled to it and hailed, voices from the cabin replied, and we rowed round and saw a man with his head and shoulders projecting out of the window."

"I say, strangers!" he shouted, 'don't none of you offer to come aboard. Some of the critters got loose last night, and they're dangerous.' And dangerous enough they appeared to be, for at that moment came to the taffrail and looked down upon us several hyenas, whose eyes, sparkling with famine, glared most ferociously; and no wonder; they had had no food for nearly a week."

"The brig was, in fact, a complete menagerie; which a speculative American was taking to California, visiting all the South American ports on his way. He had been blown out to sea by a hurricane, which at last carried away his masts, and he had been drifting about ever since, till his beasts were nearly starved. He had a miserable crew, half of them being his showmen, and he himself was his own captain, trusting to his mate to navigate for him. They had prepared the long boat for leaving, should no vessel fall in with them, but had made repeated abortive attempts to rig jury masts as well. In their last attempt the spar had fallen, and the heel of it smashed the cage containing the hyenas, and all hands had to make a speedy retreat to the after cabin, and keep below till daylight should enable them to shoot or otherwise secure them. Our fire, by exciting the beasts, had attracted their notice, and at first they thought it was a burning ship. The light seen by the boat early in the night was made by burning some spirits of wine out of the cabin windows, and they now prepared to repeat the signal, hoping to attract our attention; but this time, instead of hanging it out of the cabin window, they managed to open the hatchway, and push it on the deck, where the beasts were prowling about restless with the hunger which tormented them."

"The crew stayed three days with us; we rigged them up jury masts, and what was of greater consequence, supplied the captain with plenty of the beef from the whale for his animals, and thus saved him from ruin; for the poor man had invested all he had in the menagerie. We heard afterwards that he had got safe to Callao, and I suppose is in California long before this."—*Leisure Hour.*

A NIGHT IN THE WATERS.

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**BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.**  
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THE Canadian papers a short time since were filled with accounts of a destructive flood that occurred in Canada East, which occasioned much loss of life and property, and a paragraph like the following has been going the rounds of our press:

“The loss of life from the late flood in Canada East, is much greater than was at first reported. Full fifty persons were carried away by the flood and drowned. At L’Isle Dupas, three houses were floated away, and seventeen persons perished!”

The reader can have but little idea from the above extract of the terrible scenes that took place along the rivers at the time of the flood, and the horrors of the night when it was at its height. I was there at the time, and it is

now my intention to tell you of the scenes I saw, and the adventures that befell me while the tragedy was being enacted. A kind Providence alone saved me from destruction, and preserved me to be here to tell you my story.

To make it all plain to you, I must tell you how it was that I came to be there at that time of the year which is the worst of any for travelling in those regions, owing to the melting snow, and the almost impassable rivers that sweep away bridges and inundate roads, until in many places the whole country looks like a vast lake, in which are seen the tops of submerged trees, and in some cases only the roofs of the cabins of the settlers, their inmates either having forsaken them or dwell-

ing in the loft, and making their exit from the window, and their journeys in a boat when it became necessary for them to go abroad.

I had a cousin who, when the war broke out, was among the first to enlist, going in the second regiment that left our State. We had always lived close together, and being only sons, we were to each other as brothers. When he enlisted I wished much to go, but circumstances made it absolutely impossible; so all that I could do was to wish him well and a safe return, and promise to answer all his letters, which promise I faithfully kept while he remained in the army.

A year went by, and almost every week I received a letter from him. He was one of the best of correspondents, and described everything he saw in the most faithful manner. He liked a soldier's life well, he wrote, and more than once he said that he should wear the blue until the rebellion was over. Poor fellow! He fell sadly from this good determination, and died just before the end had come.

From his last letters I saw that he had become, from some cause, sick of his present life, and longed for the freedom that he once enjoyed. What had brought about the change I did not then know; yet I did not wonder that the reverses that befell the Army of the Potomac during that summer should discourage its soldiers, and make them long for the homes that they had left.

I expected that this was one cause of my friend's home-sickness, and in my letters I tried to cheer him up and to remain hopeful that the cause of the right would triumph.

I was, therefore, greatly surprised when I saw the name of Charles Wentworth, his name, among a list of deserters, supposed to have deserted to the enemy, as no trace of them could be found. At first I would not believe that it was he; but as the days went by and no letter came with the old familiar postmark, I knew that it must be he.

Some months after I took a letter from the post-office bearing a Canada stamp and postmark. I glanced at the superscription and I knew the hand in a moment. It was cousin Charlie's. A hot flush suffused my face as I broke the seal. It was a large sheet, and contained a full confession of his crime, also giving the cause for so doing. It is needless for me to repeat it to you. He was sick of army life; thousands of men were sacrificed for nought, and with such generals the South could not be conquered. With a dozen others

he had deserted, and had made their way through the country to Canada, and here he would remain until the war was over. This was the amount of the letter.

I wished many times afterwards that I had waited for a day or a week before I had answered that letter. I should have paused and let my indignation had time to cool, but I did not. I at once sat down and wrote him an indignant letter, telling him that he was a disgrace to the family, and that I wished the correspondence between us to cease at once. This was among the other bitter things that I wrote, yet the next day I was sorry that I had done so; but it was too late then. The letter was on its way to the northward, and no power of mine could recall it.

Weeks, months and a year went by, and not another word came from Charles. I did not expect he would write to me, yet I thought he would not neglect his father. Once again, during this time, I had written to him, in which I half apologized for my former letter, but obtained no reply. He had either left the place from which his former one was dated, or else had determined to observe my request and cease all intercourse with me.

During the ensuing fall the father of Charles died very suddenly. His wife had been dead for many years, and there was no other child. Again it became my duty to write to him, which I did, directing to the only place that I knew, and at the same time I caused a notice of his father's death to be inserted in a number of the Canada papers. Whether he ever saw it I know not, for no word came from him until the first of last March, when I received another letter with a Canadian postmark, superscribed in a hand that was anything but elegant, and one that was evidently but little used to writing.

I knew, as soon as I gazed upon it, that it had reference to Charlie; and for a moment I could not summon sufficient courage to tear open the envelope. I feared that it contained intelligence of his death, or that something terrible had befallen him.

At last with a desperate effort I broke it open, and the first glance showed me that he was still alive. It was in his handwriting, yet not like that which was once his. It was evident that the hand which wrote it had hardly strength to hold the pen. These were the words that it contained:

"Kentworth, C. E., March 5th, 1865.

"DEAR COUSIN:—Come to me if you would see me before I die. They tell me that

I have but a few weeks, perhaps only days, to live. I know that you will come, for the old love we once bore each other, and which must still linger in your heart, as it always has in mine. Father is too old to come, but he can send his blessing. Come without delay if you wish to see me again on earth.

"CHARLES WENTWORTH."

Before I had finished this short missive I had made up my mind to go. My cousin, once as dear as a brother, dying, and I must go to him and cheer his last moments. As he had truly said, his father *could* not come, but I could go; and my only wish was that I should be able to reach him in time. The next day the Grand Trunk Railway was carrying me swiftly to the north on my errand of love and friendship.

At one of the large towns over the boundary I purchased a map of Canada East, and sought for the town from whence my friend's letter had come. I found the township after a little search, and also that it was at least a hundred miles from the nearest point of railway, and that a large part of my journey must be made in stage, on horseback, or on foot, which I could not determine by referring to the map or of questions that I put to the conductor. I showed him the place, and he told me that I must stop at D—, from whence a stage ran out towards that portion of the country, but whether it went as far as Kentworth, he was unable to say, but was rather of the opinion that it did not. At any rate I could find out at D—, where we soon arrived, and I was set down, at the close of a wet, foggy, uncomfortable day, while the train kept on its way to the north.

I was the only passenger that left the train at this point. A team was in waiting that conveyed me to the one hotel of the village which seemed to be of considerable size. On my arrival I found that the stage in which I must take passage would start in fifteen minutes, and proceed about twenty miles that night, and then continue on in the morning to W—, which was fifty miles distant. From thence I was informed that it was twenty-five miles to Kentworth, and that a stage ran there from W— once a week, to carry the mails.

It is needless for me to follow each particular of my journey; how owing to the rain and the depth of the snow we were two days in getting to W—, and from thence the road was in such a condition that it was considered

impossible to proceed with horses. There was no way for me to go on, they said, unless I went on foot. I could wait, and I had better do so until it froze, and then the stage would go on.

When I thought of Charlie, who, if alive, was looking each moment for me, I felt that I could not stay, and the next morning by break of day I was on my lonely way to Kentworth. By noon I had but ten miles before me, and I had hopes of reaching the place of my destination before nightfall; but I now found the road so soft and muddy, because of the warm weather and the slight rain that was falling, that it was exceedingly difficult and tiresome walking. Where I had stopped for dinner at a log cabin by the roadside, the people had advised me to wait until morning, when perhaps it would become cold, and the road thereby be made better; but I determined to see my friend, if he was still alive, before I slept, and so I kept on.

The road from this point, for several miles, lay through a dense forest, without a sign of a human habitation; and hardly had I entered it before the rain, that had been falling slowly all day, came down in torrents, and in a short time I became wet to the skin; while at every step the travelling became worse, and I would sink nearly to my knees at every effort. The streams that crossed the road, in many places overran their banks, and flooded the bridges, and I became fearful that if the rain continued to pour down as it did for any length of time, the way would become absolutely impassable.

Just as it began to grow dark I came into a clearing, and saw before me a log cabin, standing solitary and alone, while beyond it was the forest, as dense and gloomy as ever. I made my way to the cabin as soon as possible, and was greeted at the doorway by an old Frenchman, who at once asked me to enter.

I did not require a second invitation, for I was glad of a shelter and a chance to rest; so I followed him in, and found that the cabin contained, beside ourselves, the wife of the settler, who was much younger than himself, and his two children, one apparently about eight, and the other ten years of age, and who gazed at me as though they seldom saw a stranger beneath their roof.

Of the Frenchman I inquired the distance to Kentworth, and found that it was still two miles to what was called the village. Surely I did not think of going there to-night, said my host. I should spend the night with them.

This I assured him was impossible. I must keep on and see a sick friend, if still alive, whom I had come a long way to see.

"Is it the young man down to Farewell's, from the States, who has been in the army?" inquired the woman.

"Yes," said I, eagerly.

"Then you are nearly there," said the man. "It is not more than a mile to Farewell's, and after we have some supper I will go with you and show you the way. You may take the wrong road where it branches off in the forest."

"Is he alive?" I asked, "and can he live?"

"He was alive this morning, but he can't stand it long. I shouldn't wonder if even now he was dead. My wife has been there and done all she could, but it needs a woman there all the time."

"And is there none?" I asked.

"No. Farewell and the young man are alone, but the old man has taken all the care possible of him."

Our supper was soon prepared and hastily eaten, and then we were on our way, through the wind, rain and darkness, that seemed to have doubly augmented since I had been in the cabin; but we fought with it bravely, and at last saw a light gleaming out through the darkness that indicated the end of my toilsome journey. It was with a thankful heart I heard my companion announce that this was the place; for I was so fatigued that, to have saved my life, it did not seem I could have gone a mile further.

We reached the door of the cabin, and without ceremony my companion pushed it open, and I followed him into the one apartment it contained. The sight that there met my gaze and the horrors of that night I shall remember as long as I live. The room was destitute of furniture save two rough benches, and a rude bed in one corner, and upon the edge of this was seated a man apparently about fifty years of age, supporting the body of a man in his arms, that at the first glance I thought were sustaining only a corpse. But following my guide nearer, I saw that he still breathed, although in every other respect he had the appearance of a dead man.

A light was burning on a rude shelf close to the bed, and by its rays I tried to trace a resemblance to my friend; but I could not do it. There was nothing save the dark curly hair that reminded me of him, and I came to think that the sick man was not the one I sought.

"How is the young man to-night?" asked my guide, going close to the bed. "Any better than he was this morning?"

The man on the edge of the bed shook his head.

"He has seemed to be dying all the afternoon," he said.

At this moment the sick man opened his eyes, and by some instinct turned them full upon me. I knew him then, and I pressed forward and took one of his wasted hands in mine, and said:

"Do you know me, Charlie?"

At these words a look of gladness spread over his features, showing that I was recognized. At the same moment I felt a slight pressure of the hand; his lips opened and he called me by name; but the effort was too much, and he relapsed into a swoon that closely resembled death. We laid him back gently upon the bed, and I took the place occupied by the one that had cared for him so long. It was my right now to care for him as long as he might live.

The settler and my guide drew up one of the benches to the fire, and I could hear the former ask how I had reached there through the storm. He knew upon my coming that I must be the friend that had been sent for, yet he wondered how I had been able to get there—and it is a wonder to me now how I reached the cabin without any accident befalling me. The strength of the storm had held off until I had gained a shelter. Had it not, I must surely have perished; for I could hear it without as I never heard a storm rage before, mingled with the roar of a river that seemed to be near.

The minutes lengthened themselves into an hour, and still Charlie lay as he had done when we first laid him down. There was no perceptible change, and I sat beside him listening to the storm and watching his face, hoping he might yet awake again to consciousness that I might tell him of home, of his father's dying blessing, and to hear from his own lips my forgiveness for my unkindness. But I feared this would not be the case. I could only hope and watch.

There was a strange fascination in my position there that night. The dark, low cabin, filled with shadows, the two men seated by the smouldering embers, conversing in low tones, so that only a word now and then met my ear; the dying man by my side, and above all, the terrible storm that was raging without, and this in the heart of the great Canadian wilder-

ness, made my position seem most strange and unnatural, and I could almost think that it was all a dream, a nightmare brought on by the fatigue I felt weighing me down.

At last the Frenchman arose and came to the side of the bed and gazed for a few moments upon the form of my friend, and then he announced his intention of going home, but this was objected to by our host.

"You can't go home to-night, Leroy. Hark! just hear how it rains; and it is as dark as pitch."

"And that is the very reason why I must go. If it rains like this all night, we shall all be in danger of being carried away by the flood. I know my wife will be afraid to stay alone with the children, and I must go. Besides, I told her I would be back, and she will worry about me."

"But the bridge across the creek may be gone," urged the settler.

"I don't think it is; so I must try and reach home at any rate. Good night."

With these words he went out and closed the door behind him. A moment after he opened it to say that he would come again in the morning, and then he was gone out into the tempest that sounded so terrible without.

"I hope he will reach home in safety," I said to my host.

"I think he will, though the water is rising fast. It don't seem as though I ever heard it rain so before. Unless it stops soon, the settlers here will be in danger."

At this moment the dying man moaned and moved slightly. I bent over him, calling him by name. He made no answer, but laid as he had done since I had come.

Farewell came and seated himself near me, and I asked him of Charlie's sickness, and how long he had been with him. To this he said that he had found him in W—, without employment, or friends, or money wherewith to buy a meal. He had taken him home with him, where on this spot he was clearing him a farm, and here he had since been. Soon after his coming his health began to fail, and although they had done what they could for him, he grew worse rapidly, and at last he had written to me. Such was my friend's brief history, as far as known to the one who had so kindly cared for him.

The night went on, and as it did so, the storm, if possible, increased in violence, the wind and rain beating against the cabin so that it trembled like a thing of life, and more than once I was fearful that the stout timbers

would come crashing down about our heads. It was plain to see that the sick man grew fainter and fainter, and that the flame of life must soon go out. It did not seem possible that the light of morning would see him alive.

The roar of the river sounded louder in our ears, and once I thought I detected the rush of water close outside the cabin. I listened intently, and this time I was not mistaken. Water was certainly rushing past the walls of the cabin.

The settler heard it too, but I think he was aware of it before I was; for he had gone to the one window that the cabin contained twice before, and gazed out into the night, and came back with an anxious look upon his face which I thought deepened each moment as the storm seemed to increase in violence. Now he arose and went to the door, opened it a little way, gazed out into the blackness for a few moments, and then came back to the bed and laid his hand upon my arm, saying:

"Stranger, if this storm lasts one half hour longer, we must leave the cabin."

"Do you think there is danger of its being swept away?" I asked.

"I know there is. The water is gathering round us every moment."

"Where shall we go for safety, and what shall we do with him?"

"There is a large tree standing almost upon the bank of the river. Once in its branches, and we are safe. The ground is higher between us and that, and the water will not be so deep for us to go through. As for him, he is the same as dead. The living must care for themselves."

"I shall not leave him while he lives," I said, firmly. "I have come too far, and love him too well, to desert him now, though the danger is great."

Farewell muttered something to himself which I did not hear, and again he went to the window, where he remained gazing forth long and earnestly, while I turned my attention wholly to my friend.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by, and still the change, both in and out of the cabin, was for the worse. Charlie was gasping for breath, and I raised him in my arms, while the tempest without each moment grew more terrible. I could hear the rush of the water about the cabin, could feel it creeping about my feet as they rested upon the floor. It had found an entrance to the cabin, and soon the water inside would be on a level with that without.

Suddenly the water surged against the side of the cabin, and it trembled to its foundation. Farewell came up and grasped me roughly by the shoulder.

"Come," he said, "we must leave this place."

At first I shook my head, and then I glanced down upon the burden I held in my arms. I was supporting a corpse. In the rush and the roar of the tempest, Charlie's spirit had gone to the One that gave it. I laid my burden gently back upon the bed, and stood gazing down upon all that remained of the friend that I had loved. But I was drawn away by the strong arm of the settler.

"Come," he said, "we have no time to lose."

He took me by the hand and led me out into the wildly rushing water. Its coldness seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of my bones, and roused me to a consciousness of our dangerous situation, and I struggled bravely against the current that threatened to sweep us away.

The tree, our place of refuge, was reached at last, and we were bestowed among its branches, there to remain until the water subsided. I wonder now how I survived that terrible night, after the fatigue I had undergone through the day. Looking back upon it, it seems little less than a miracle that I am alive.

Long before daylight we heard the crash of timbers, and knew that the cabin was being swept away. I thought of Charlie and thanked God that he had died when he did; that it had not been his fate to breathe out his last breath in the rushing of the merciless waters.

Just at the break of day the storm broke, and when the sun rose it was warm and bright, and restored a little warmth to our completely benumbed bodies. The whole clearing was one sea of foaming water, and no sign of the cabin was to be seen, nothing to mark the spot where it had stood, and I shuddered as I gazed into the water, for I expected to see the white face of my friend looking up from its depths.

To me it seemed that we should perish there before the water would fall sufficiently for us to leave the tree, but the settler assured me that a boat would be sent from the village, a mile up the river, to our aid. And he was right, for about ten o'clock a boat appeared and took us from our place of refuge.

They were fearful that the water had swept us away, as well as the Frenchman further down, and so had come to our aid. A kindly foresight it was in them to bring food and stimulants, and when we had partaken we felt like new men.

We kept on down the river, and they found that their worst fears were realized. The Frenchman's cabin had been swept away, and he and his family drowned. We could not find the bodies then, not until three days after, when they were found and buried in one grave. That of Charlie's was also discovered, and I and the man who had cared for him in his last sickness were the only mourners that followed him to his lonely grave.

It was a week before I was enabled to leave Kentworth, and I learned much more of the disasters of the flood, and to my dying day I shall not forget my night in the waters.

that there would be some delay, I proposed to one or two of my travelling companions to join me in a run to warm our feet until the car overtook us. As they declined, I set off alone, calling back to Stapleton, when I was a few paces on, to know if there were any turns upon the road.

"No, sir," he replied; and then added: "keep to the left—keep to the left, and you'll be all right."

Laughing at this unintentional pun, and repeating the old couplet to myself:

"If you go to the left you'll be sure to go right;
If you'll go to the right, you'll go wrong—"

I dashed on at full speed, and very soon noticing a road that branched off at right angles to the main one, I concluded that this was the reason of his direction. I was at all times a very swift runner, while the intense cold of the evening braced my energies still more. "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I'll astonish them a bit; old Jehu will think I'm lost before he picks me up;" and the expectation of gaining credit by my prowess as a walker, accelerated my speed to unusual rapidity. The day, I have already remarked, was specially gloomy, and the evening shadows were now darkening into night with more than ordinary swiftness. Once I was for a moment in doubt about the road, as I came upon a slight divergence from the direct line, but recalling Stapleton's words—"keep to the left"—I followed that direction, and trudged on upon this unknown way into the thickly-gathering darkness. At last I began to wonder why the car did not come up; but concluding that the smith's operations caused the delay, I still went forward until the road became unusually rough and broken; and then, as far as the dim light allowed, I observed that the vegetation at the sides encroached far more than I had ever known upon a mail-coach road. "O, 'tis impossible that I can have gone astray!" I exclaimed, not allowing the unpleasant thought to intrude; and I still continued my course, though at a more doubtful pace, until I suddenly halted, on perceiving that the narrowing line of roadway appeared to cease altogether, and I found myself actually walking on moist, boggy ground. "Where on earth am I?" I cried, in consternation, peering round through the darkness. As far as I could descry, I seemed to have wandered into some moor or commonage that stretched along the base of a steep acclivity; not a sound could I hear on any side, but the moaning sigh of the wind, as it swept by with penetrating bitterness, and once the wild cry of some bird, startled from its nest by my approach. I made two or three efforts, but they proved ineffectual, to retrace my steps, and each time I became more bewildered, stumbling over rocky projections or roots of trees, and occasionally sinking ankle-deep into wet, miry ground. "God help me!" I exclaimed at last, in utter despair, and almost bursting into tears of vexation. "I'll have to wander about here all night, and perish with cold before morning." Another desperate effort to reach some pathway met with a like issue, save that by, I suppose, some consequent change of position, a bright light suddenly broke upon me, so bright and so close, that I was considerably startled at the unexpected appearance.

I thought of the will-o'-the-wisp, and fancied, from the evident nature of the ground, that it might be the meteor of the marsh; but, as I moved cautiously forward, I saw that it came through the open door of a cabin, and a closer access showed me why I had not sooner detected it. The tenement before me was curiously constructed; the ground on three sides rose at a considerable elevation, and it seemed as if a deep, cavernous recess had been formed in the yielding soil, and in it this rude habitation erected. I walked straight to the door, but saw no one within or immediately near the cabin; the light came from a large peat-fire, piled upon a hearthstone at one side of the room; and so bright was the illumination, that it not only disclosed every object inside, but enabled me to notice distinctly the nature and peculiarity of the building without. I hesitated to enter, notwithstanding the tempting look of the fire, where there was no one to invite me. I called loudly once or twice, but no reply came; and at length I pushed within the doorway, and proceeded without ceremony to warm my chilled limbs at the welcome blaze. "Someone is sure to be here in two or three minutes," I thought; "this fire has been freshly made up." The room where I stood seemed to be the only one the place could boast of, and wretched enough it was; an old bedstead, with a tattered curtain, occupied one corner; beside the fire rose a large pile of dried sticks flung loosely together, that nearly reached to the ceiling; a large log of timber against the wall at the side opposite the fire, formed a kind of rude seat; while a stool or two, and an old rickety table, made up the remainder of the furniture. When some short time elapsed, I began to feel a little nervous at the position in which I found myself; apart from the vexation I experienced at having gone astray, and the difficulty I might find in reaching Dublin in time for my college duties, I remembered the troubled state of the country; and this lonely spot, at the foot of some mountain, was no desirable spot to be caught in at night, alone and unarmed.

CHAPTER II.

I was deliberating whether I had better make another attempt to find my way, or stay until some one came, when the dead silence was broken by the noise of evidently more than one person approaching. As the parties came nearer, I could discern that some conflict or struggle was going on; at first, there were no voices, but a peculiar, panting sound, such as accom-

panies the movement of people where effort is met by resistance, until at length, in a low, deep voice, like the growl of a mastiff, the words reached me: "Curse you, will you come on? I'll knock you on the head, if you don't." The ominous tone in which this brief sentence was uttered, evidently close to the doorway, made me bound back from the glare of the fire, and without a moment's thought, I glided in behind the pile of brushwood before referred to, between which and the end-wall of the cabin a narrow passage afforded bare space for concealment. I had scarcely effected my purpose, when three men entered the apartment, or rather two dragged in another between them. "Shut the door, Bill," gasped the elder of the two, for he was out of breath, and perspiring profusely. The younger man addressed as Bill complied, and then drew a large iron bar across the closed entrance. The screen behind which I was enconcealed was so loosely constructed that I could see through the interstices all that went forward, while I devoutly hoped it would be sufficient to hide me from observation. The third individual of the party, who seemed to have been brought in as a prisoner, was a mere stripling, did not look more than twenty, and had, I could notice by the firelight, an expression of extreme alarm on his pale young face, as he looked upon his captors. "There!" cried the elder man, giving him a violent push backwards, and shaking his closed fist at him, "you are cocht at last, you miserable spalpeen, you! I had my eye upon you when you little thought it. I suspected you even the very night you took the oath; and to-night I tracked you down to the police barrack, and saw what you were after; but as there's a heaven above us, it's the last chance you'll ever get of doing the like."

"I tell you, Barney, on my solemn oath," began the young man, in a voice that trembled with agitation; but before he could utter another word, a quick, sharp knocking at the door interrupted him, and seemed to startle the whole party. The two men looked inquiringly at each other for a moment. "O!" exclaimed the younger, who had been addressed as Bill, "his Gran, I suppose;" and walking forward, he admitted, after a moment's parley, an old, gray-haired woman, with a cloak thrown over her head. "An' where were you now, at this hour of the evening?" asked Barney, accompanying the inquiry with an oath.

"An' where was I, is that it? Afther them divils of goats there, that were wandhering off a good two mile and more from here; and near enough I was, bad luck to them! tumbling in the dark into the Wizard's Hole above there in the bog; and 'tis a night, glory be to God! that would shiver the heart out iv your body. But what's along here?" asked the old woman, suddenly. "What's the matter? Isn't this Ned Sweeney?"

"Matter enough!" returned Barney, gruffly. "He only wanted to get the rope round my neck and Bill's here; he was turnin' informer in our hands; but never you fear; we'll stop that work. Here, Bill, lend a hand will you," and the speaker strode across the room with some strong cord in his hand, and he had drawn from his pocket. The poor youth uttered a wild cry of terror that rang through the whole place, as the two men seized him.

"I tell you, Barney," he cried, imploringly, "I wasn't going to tell a word to mortal soul; all I wanted with Connors was to ask him about the rabbits down at the colonel's."

"Whisht your jabber, you thin-skinned varmint, you. Keep your breath to cool your porridge. I wouldn't believe ye, if ye kissed all the books in the barony. Ye'd have told that same fox cub of a peeler of our tramp to-night, if I didn't stop your tongue. Them was the rabbits at the colonel's ye were afther. Ha! you'll never see daylight again, plase providence. Here, Bill, tie that knot tight, will ye."

I could see from the spot where I was sheltered, that after a brief and feeble struggle, their unfortunate victim had been bound hand and foot, and was then left sitting upon the log of timber above mentioned. I was at first so absorbed in interest at what I witnessed, as to be half unconscious of my own peril, but a terrible sense of it soon recurred. That I had most unfortunately fallen upon a party of desperate ruffians, there was no doubt, nor could I entertain a hope of escaping speedy death, if I were detected, and that might be expected every moment. A cold shudder crept through my whole frame as I realized the horrible position I was in. I was afraid, too, to stir, as an unguarded movement might so disturb the frail screen in front as at once to betray me; and the narrow passage between it and the wall scarcely afforded standing room. Bitterly did I curse the mad stupidity that led me into such danger; nor did many minutes elapse before a fresh accession of alarm was caused by the anticipation of instant discovery. Barney and Bill, as I had heard them named, after binding their prisoner, returned to the fire, where the old woman had remained, holding her long, skinny hands over the blaze, and apparently not much interested, one way or the other, in the operations that were going on.

"I say," asked Bill, as he seated himself on a stool, "will you bring him before Captain Rock, and the rest of the boys to-morrow night, and have him tried reg'lar?"

"Faith, I'll do no such thing," replied the other; "I'll be judge, jury and all myself. I caught him in the act, and that's enough. Death and no mercy to the spy and informer—them's the laws among the Ribbon boys. Besides, I don't like a bone in the young vagabond's skin;" and the ruffian muttered something that I could not hear.

"May be," responded the other, in a low tone, "you may get into trouble."

"No fear, Bill, my boy. I dunno," he continued, "either, but it may be best to finish him at once. Faith, here goes." As he spoke, the man lifted a square stone somewhere near the hearth, and from a concealed receptacle he drew out what appeared to me, as well as I could see it, to be a large pistol; from the same opening, he took the other appliances, and proceeded deliberately to load the weapon. The poor, bound creature leaped up with a desperate effort, as he noticed those fearful preparations, but fell back again, helplessly, upon the seat.

"O, for the love of God, Barney, don't murder me!" he cried, in a hoarse, half-choking voice. "Speak to him, Nelly, speak to him!" he continued, appealingly to the old woman. None of them took the least notice of his entreaties, the old woman merely shook her head, and continued gazing into the fire. I felt tingling from head to foot with horror at the prospect of witnessing this cold-blooded murder, and was inclined, on the first impulse, to rush out at all hazards, and interfere.

"I say, Barney," again exclaimed Bill, "why waste powder and shot on the likes of him? 'Tisn't so much we have to spare. Tell you what we'll do: as we go down to meet the boys on the way to the colonel's to-night, pitch him into the Wizard's Hole; 'nd, mind me, he'll not come up again to tell tales."

"You're right, Bill—the very thing," returned Barney, laying down his pistol. "I remember the last chap as we tucked into the soft sheets there; laws! what a splash he made as the black slush closed over him; it made me almost shiver."

A deep moan of agony, that broke from the wretched young man, told the effect that this fresh arrangement had upon him.

"There's a weight, a half hundred, somewhere," said Barney; "where is it, Nell?"

"O, the old weight, is it? It's behind the sticks there, I believe. Do you want it?"

My heart leaped to my throat at this inquiry, for just at my foot, where I stood, I felt the hard substance that I had supposed to be a stone. "Now for it!" I thought, as I listened in agony to the next words.

"We'll just tie it round his waist, Bill; 'twill be a nice buckle for his belt, and will keep him down a while in the bottom of the hole."

"Shall I get it now?" asked the old hag.

"Time enough," responded the other, "when we set out. Get us the supper, though."

Some relief was afforded by this respite; but the faint hope which I had just begun to entertain, that I might possibly be able to evade discovery until the men departed with their victim, and I had the old woman only to deal with, now vanished, as, when the weight came to be looked for, I was sure, of course, to be found, and as certain to be murdered. Some food was placed upon the small table drawn in front of the fire, while a candle fixed in a sconce against the wall added a feeble illumination to the firelight. The three partook of the meal in silence, and then the men smoked, during which an hour might have passed; scarcely a sound being heard save a low moan or restless movement from the poor lad, who was evidently writhing in agony from the physical torture of the tight cording of his limbs, as well as harassed, no doubt, with the horrible apprehension of his coming doom.

"Look out, Nell," were the first words spoken by Barney, that broke the stillness—"look out, and see what time of night it is."

The old woman rose, opened the door, and, judging by what external appearances I know not, in a few moments turned in again. "Tis no more than eight o'clock," she said.

"Eight o'clock! Four or five hours yet, Bill. Let's have asleep; we're not to meet at the cross till one. Do you sit up and watch, Nell," he continued; "and wake us about twelve, mind."

In a few minutes the two miscreants had disposed themselves beside the fire, dragging over them some loose garments supplied by Nelly; and in a very short time their deep, heavy breathing betokened that both were fast asleep. A turmoil of anxious thoughts literally seethed through my brain in the brief period of stillness that followed. Could I take advantage of their sleep? Could I take any step, and what, for my extrication from this dreadful peril? At length, a low parched voice, a kind of husky whisper, it seemed, rose upon the quiet of the place. "Nelly, for the dear love of God, have pity on me, and save me, now that they are asleep."

There was no answer. "Who knows but she has dropped off too," I thought.

"Nelly, if you hope for mercy yet, listen to me, save me!" again whispered that weak voice in anguish.

"Whisht, will ye?" replied the old woman, evidently quite awake. "It's no use your talking; you'd have sold Bill to the gallowes; and if the lifin' of my little finger would save ye, I wouldn't."

"Give me a sup of wather, will ye?" he asked.

"I think I'll go mad."

"I'll give you that much, at any rate," she said; "though it's enough of it you'll get afore long, I'm thinking."

The old hag rose and gave him some water from a tin vessel, but bitterly persisted in her refusal either to aid his escape, or even to loosen the cords that were so cruelly tormenting him. When Nelly replaced the water-can on the table, she replenished the fire, settled the covering more carefully round the young man Bill, and then muttered, in a kind of soliloquy: "No fear but I'll wake in time; an hour at most will

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY MATTHEW WINTON.

CHAPTER I.

It seems a long time ago since the journey from Cork to Dublin took two days. There are those living, I suppose, who remember when it was a matter of three or four, but I speak of a more modern period, albeit, the railway from Dublin to Kingstown was then the only one in Ireland. At this time, Bianconi's large four-horse cars formed the grand trunk from the south to the metropolis; while smaller vehicles, meeting the principal conveyance at different points, acted as branch-lines to the main one. From one of these latter, I took the large car at Mitchelstown, on an intensely cold day, the last, or last but one of October, 18—. I was going to Dublin for my Michaelmas term examinations in Trinity College; and having idled the whole summer, I felt some apprehension about the result of the ordeal through which I had to pass, and wondered much whether I should come back "plucked." The dark, leaden sky, and cutting, northeast wind, were in dreary keeping with the sombre thoughts that troubled me. I occupied the box-seat, an honor, that was dearly purchased by facing the blast; and Stapleton, the driver, predicted snow (early in the season as it was) before we reached Kilkenny, our destination for that night. We delayed for half an hour, I remember, at Clonmel about two o'clock; there was a good deal of excitement in the town, from the expectation of a special commission for the trial of prisoners connected with two agrarian murders of recent occurrence in the South Riding of Tipperary. As we journeyed on the driver entertained me with details of different outrages that he knew of, pointing out, now and again, the scenes where they took place, and winding up with the ominous announcement: "Mark my words for it, but the Ribbon boys will give them enough to do this winter; they won't let much grass grow under the peelers' feet anyways."

I forget now how many stages we had travelled from Clonmel when we stopped to change horses at a small public-house on the roadside; something was amiss with the shoe of one of the horses, and a sharp altercation ensued between the driver and the stable-boy on the subject, that ended with an injunction to "hurry off like blazes" to a neighboring forge for the smith to remedy the defect. As I foresaw

do me." She moved towards the old bed, eyeing the prisoner's bonds as she passed him, to see that all was right there, and threw herself upon the rickety resting-place, that groaned and creaked beneath her weight, as she turned away from the light. Thank God! almost passed my lips in an audible utterance. For the first time I ventured to alter my position. I was so numbed and cramped that I could hardly stir. Soon the deep breath of the third sleeper was heard; the candle had been extinguished. The fire burned less brightly, yet shed a crimson glow through the whole apartment, showing me, as I gazed with less apprehension round the wood-work screen, the dusky figures and swarthy, frowning faces of the two sleeping men; while it illuminated with a fainter light the recumbent form of the doomed culprit, disclosing a ghastly face, stamped with an expression of the deepest anguish, with the eyes closed, but not in sleep, as a low, sighing moan that occasionally escaped from his lips but too plainly indicated.

CHAPTER III.

To take swift advantage of so unexpected a turn in the tide of danger, was of course my foremost thought, and I was just about to glide out from my hiding-place, when I remembered that considerable caution was necessary with reference to the youth Sweeny, who, utterly unconscious of my being in the apartment, might, in his surprise, give expression to some sound that would arouse the sleepers, and destroy us both. To release him from his bondage and peril, I was, of course, as resolved on as to extricate myself. I crept out as gently as I could, and stood for a moment on the floor, to see if I could attract his notice. I was just by the bed where the old woman lay, a propinquity that I dreaded, as her softer breathing intimated a lighter sleep than seemed to have locked the two ruffians at the fire. Still the young man remained with closed eyes, and it was only as I was just beside him that he started with a bound and glared upon me with a new terror in his face. I doubt not but that he thought, as I rose up before him so unexpectedly in that dusky light, that I was a spirit from the other world. "Hush!" I whispered, putting my lips to his ear—"not a word," pointing to the men. "I was over there; I know all about you; wait till I cut those cords." When with my penknife I had done so, it was some minutes before he could use his freed limbs. It required but few words to enjoin speed and caution. "Do you unbar the door," I again whispered; "and, for your life, take care of a sound."

Slowly and softly, we moved on. I possessed myself of the loaded pistol that lay close by one of the sleepers, as I passed him. But our chief difficulty lay in getting the door opened. The iron bar that crossed it was fixed in a staple, and fitted it so tightly as to require considerable effort for its release, while the nervousness with which his whole frame shook made Sweeny but a clumsy hand.

"Let me try," I said at last, in despair.

I had just succeeded in drawing out the bar, and with scarcely a sound, when my companion, in a horrified tone, cried, "For God's sake, hurry! I hear the old woman stirring."

I instantly pulled the bolt back more rapidly; and not aware of its weight, it fell with a dull, heavy clang on the earthen floor. I hardly now know what at that terrible moment we did. There was an instantaneous rustling movement from the bed; but we waited for nothing. All I can recollect is, that, quick as lightning, we were both out upon the heath. "I'll hold you; I don't know the way," I gasped, as I dreaded that my companion might think only of himself, and desert me. I am sure that he never dreamed of doing so. He seized me tightly by the arm; and on we went headlong, plunging through swamps, and more than once falling over some unseen impediment. The night was very dark, and I trusted entirely to my guide. Want of breath at last compelled us to halt, and we stood panting for a moment. Not a sound of any kind reached us. If pursued at first, our foes must have been at fault, as we heard nothing of them.

"Tell me, what was to be done to-night at the colonel's?" I asked Sweeny.

"Fire and murder," was his expressive answer.

"Come on there at once—you know the way," I said—"will you?"

"Yes," and without another word, diverging a little from the course we had been pursuing, we again hurried forward with fresh speed. We soon reached the termination of the bog, crossed a road, and got into some fields.

"Over here," whispered Sweeny, "is the colonel's. Colonel Grey," he added, in reply to an inquiry. "What are you going to do there?"

"To warn them—to save them, to be sure," I answered. "And never fear," I continued, as I noticed some reluctance on the part of the lad; "I saved you already, and I'll take care of you still; no harm shall come to you."

We continued our course through two or three fields, and turned out on what appeared to me to be a narrow by-road, when suddenly, as if from the ditch close to us, a deep, hoarse voice gave a challenge: "Who goes there?"

"May I never!" ejaculated Sweeny, in a trembling whisper; "if 'tisn't the boys: they're waitin' here for the rest to go up to the colonel's."

"Answer them boldly," I whispered.

Sweeny replied to the challenge, when a rapid cross-questioning ensued, and some pass-words were demanded and given.

"Who's with you?" asked the speaker, who chal-

lenged us, now standing out on the road, and who seemed to be the leader of the party who were still concealed in the ditch.

A momentary hesitation nearly proved fatal to us.

"O," he answered, and his voice shook, "'tis Bill, sure. We are to go on, Barney said, and see all's right, and give you the signal."

"You had better stay here," gruffly responded the speaker. "Go on, indeed. What signal?"

"Just a whistle, and no more; I must be ruled by Barney, as he's the leader to-night," replied Sweeny, with an affectation of sulkiness in his tone that showed more presence of mind than I had hoped for.

"Well, on with you, then; and if you spoil it all, 'tisn't my doing." And, to my infinite relief, the speaker sank again into the shelter from which he had emerged.

We passed leisurely forward beside the lurking party, afraid to go fast, lest suspicion should be aroused; but we had not advanced a dozen paces, when the hard, heavy tramp of feet, running at full speed upon the road, distinctly reached our ears; and from the stir among the ambushed men, was evidently heard by them too.

"On, on, for our very lives!" exclaimed Sweeny. "Come this way—quick;" and he plunged in among some thick plantations, through which it was no easy task in the darkness to advance. We caught, as we forced our way through, voices loud and furious behind us, and the single terrible expression, "Hell's fire, man, be after them!" discovered to us at once the danger we had to apprehend.

"This way, this way," cried Sweeny, dragging me forward; "we may do them yet."

In two or three minutes we reached a small wooden door in a wall, with which my companion seemed acquainted. He opened it quickly; and then, when we passed through, bolted it on the other side. It admitted us into what looked like the extensive back-premises of a spacious mansion, that rose up dark and gloomy on our left. Sweeny strode rapidly on to where a single light was burning in a small window, low, near the ground. At this, he gave two peculiar taps. At once the light moved.

"The moment he opens the door," whispered Sweeny—"that he's coming now to do—you manage him with that," pointing to the pistol I had. "'Tis Griffen the butler, I mean; he's in the plot; and then you can alarm the house; and there's not a moment to be lost."

Most cautiously, an old gray-haired, respectable-looking servant opened the door at which we had stationed ourselves.

"Is it all right, Barney?" asked a low voice.

"Yes, to be sure," exclaimed Sweeny, pushing in, as I followed; and instantly shutting the door again behind us, he seized the candle from the man's hand, while, with the butt-end of the pistol, I dealt the treacherous servant a blow that effectually hindered his interfering.

"Go up the stairs there now," cried Sweeny, "and wake them up: I'll stay here."

I dashed on with my pistol, and narrowly escaped being shot down myself, as a close to my strange adventure, by a half-dressed gentleman, who confronted me on the lobby.

"Stop!" I cried, "till I explain. Your house is just about to be attacked; I am here to warn you."

A few words put him in possession of all that was necessary then to inform him. A night of alarm and confusion followed within the building; but, to our surprise, no attempt from without was made; why, we could not tell. My strange first acquaintance with Colonel Grey led to a close intimacy—though not in Tipperary, as he soon after left the country—resulting in what in no way concerns this present narrative. The poor lad Sweeny was well provided for, and sent abroad; and for myself, I only add, that I have never had reason to regret the mistake that led to such unexpected consequences.

to Stapleton, when I was a few paces on, to know if there were any turns upon the road.
"No, sir," he replied; and then added: "keep to the left, and you'll be all right."
Laughing at this unintentional pun, and repeating the old couplet to myself:

If you go to the left, you'll be sure to go right;
If you go to the right, you'll go wrong—

I dashed on at full speed, and very soon noticing a road that branched off at right angles to the main one, I concluded that this was the reason of his direction. I was, at all times a very swift runner, while the intense cold of the evening braced my energies still more. "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I'll astonish them a bit: old Jehu will think I'm lost before he picks me up," and the expectation of gaining credit by my prowess as a walker, accelerated my speed to unusual rapidity. The day, I have already remarked, was specially gloomy, and the evening shadows were now darkening into night with more than ordinary swiftness. Once I was for a moment at fault about the road, as I came upon a slight divergence from the direct line, but recalling Stapleton's words—"keep to the left"—I followed that direction, and trudged on upon this unknown way into the thickly-gathering darkness. At last I began to wonder why the car did not come up; but concluding that the smith's operations caused the delay, I still went forward until the road became unusually rough and broken; and then, as far as the dim light allowed, I observed that the vegetation at the sides encroached far more than I had ever known upon a mail coach road. "Oh, 'tis impossible I have gone astray!" I exclaimed, not allowing the unpleasant thought to intrude, and I still continued my course, though at a more doubtful pace, until I suddenly halted on perceiving that the narrowing line of roadway appeared to cease altogether, and I found myself actually walking on moist boggy ground. "Where on earth am I?" I cried in consternation, peering through the darkness. As far as I could descry, I seemed to have wandered into some moor or commonage that stretched along the base of a steep acclivity; not a sound could I hear on any side, but the moaning sigh of the wind as it swept by with penetrating bitterness, and once the wild cry of some bird, startled from its rest by my approach. I made two or three efforts, but they proved ineffectual, to retrace my steps, and each time I became more bewildered, stumbling over rocky projections or roots of trees, and occasionally sinking ankle deep into wet miry ground. "God help me!" I exclaimed at last in utter despair, and almost bursting into tears of vexation. "I'll have to wander about here all night, and perish with cold before morning." Another desperate effort to reach some pathway met with a like issue, save that by, I suppose, some consequent change of position, a bright light suddenly broke upon me, so bright and so close, that I was considerably startled at the unexpected appearance

I thought of the Will-o'-the-wisp, and fancied, from the evident nature of the ground, that it might be the meteor of the marsh; but as I moved cautiously forward, I saw that it came through the open door of a cabin, and a closer access showed me why I had not sooner detected it. The tenement before me was curiously constructed; the ground on three sides rose at a considerable elevation, and it seemed as if a deep cavernous recess had been formed in the yielding soil, and in this rude habitation erected. I walked straight to the door, but saw no one within or immediately near the cabin; the light came from a large peat-fire, piled upon a hearthstone at one side of the room; and so bright was its illumination, that it not only disclosed every object inside, but enabled me to notice distinctly the nature and peculiarity of the building without. I hesitated to enter, notwithstanding the tempting look of the fire, where there was no one to invite me. I called loudly once or twice, but no reply came; and at length I passed within the doorway, and proceeded without ceremony to warm my chilled limbs at the welcome blaze. "Some one is sure to be here in two or three minutes," I thought; "this fire has been freshly made up." The room where I stood seemed to be the only one the place could boast of, and wretched enough it was; an old bedstead, with a tattered curtain, occupied one corner; beside the fire rose a huge pile of dried sticks flung loosely together, that nearly reached to the ceiling; a large log of timber against the wall at the side opposite the fire, formed a kind of rude seat; while a stool or two, and an old rickety table, made up the remainder of the furniture. When some short time elapsed; I began to feel a little nervous at the position in which I found myself; apart from the vexation I experienced at having gone astray, and the difficulty I might find in reaching Dublin in time for my college duties, I remembered the troubled state of the country, and this lonely spot, at the foot of some mountain, was no desirable place to be caught in at night, alone and unarmed.

CHAPTER II.

I was deliberating whether I had better make another attempt to find my way, or stay until some one came, when the dead silence was broken by the noise of evidently more than one person approaching. As the parties came nearer, I could discern that some conflict or struggle was going on; at first, there were no voices, but a peculiar panting sound, such as accompanies the movement of people where effort is met by resistance, until at length, in a low, deep voice, like the growl of a mastiff, the words reached me. "Curse you, will you come on? I'll knock you on the head, if you don't." The ominous tone in which this brief sentence was uttered, evidently close to the doorway made me bound back from the glare of the fire, and without a moment's thought, I glided in behind the pile of brushwood before referred to, between which and the end-wall of the cabin a narrow passage afforded bare space for concealment. I had scarcely effected my purpose, when three men entered the apartment, or rather two dragged in another between them. "Shut the door, Bill," gasped the elder of the two, for he was out of breath, and perspiring profusely. The younger man addressed as Bill complied, and then drew a large iron bar across the closed entrance. The screen behind which I was ensconced was so loosely constructed that I could see through the interstices all that went forward, while I devoutly hoped that it would prove sufficient to hide me from observation. The third individual of the party, who seemed to have been brought in as a prisoner, was a mere stripling, did not look more than twenty, and had, I could notice by the firelight, an expression of extreme alarm on his pale young face as he looked upon his captors. "There!" cried the elder man, giving him a violent push backward, and shaking his closed fist at him, "you are caught at last; you miserable assassin, you! I had my eye upon you when you little thought I suspected you even the very night you took the bait, and to night I tracked you down to the police barrack, and saw what you were about; but as there's a heaven above us, it's the last chance you'll ever get of doing the like!"

"I tell you, Barney, on my solemn oath," began the young

man, in a voice that trembled with agitation; but before he could utter another word, a quick, sharp knocking at the door interrupted him, and seemed to startle the whole party. The two men looked inquiringly at each other for a moment. "Oh!" exclaimed the younger, who had been addressed as Bill, "his Gran, I suppose," and walking forward, he admitted, after a moment's parley, an old gray-haired woman, with a cloak thrown over her head. "And where were you now, at this hour of the evening?" asked Barney, accompanying the inquiry with an oath.

"An' where was I, is that it? After them devils of ghosts there, that were wandering off a good two mile and more from here, and near enough I was 'd luck to them! tumbling in the dark into the Wizard's Hole above ther. In the bog; and 'tis a night, glory be to God! that would shiver the heart out iv your body.—But what's along here?" asked the old woman suddenly. "What's the matter? Isn't this Ned Sweeney?"

"Matter enough!" returned Barney, gruffly. "He only wanted to get the rope round my neck and Bill's here; he was turnin' informer on our hands; but never you fear; we'll stop that work. Here, Bill, lend a hand, will you?" and the speaker strode across the room with some strong cord in his hand, that he had drawn from his pocket. The poor youth uttered a wild cry of terror that rang through the whole place, as the two men seized him.

"I tell you, Barney," he cried imploringly, "I wasn't going to tell a word to mortal soul; all I wanted with Connors was to ask him about the rabbits down at the colonel's."

"Whisht your jabber, you thin skinned varmint, you. Keep your breath to cool your porridge. I wouldn't believe ye, if ye kissed all the books in the barony. Ye'd have told that same foxy cub of a peeler of our tramp to night, if I didn't stop your tongue. There was the rabbits at the colonel's ye were after. He'll never see day light again, please providence. Here, Bill, tie that knot tight, will ye?"

I could see from the spot where I was situated, that after a brief and feeble struggle, their unfortunate victim had been bound hand and foot, and was left sitting up, the log of timber before mentioned. I was at first so absorbed in interest at what I witnessed, as to be half unconscious of my own peril, but a terrible sense of it soon recurred. That I had most unfortunately fallen upon a party of desperate ruffians, there was no doubt, nor could I entertain a hope of escaping speedy death, if I were detected, and that might be expected every moment. A cold shudder crept through my whole frame as I realised the horrible position I was in. I was afraid, too, to stir, as an unguarded movement might so disturb the frail screen in front as to once to betray me; and the narrow passage between it and the wall scarcely afforded standing room. Bitterly did I curse the mad stupidity that led me into such danger; nor did many minutes elapse before a fresh accession of alarm was caused by the anticipation of instant discovery. Barney and Bill, as I had heard them named, after blinding their prisoner, returned to the fire, where the old woman had remained, holding her long skinny hands over the blaze, and apparently not much interested, one way or the other, in the operations that were going on.

"I say," asked Bill, as he seated himself on a stool, "will you bring him before Captain Rock, and the rest of the boys to morrow night, and have him tried reg'lar?"

"Faith, I'll do no such thing," replied the other; "I'll be judge, jury, and all myself. I caught him in the act, and that's enough. Death and no mercy to the spy and the informer—they're the laws among the Ribbon boys. Baidis, I don't like a bone in the young vagabond's skin; and the ruffian muttered something that I could not hear.

"May be," responded the other in a low tone, "you may get into trouble."

"No fear, Bill, my boy. I dunno," he continued, "either, but it may be best to finish him at once. Faith, here goes." As he spoke, the man lifted a square stone somewhere near the hearth, and from a concealed receptacle he drew out what appeared to me, as well as I could see it, to be a large pistol; from the same opening, he took the other appliances, and proceeded deliberately to load the weapon. The poor bound creature leaped up with a desperate effort, as he noticed those fearful preparations, but fell back again, helplessly upon the seat.

"Oh, for the love of God, Barney, don't murder me!" he cried in a hoarse, half-choking voice. "Speak to him, Nell, speak to him!" he continued appealingly to the old woman. None of them took the least notice of his entreaties, the old woman merely shook her head, and continued gazing into the fire. I felt tingling from head to foot with horror at the prospect of witnessing this cold blooded murder, and was inclined, on the first impulse, to rush out at all hazards, and interfere.

"I say, Barney," again exclaimed Bill, "why waste powder and shot on the likes of him? 'taint so much we have to spare. Tell you what we'll do; as we go down to meet the boys on the way to the colonel's to night, pitch him into the Wizard's Hole; and, mind me, he'll not come up again to tell tales."

"You're right, Bill—the very thing—" returned Barney, laying down his pistol. "I remember the last chap as we tucked into the soft sheets there laws! what a splash he made as the black slush closed over him; it made me almost shiver."

A deep moan of agony, that broke from the wretched man, told the effect that this fresh arrangement had upon him.

"There's a weight, a half-hundred, somewhere," said Barney, "there's it, Nell!"

"Oh, the old weight, is it? It's behind the sticks there, I believe. Do you want it?"

My heart leaped to my throat at this inquiry, for just at my foot, where I stood, I felt the hard substance, that I had supposed to be a stone. "Now for it!" I thought, as I listened in an agony to the next words.

"We'll just tie it round his waist, Bill; 'twill be a nice buckle for his belt, and will keep him down a while in the bottom of the hole."

"Shall I get it now?" asked the old hag.

"Time enough," responded the other, "when we set out. Get us the supper, though."

Some relief was afforded by this respite; but the faint hope which I had just begun to entertain, that I might possibly be able to evade discovery until the men departed with their victim, and I had the old woman only to deal with, now vanished, as, when the weight came to be looked for, I was—very, of course, to be found, and as certain to be murdered. Some food was placed upon the small table drawn in front of the fire, and a feeble candle fixed in a sconce against the wall added the least light to the firelight. The three persons upon the meat in silence, and then the men smoked, during which an hour might have passed; scarcely a sound being heard save a low moan or restless movement from the poor man, who was evidently writhing in agony from the physical torture of the tight cording of his limbs, as well as harassed, no doubt, with the horrible apprehension of his coming doom.

A MISTAKE, AND ITS RESULTS.
IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It seems a long time ago since the journey from Cork to Dublin took two days. There are those living, I suppose, who remember when it was a matter of three or four, but I speak of a more modern period, albeit the railway from Dublin to Kingstown was then the only one in Ireland. At this time, Bianconi's large four-horse cars formed the grand trunk from the south to the metropolis; while smaller vehicles, meeting the principal conveyance at different points, acted as branch lines to the main one. From one of these latter I took the large car at Mitchelstown, on an intensely cold day, the last or last but one of October, 18—. I was going to Dublin for my Michaelmas Term examinations in Trinity College; and having lived the whole summer, I felt some apprehension about the result of the ordeal through which I had to pass, and wondered much whether I should come back "plucked." The dark leaden sky, and the cutting north east wind, were in dreary keeping with the sombre thoughts that troubled me. I occupied the box seat, an honour that was dearly purchased by facing the blast; and Stapleton the driver predicted snow (early in the season as it was) before we reached Kilkenny, our destination for that night. We delayed for half an hour, I remember, at Clonmel about two o'clock; there was a good deal of excitement in the town, from the expectation of a special commission for the trial of prisoners connected with two terrible agrarian murders of recent occurrence in the South Riding of Tipperary. As we journeyed on, the driver entertained me with details of different outrages that he knew of, pointing out, now and again, the scenes where they took place, and winding up with the ominous announcement: "Mark my words for it, but the Ribbon boys will give them enough to do this winter; they won't let much grass grow under the peelers' feet anyway."

I forget how many stages we had travelled from Clonmel when we stopped to change horses at a small public-house on the roadside; something was amiss with the shoe of one of the horses, and a sharp altercation ensued between the driver and the stable-boy on the subject, that ended with an injunction to "hurry off like blazes" to a neighbouring forge for the smith to remedy the defect. As I foresaw that there would be some delay, I proposed to one or two of my travelling companions to join me in a run to warm our feet until the car overtook us. As they declined, I set off alone, calling back

"Look out, Nell!" were the first words spoken by Barney, that broke the stillness—"look out, and see what time of night it is."

The old woman rose, opened the door, and, judging by what external appearances I know not, in a few moments turned in again. "'Tis no more than eight o'clock," she said.

"Eight o'clock! Four or five hours yet, Bill. Let's have a sleep; we're not to meet at the cross till one.—Do you sit up and watch, Nell," he continued; "and wake us about twelve, mind."

In a few minutes, the two miscreants had disposed themselves beside the fire, dragging over them some loose garments supplied by Nell; and in a very short time their deep heavy breathing betokened that both were fast asleep. A turmoil of anxious thoughts literally seethed through my brain in the brief period of stillness that followed. Could I take advantage of their sleep? Could I take any step, and what, for my extrication from this dreadful peril? At length, a low parched voice, a kind of husky whisper, it seemed, rose upon the quiet of the place. "Nelly, for the dear love of God, have pity on me, and save me, now that they are asleep."

There was no answer. "Who knows but she dropped off too," I thought.

"Nelly, if you hope for mercy yet, listen to me, save me," again whispered that weak voice of anguish.

"Wahsh, will ye," replied the old woman, evidently quite awake. "It's no use your talking; you'd have sold Bill to the gallow; and if the liflin' of my little finger would save ye, I wouldn't."

"Give me a sup of wather, will ye?" he asked. "I think I'll go mad."

"I'll give you that much, at any rate," she said; "though it's enough of it you'll get afore long, I'm thinking."

The old hag rose and gave him some water from a tin vessel, but bitterly persisted in her refusal either to aid his escape, or even to loosen the cords that were so cruelly tormenting him. When Nell replaced the water-can on the table, she replenished the fire, settled the covering more carefully round the young man Bill, and then muttered, in a kind of soliloquy: "No fear but I'll wake in time; an hour at most will do me." She moved towards the old bed, eyeing the prisoner's bonds, as she passed him, to see that all was right there, and threw herself upon the rickety resting place, that groaned and creaked beneath her weight, as she turned away from the light. Thank God, almost passed my lips in an audible utterance. For the first time, I ventured to alter my position. I was so numbed and cramped that I could hardly stir. Soon the deep breath of the third sleeper was heard; the candle had been extinguished. The fire burned less brightly, yet shed a crimson glow through the whole apartment, showing me, as I gazed with less apprehension round the wood-work screen, the dusky figures and swarthy frowning faces of the two sleeping men; while it illuminated with a fainter light the recumbent form of the doomed culprit, disclosing a ghastly face, starved up with an expression of the deepest anguish, with the eyes closed, but not in sleep, as a low sighing moan that occasionally escaped from his lips but too plainly indicated.

CHAPTER III

To take swift advantage of so unexpected a turn in the tide of danger, was of course my foremost thought, and I was just about to glide out from my hiding-place, when I remembered that considerable caution was necessary with reference to the youth Sweeney, who, utterly unconscious of my being in the apartment, might, in his surprise, give expression to some sound that would arouse the sleepers, and destroy us both. To release him from his bondage and peril, I was, of course, as resolved on as to extricate myself. I crept out as gently as I could, and stood for a moment on the floor, to see if I could attract his notice. I was just by the bed where the old woman lay, a propinquity that I dreaded, as her softer breathing intimated a lighter sleep than seemed to have locked the two ruffians at the fire. Still the young man remained with closed eyes, and it was only as I was just beside him that he started with a bound, and glared upon me with a new terror in his face. I doubt not but that he thought, as I rose up before him so unexpectedly in that dusky light, that I was a spirit from the other world. "Hush!" I whispered, putting my lips to his ear—"not a word," pointing to the men. "I was over there; I know all about you; wait till I cut those cords." When with my penknife I had done so, he was some minutes before he could use his freed limbs. It required but few words to enjoin speed and caution. "Do you unbar the door," I again whispered; "and, for your life, take care of a sound." Slowly and softly, we moved on. I possessed myself of the loaded pistol that lay close by one of the sleepers, as I passed him. But our chief difficulty lay in getting the door opened. The iron bar that crossed it was fixed in a staple, and fitted it so tightly as to require considerable effort for its release, while the nervousness with which his whole frame shook made Sweeney but a clumsy hand.

"Let me try," I said at last in despair.

I had just succeeded in drawing out the bar, and with scarcely a sound, when my companion, in a horrified tone, cried: "For God's sake, hurry; I hear the old woman stirring."

I instantly pulled the bolt back more rapidly; and not aware of its weight, it fell with a dull heavy clang on the earthen floor. I hardly know now what at that terrible moment we did. There was an instantaneous rustling movement from the bed; but we waited for nothing. All I can recollect is, that quick as lightning, we were both out upon the heath. "I'll hold you; I don't know the way," I gasped, as I dreaded that my companion might think only of himself, and desert me. I am sure that he never dreamed of doing so. He seized me tightly by the arm; and on we went headlong, plunging through swamps, and more than once falling over some unseen impediment. The night was very dark, and I trusted entirely to my guide. Want of breath at last compelled us to halt, and we stood panting for a moment. Not a sound of any kind reached us. If pursued at first, our foes must have been at fault, as we heard nothing of them.

"Tell me, what was to be done to night at the colonel's?" I asked Sweeney.

"Fire and murder," was his expressive answer.

"Come, on there at once—you know the way," I said—"will you?"

"Yes," and without another word, diverging a little from the course we had been pursuing, we again hurried forward with fresh speed. We soon reached the termination of the bog, crossed a road, and got into some fields.

"Yes, here," whispered Sweeney, "is the colonel's." "Colonel Grey," he added, in reply to an inquiry. "What are you going to do there?"

"To warn them—to save them, to be sure," I answered.

"And never fear," I continued, as I noticed some reluctance on the part of the lad; "I saved you already, and I'll take care of you still; no harm shall come to you."

We continued our course through two or three fields, and turned out on what appeared to me to be a narrow by-road, when suddenly, as if from the ditch close to us, a deep hoarse voice gave a challenge: "Who goes there?"

"May I never!" ejaculated Sweeney, in a trembling whisper, "if 'tisn't the boys; they're waitin' here for the rest to go up to the colonel's."

"Answer them boldly," I whispered.

Sweeney replied to the challenge, when a rapid cross-questioning ensued, and some pass-words were demanded and given.

"Who's with you?" asked the speaker who challenged us, now standing out on the road, and who seemed to be the leader of the party who were still concealed in the ditch.

A momentary hesitation nearly proved fatal to us.

"Oh," he answered, and his voice shook, "'tis Bill sure. We are to go on, Barney said, and see all's right, and give you the signal."

"You had better stay here," gruffly responded the speaker.

"Go on, indeed. What signal?"

"Just a whistle, and no more; I must be ruled by Barney, as he's the leader to night," replied Sweeney, with an affectionate sulkiness in his tone, that showed more presence of mind than I had hoped for.

"Well, on with you then; and if you spoil it all, 'tisn't my doing." And, to my infinite relief, the speaker sank again into the shelter from which he had emerged.

We passed leisurely forward beside the lurking party, afraid to go fast, lest suspicion should be aroused; but we had not advanced a dozen paces when the hard heavy tramp of feet, running at full speed upon the road, distinctly reached our ears; and from the stir among the ambushed men, was evidently heard by them too.

"On, on, for our very lives!" exclaimed Sweeney. "Come this way—quick!" and he plunged in among some thick plantations, through which it was no easy task in the darkness to advance. We caught, as we forced our way through, voices loud and furious behind us, and the single terrible expression: "Hell's fire, man, be after them!" discovered to us at once the danger we had to apprehend.

"This way, this way," cried Sweeney, dragging me forward: "we may do them yet."

In two or three minutes, we reached a small wooden door in a wall, with which my companion seemed acquainted. He opened it quickly; and then, we passed through, bolted it on the other side. It admitted us into what looked like the extensive back-premises of a spacious mansion, that rose up dark and gloomy on our left. Sweeney strode rapidly on to where a single light was burning in a small window, low, near the ground. At this he gave two peculiar taps. At once the light moved.

"The moment he opens the door," whispered Sweeney—"that he's coming to do—you manage him with that," pointing to the pistol that I had. "'Tis Griffin, the butler, I mean; he's in the plot; and then you can alarm the house; and there's not a moment to be lost."

Most cautiously, an old gray-haired, respectable-looking servant opened the door at which we had stationed ourselves.

"Is it all right, Barney?" asked a low voice.

"Yes, to be sure," exclaimed Sweeney, pushing in, as I followed; and instantly shutting the door again behind us, he seized the candle from the man's hand, while, with the butt end of the pistol, I dealt the treacherous servant a blow that effectually hindered his interfering.

"Go up the stairs there now," cried Sweeney, "and wake them up; I'll stay here."

I dashed on with my pistol, and narrowly escaped being shot down myself, as a close to my strange adventure, by a half-dressed gentleman, who confronted me on the lobby.

"Stop!" I cried, "till I explain. Your house is just about to be attacked; I am here to warn you."

A few words put him in possession of all that was necessary then to inform him. A night of alarm and confusion followed within the building; but to our surprise, no attempt from without was made; why, we could not tell. My strange first acquaintance with Colonel Grey led to a close intimacy—though not in Tipperary, as he soon after left the county—resulting in what in no way concerns this present narrative. The poor lad Sweeney was well provided for, and sent abroad; and for myself, I only add, that I never had reason to regret the mistake that led to such unexpected consequences.

BESSIE BROWN'S MISTAKE.

BY MATTHEW VINTON.

MY name is Harry Brown. I beseech Heaven's choicest blessings to rest forever upon the head of him or her through whose kind cranium first flashed the idea of calling me that precious cognomen. I am glad my given name is nothing but Harry—my surname nothing but Brown. I thank my mother that she married the man she did. Otherwise I might have been a Harry Jones, a Harry Smith, or a Harry Green. I thank my paternal grandmother, and my great grandmother, and my great great grandmother, and the great great grandmothers of all their grandmothers' great grandmothers, for choosing husbands by the name of Brown. Otherwise I might have been a Bill Swiggins, possibly, or a Bob Plunkett, or Jim Griffith, instead of Harry Brown. And I bless with eternal gratitude my grandfathers, back to the remotest twig of the remotest bough of the ancestral tree of Browns, for not remaining bachelors. In that case, where alas, should I have been? And yet, I vow to you, reader, on the veracity of an honorable man, that it would have been better for me to have stayed nowhere forever, than to have come into the world and taken any other name than the one I now bear. That cognomen has been the golden hinge on which has swung open for me the gate of earthly bliss. To it I owe—but I anticipate.

I had been rustivating for a fortnight in one of the loveliest villages that ever nestled down among the green hills of the Granite State. I had enjoyed to my utmost capacity for enjoyment the different recreations by which a city gentleman bent on an excursion for health or pleasure, manages to while away his time. I fished, hunted and sailed—sailed, hunted and fished, until the unvarying routine began to grow monotonous and to pall upon my taste,—until I longed to be back once more in the bustle and activity of my city life. Don't call me a barbarian, dear lover of rural solitudes and country pleasures. I never could endure the country more than three weeks at a time, in my life. The old love of nature has not quite died out of my bosom. I like to go back once in a while to the green woods, the grassy fields, and meadow brooks

that knew me when I was a boy. But the tall, bearded man with the world's care-marks in his face and in his heart, is not the same joyous lad who walked bare-footed through the brown cow-paths, tore his corduroys while climbing the knotty trees, built miniature mill-dams across the brooks, and stoned squirrels in the woods. He tries sometimes to convince himself that it is so—to relish with the olden gusto all the sights and sounds he loved so well in boyhood. But the world's hand has been at his heart for years, severing one by one the cords that bind him to the dear spirit of his youth. And so the outgrown past sits as awkwardly on his matured manhood, as would the little cast-off corduroys upon the stalwart figure he brings back to the olden haunts.

But where am I? As I said, I was getting weary of rustivating, and had quite come to the conclusion that another day should find me en route for the city, when one morning as I sat lounging on the piazza of the little hotel which had been my abiding place, smoking a choice Havana, and lazily watching the blue curls of smoke that rose up like a fragrant mist above my head, the lumbering old stage-coach which brought in passengers from the adjoining town, rattled up to the door. Now that may seem an unimportant event to chronicle, but no one would have thought so who could have seen the solitary passenger it brought. Have I forgot to mention that I was a bachelor, reader? Forgive the omission. The knowledge will be indispensable to you in understanding the great degree of interest I manifested, and the wide-awake look which dilated my eyes, as a pair of the prettiest, most neatly gaitered little feet in the world made their appearance upon the wooden steps of the old coach. I always did admire a dainty, slender, plump little foot on a woman. Following the feet came a pretty, girlish figure habited in a brown riding dress. I looked anxiously for the face. Alas! an envious blue veil hid it from my sight. But I caught a glimpse of a small, gloved hand, the glimmer of a single golden curl dancing out of the jaunty, blue-veiled hat, heard one of the most musical "thank you sirs" ad-

dressed to the rough-looking driver, who handed out from the coach a crimson carpet-bag and a brown parasol, and then—and then—well, I don't know exactly what followed, only that the little feet tripped past me into the hotel, and I went off in a fit of visionary romancing, such as susceptible young bachelors are apt to indulge in when they have nothing else to employ their time. I thought what if I owned just such a pair of little feet—not to walk on, not to support my great, tall body—but owned them just as they were then, peeping in and out of that brown travelling habit. I thought what if I had a home—a real cosy, nice bird's-nest of a home, and those little feet should make music tripping through its rooms. I wondered how I should feel bargaining for gaiters—cloth gaiters; what sort of a sensation would creep over me if there should ever be a whole head covered over with clusters of just such golden curls as that one, to nestle on my breast, if ever such a dear little hand as that should flutter in the grasp of mine—if ever—whew!—I believe I am making a fool of myself with my confession. I dreamed a deal more, however—dreamed till my fancies began to get troublesome and taunting, and then I got up and sauntered down the street to rid myself of them.

I can't say exactly how far my morning walk extended, or how many streets I traversed, but I know that when I got back to the hotel, and sauntered leisurely up stairs to my room, my thoughts were still running a wild goose chase after yellow ringlets, and number three gaiters, kid-tipped and high in the instep. I thought, too, that as business wasn't very pressing in the city at that time, and it was really for my health to remain in the country as long as possible, why, if the coach should happen to leave me the next day, it wouldn't be such a serious matter. I wondered if the young lady just arrived was intending to stop any length of time in the village, and if so, whether she admired mustachios and heavy beards (my face was as shaggy as a bear's), and if she was timid, and dared not venture out in a sail-boat, with a nice young man to rescue her, in case said boat should overturn.

At this stage of my cogitations, I reached the door of my room. It was slightly ajar, and a soft female voice was humming "Nellie Gray." Surprised and perplexed by so strange a circumstance, I stopped and peeped in before entering. Arrows of Cupid! Could I

trust my own senses? Shades of romance! Was I in my right mind? Seated upon the carpet in the centre of the room, in an attitude of childish abandon, with both hands coolly rummaging my portmanteau, was a coquettishly attired young lady, whom I at once recognized as the divinity of the stage-coach, by her brown travelling suit, and the color of the heavy cloud of curls that drifted soft and silken, over her shoulders. Her back was towards the door, but a partial turning of the head gave me a one-side view of her face, which made me think instantly of an arbutus blossom, so fresh and delicately-colored was it.

But what upon earth was she doing in my room, and with my portmanteau? Was the girl insane? Evidently not, if I was any reader of faces. While I stood, transfixed with amazement, and not knowing whether to go in and frighten the intruder away, or stand where I was and watch her movements, she suddenly broke off in the middle of her tune, and commenced talking to herself. I listened eagerly.

"O, Harry, Harry Brown—the rogue! I wonder what he would say if he knew I was here?"

Mysteries upon mysteries! She knew my name, then. What in the deuce did it mean? What would I say to know she was there, indeed? The question seemed strikingly appropriate.

"Thought he'd serve me a mighty fine trick, didn't he? Take me by surprise, eh? Wont he get caught in his own trap, as sure as my name is Bessie? O, it's enough to make a ghost laugh to think of it," and the little witch broke into a peal of laughter—laughter with melody enough in it to set up a dozen night-ingales and as many larks in business. What did she mean?

"Wonder if he never carries any more in his valise than this!—three old dickies, a pair of stockings that look as if a little yarn wouldn't damage the toes, a cigar, a crumpled vest, some fishing-tackle, a dirty almanac, a bunch of old letters, a soiled necktie, a pair of old slippers, a powder flask, an odd glove, three handkerchiefs, and—as I—l-i-v-e—a *daguerreotype*!"

I felt myself blushing hotly to the very tips of my ears, as she slowly enumerated the contents of my valise, lifting them daintily with her thumb and finger, and then laying them down one by one beside her. I forgot that she had no business there—forgot that nothing but the most unpardonable and unlady-

like impertinence could have prompted her thus to act—forgot everything save the single fact that a young, beautiful woman was making merry at the expense of my wardrobe. For a moment I wished she had looked into my trunk instead of my portmanteau. I was vain enough to think the respectable assortment of nicely stitched linen, the silk kerchiefs the fashionable neckties, the spotless vests of snowy Marseilles, the unsoiled kids, and the array of clean, white hose, would have given her a more flattering opinion of me.

“Goodness, gracious! what a homely miniature! Looks old enough to be his mother. Why, the mouth is twisted clear round to one ear and the nose to the other. The eyes are crooked, and the hair is spatted down on the forehead, for all the world like the little mud pies I used to make when I was small and played in the dirt. Wonder if that’s his lady-love? I’ll never speak to him again, if it is.”

It was a daguerreotype of my old maid aunt, Miranda, that she was examining. My lady-love! I couldn’t bear to have her think so poorly of my taste, and should certainly have thundered out an indignant “no” if curiosity to see and hear what she would do and say next had not checked me.

“Now if I don’t serve a trick on that Harry Brown, then may I die an old maid! Wonder how these stockings would fit me?”

With a merry laugh she drew on the ragged hose over those same beautiful feet I had admired so fervently, and then thrust over them the pair of worn slippers she had found in the valise. As if pleased with the experiment, she continued to add the stray articles of my attire to her own dress, till in spite of my indignation I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at the grotesque figure she cut. One of my dickies was enthroned on her slender throat, concealing her dainty lace collar; my old vest was drawn over her neatly fitting merino basque, and a red silk handkerchief was knotted into an impromptu cap, into which she gathered the heavy masses of her amber hair. Then she got up and scuffed about the apartment, while I was obliged to withdraw my eyes from the crevice in the door, fearful of being seen.

“And now for the trick on you, Master Harry,” she said, after capering about the room a few moments and surveying herself in the long mirror with bursts of childish laughter. “Let me see if I can’t give you a surprise. I hope you won’t keep me waiting long.”

She drew the sofa out a little ways from the wall, and ensconced herself behind it. It was very evident that she intended to conceal herself there until my return. What she meant to do then, unless it was to jump out and frighten me, I could not imagine. A bold thought struck me. I crept softly down stairs, waited a moment to catch my breath, and then went whistling up again, making all the noise I could. I marched unconsciously into my room and threw myself down on the sofa, taking a great deal of pains not to see anything behind it, although there was a little nervous tremor of agitation, and wonder at my heart to know how the mystery was to end.

A second of time served to convince me. There was a slight rustle behind me which I resolutely declined hearing, and then a pair of satiny arms, white as swan’s down, were thrown about my neck, two tapering fingers pressed down my eyelids till I could not see, and a warm red mouth left kiss after kiss upon my unresisting cheeks. Rose leaves and honey! Those dainty, delicious, dewy kisses! The very memory of them makes my cheeks tingle now!

“Delightful! delicious! intoxicating!” I cried, as soon as I was released from my mysterious thralldom. “By my faith, I vow paradise were a poor exchange for such a dainty treat as you have given me. My life for one more kiss!”

It was an extravagant speech, I know, but you must make all due allowances, reader. As I spoke, I turned about and faced the lovely unknown.

Good heavens, what a change came over that arch, laughing face! You should have seen the sudden start, the wild, frightened look that flashed into her blue eyes after the first, quick glance into my face. You should have seen as I did, the vivid crimson leap up to cheek, throat and forehead. You should have seen the small, white hands clasped across her eyes in bashful terror, and heard the smothered scream of affright that broke over her rose-red lips. And then you should have seen her horrified glance of confusion, dismay, mortification and perplexity at her queer apparel.

“Excuse me, sir. I—I,” she stammered at last, “indeed—I—you—I did not intend—I thought—O, gracious goodness!”

Again the little white hands made a screen for the burning cheeks and drooping eyes. I waited for her to finish.

"I—I understood that this was Mr. Brown's room."

"You understood rightly," I replied, more and more mystified.

"Mr. Harry Brown's?"

"Yes—Mr. Harry Brown's."

"But—but—O dear, what have I done?"

There was a real look of distress upon her face—an expression of genuine pain not to be misunderstood. Here followed a burst of hysterical laughter, a succession of sobs, and then a sudden rush of passionate, self-humiliating tears.

"Don't, don't, my—" darling, I had almost added, in my blundering attempt to console her, for I began to comprehend that there was a mistake somewhere, and to pity my weeping and chagrined companion.

All at once she lifted her face and saw the open door. Before I could comprehend her movement, she sprang past me, bounded through the door, and darted up stairs. I heard one of my slippers dropped in her flight, and the dragging sound of the other as she entered the room above me. An hour afterwards as I sat by my window, a note was handed in to me by a servant. Breaking the seal, I read as follows:

"MR. HARRY BROWN:—I owe you an explanation and apology for my conduct of an hour ago; while at the same time I am painfully conscious that no excuse which I can frame will ever do away from your mind the unfavorable impression which my apparently rude, unmaidenly act must have occasioned. The circumstances are simply these. My name is Bessie Brown. You will notice that I bear the same surname with yourself, and you will, perhaps, be further enlightened, when I inform you that I have a brother Harry. For a number of summers past, it has been my custom to spend my school vacations here, and during my stay I have always before occupied the room which is now yours, until I naturally became attached to it, and upon my arrival here to-day hastened to engage it, or rather to make the attempt, for to my disappointment I found it already had an occupant. I playfully asked the landlord the name of the person who had engaged it, telling him I should certainly make the trial of dislodging you, as I could not feel at home in any other part of the hotel. To my surprise, and not a little to my delight, he gave me the name of Harry Brown. I instantly jumped to the conclusion that it was my brother, who

had preceded me to H—, with the intention of giving me a pleasant surprise. He was aware of my anticipated visit here, and as I have not seen him for nearly a year and a half, the suspicion was quite a natural one. The possibility of its being anybody but him never entered my mind. I immediately made myself at home in what I supposed to be his room, and spying his valise unlocked and half-way open, under the table, took the liberty of a spoiled and petted sister to make myself acquainted with its contents. I planned a method by which to make the surprise on his side instead of mine, and you know the rest. I can never forgive myself for the part I have acted, for although you are unknown to me, and probably will always remain so, I cannot forfeit lightly or without pain, the respect of a stranger even.

"I return the garments of yours, in which I must have figured so ludicrously. Begging you to look as leniently as possible upon my mad freak, I am, very regretfully,

BESSIE BROWN."

In reply, I sent the following:

"MISS BESSIE BROWN:—Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. Any one would be insane, after so simple and frank an elucidation of the matter (which I must confess puzzled as well as startled me at first), to put any wrong construction upon your conduct—and I should forget the courtesy of a true gentleman, if I did not beg you to dismiss the subject from your mind, unless you can remember it as a laughable, and—to me—at least, pleasurable incident. Give yourself no uneasiness—the affair is a secret until you yourself choose to divulge it.

"Allow me to add, in conclusion—and do not I beg you, think me presuming—that no temptation on earth could be strong enough (unless it be the one of saving you from your present unnecessary and undeserved self-reproach), to induce me to have this little adventure cancelled from my experience. With much respect, your obedient servant.

HARRY BROWN."

That evening I saw her at the supper-table. A graceful inclination of the head, a grateful smile, and a blush which made her whole face and neck crimson, was my reward. The next morning I insisted upon giving my room up to her and taking the one above it. I had previously booked myself for another fort-

night's stop at the H— hotel. Who blames me?

Acquaintances never ripen so fast as under the sunshine of some such auspicious adventure. During the ensuing fortnight, I discovered that Miss Bessie Brown would trust herself in a sail-boat with proper protection, that she could ride horseback with grace and spirit, was fond of moonlight promenades, ice-creams, etc., etc. Before I left the village of H— we were fast friends, and I had paid back those delicious kisses, which I could not but acknowledge were obtained under false pretences, and consequently did not belong to me. If I threw in a few extra ones, whose business is it but Bessie's and mine?

I am no longer a bachelor. This very week my pretty little wife and I paid our annual visit to the H— hotel, which witnessed the novel commencement of our sweet acquaintance. We occupy the same room together now, and only yesterday afternoon Bessie put on an old handkerchief over her head—she has worn her hair in braids for nearly two years—buttoned a dicky about her throat, drew on a vest, thrust her feet in a pair of my slippers, and after scuffling about the room awhile, came up behind the sofa where I was sitting, put her arms about my neck, her white fingers over my eyes, and kissed me till I was quite out of breath.—Bless her!

A PART OF THE MISSION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

PART I.

THE ties which bind the different parts of our country are living, warm, flashy ones. There is not a meagre little village, holding on amid the rocks of New England, whose outlook is not toward the West—the outlook of youth, enterprise; that of imagination, sympathy, pride, yearning, following after. These cords link house to house, room to room. They bound a maiden's bower, full and delicately neat as its occupant, that sanctified a home in New Hampshire, to the attic-chamber of the principal of the Alton Academy in Illinois. Day by day, month by month, Frances Osborne sat quietly at her sewing-machine, or her writing-desk; and never a half-hour passed that thoughts of her brother were not rousing her love, coloring her ambition, firing her pride. She possessed the capacity of an entire and passionate projection of her whole being into that of another.

For one golden round of seasons did she thus guard her brother's distant steps by longings and love, when a letter came that he had joined a regiment of Illinois volunteers. To how many hearts have such letters come in these latter days; and how for many will there be no need for one to make vocal the silence that followed its reading?

Out in the dashing western township, James Osborne had been chosen captain of a company.

"The schoolmaster! a white-faced book-worm," said one of two or three boat-hands among its members. "What can the fellows be thinking of? What is he from, anyhow?"

"From New Hampshire," answered another.

"What, a Yankee! a Yankee, did you say?" was the rejoinder, with an expression of intense disgust.

But young Osborne's quiet, self-reliant authority, and active, elastic, though slight *physique*, soon altered the feelings of the roughest of his command to hearty respect and love. Perhaps the absence of that assumption and bombast, in which they themselves so much indulged, impressed them as much as anything else.

Six or eight months after its formation, the regiment found itself in Virginia the night before the battle of Fredericksburg. Walking

through the encampment, Capt. Osborne came upon some of his men holding a prayer-meeting. It was a wild, picturesque scene. The vivid, leaping firelight lit up the lank, awkward, uncouth figure of a boatman swaying back and forth on his knees, as he prayed in a shrill, droning kind of chant, while his companions kneeled and stood around, leaning on their muskets.

The men were praying for their captain—James stepped into the circle and knelt down. Nothing could have more won upon their simple hearts. Presently wild excitement began to take possession of them, and the desire seized James to see whether he could be lifted on the wave of feeling as they rode. Educated in the most coldly intellectual of creeds, there was no place in his mind whereon he could meet them sympathetically; and his refinement of thought and habit shrank fastidiously from such a garniture of sacred emotions; still, quietly seating himself on a log, he proceeded, on the eve of his first battle, to make this psychological experiment.

The result was not satisfying, only confusing and indefinite. He stole away from the shrill voice, now raised in exhortation, and lay down in his tent with his sister's hand almost palpably on his brow.

The next day drew to its bloody close. Toward sunset James Osborne received his death-wound in a struggle with a Georgia cracker. The man threw him from him, rifled his pockets, and went off. Osborne was stunned at first. When he recovered, he sat up and gazed about him. The battle was over. The slashed and battered dead lay around. A stream of blood was dyeing the bright green of the marsh grass at his side a deep crimson. It was his own. He examined his wound. A small one, but the blood was leaping forth in steady little jets. He tore some strips from his shirt and tried to staunch it. In vain. There was no help for him. He was alone, and must die.

He gave way to a paroxysm of rage and anguish. A North American Indian, a character in a novel, and now and then some heroic character out of a novel, may resign himself quietly to exchange warm life, with all its ambitions,

passions, and work, for the coldness and silence of death; but I doubt if any ordinary young man can do so. James Osborne certainly could not. He threw himself back, gnashed his teeth, tore up great handfuls of grass and earth, uttering, meanwhile, between his closed teeth, shuddering roars like those of a beast.

One of the bodies near him moved with a groan. It was Sam Birnie, the exhorter of the night before.

"Is that you, Sam?" he said. "Where are you hurt?"

"My leg, sir," answered Sam, pointing to the bleeding, shattered mass struck by a spent ball. "I'm afeared I can't turn over, sir."

"Don't try, then," said Osborne. "Here, reach out your hand. You may get through it yet, and this will be of some value to a little girl I know—my sister," and he handed him a pocket diary.

"Is it all up with you, captain?" asked the private.

"I believe so," answered Osborne; and he laid his head back in the black, foul, ill-smelling ooze of the marsh, thickened now with blood. On the shoulder of his gentle, delicately-reared sister had that head been pillowed not long before. He thought of that as he lay there; thought of the home of his childhood, where this moment her sweet voice might be singing, of his own rooms in Illinois, adorned with many elegancies and luxuries, the more prized because they had not come in on the tide of abundant wealth, but were the providing of thoughtful love. He thought of the care bestowed upon his childhood, his education, of the aspirations of his father for him, of his own self-culture, his purposes and dreams. And this, this was the end of all!

Rapidly did these earthly thoughts troop through his soul, as he lay and looked at the serene September sky, and watched the gray mist gather between him and it. He knew what that meant well. Slowly his life-blood welled away.

Suddenly a horse, a few yards off, lifted his long neck and head with a moan and a hoarse cry of agony, and then left them fall heavily, almost a human look of appeal in its eye. Osborne raised himself, drew a pistol from the belt of a dead Confederate near, and, steadying his hand, took good aim at the head of the poor animal and put it beyond pain.

Presently, attracted, perhaps, by the report of the pistol, a man jumped down the bank. It was the chaplain of the regiment, Mr. Agnew, a young man who, for the last five years, had

been trying, in a weakly way, the trade of minister in a small town in western New York. They say the war opens a career for ministers and doctors of that stamp. Maybe it does; but what sort of a career? Found incompetent to break the daily bread of life to mouths surrounded with every aid, and comfort, and instruction, Mr. Agnew yet had dared to thrust himself in the way of men who walked in paths leading to such goals as he saw around him now.

"Captain, where are you wounded?" said he, bending over Osborne tenderly.

"Here, in my side," returned the captain. "I don't believe you could have done me any good, even if you had been here before. Anyway, you can't now."

Agnew saw the truth of this, and knelt down by him in silence. Osborne raised his eyes to his with a look so earnest, so grasping, the appeal of a soul standing on the brink of eternity for some word of help, that the young man's gaze fell, and a thrill of genuine, healthy humility shot through his spirit. Yet this was his accredited business, part of what he had come to Virginia to do.

His individuality sank, it proved utterly inadequate to the demand, the need of the hour; and he naturally fell back upon the organization to which he belonged. Almost involuntarily he fumbled for his Prayer-Book.

James understood the movement. "No, no. I've got past that," said he. "Man, in a few moments I shall see my Maker. Can't you pray? Yet—where's your book? It may be better than any words of yours. There's a prayer for the dying, isn't there? Read that if you don't know it."

"Captain," almost roared Sam Birnie, a sob gurgling in his throat, "if the parson 'll lift me up a bit, I'll pray for you."

Young Agnew raised and partly turned him, carefully supporting the leg. A strong shudder ran through the gigantic frame as the mangled member was touched. Leaning on his elbow, Sam poured forth a prayer in the familiar, but strong phraseology of his sect, that seemed to pierce the heavens. It was a soul dying to its consciously present God for another soul. As Sam went on, he rose to the language of the old prophets, his tone and manner gained majesty. "Oh! Lord, hear! oh! Lord, forgive! oh! Lord, hearken and do! for thine own sake, oh, Lord!" rang out from that battle-field from amid the unceasing undercurrent of moans and cries, and the deadening roll of ambulances already commencing. When he stopped, the chaplain knelt on with uncovered head. And

Christ came down to the side of poor James Osborne; came with feet and hands bleeding like his; came, and brought peace.

PART II.

It is useless to go back to that quiet, tastefully-ordered home amid the lichen-covered rocks of New Hampshire, and realize the falling of the thunderbolt when James Osborne's name was read in the list of killed at Fredericksburg; useless to go to the sister's room and see the life crushed out of every pursuit and joy; to see the books studied for the absent one; the daily journal perused for his eye; the needlework begun for him; the ingenious and deftly-wrought ornament—all laid aside in grief and horror. Neither will it be necessary to explain how, after months had brought calmness and some strength, Frances Osborne was found in one of the Virginia hospitals, a watchful, reliable nurse.

Standing by one of the cots in the ward to which she was assigned, the first morning of her coming, was a tall, dark-eyed girl, whose wonderful beauty drew her instant attention. Juliet Soule had been a belle in Charleston; then passed two years abroad, gay and admired; came home after the war broke out, still unmarried, wearied of the round of society, without aim or object in life, discontented and morbid. She wanted occupation, an object. A mighty struggle was going on. Might not her heart and mind here find room to live? Indolence and want of enthusiasm long held her back; but she at length almost angrily questioned herself, "Should she keep aloof from the great conflict of the age, the grand opportunity of her lifetime?" An insignificant share was that of a nurse; but it was, at least, a part in the vast whole, a post near the center of influence, impossible but that she must feel its throbs. Then she thought of the poetical talent God had given her, and visions started up of being the Bard of the War, as she remembered Mrs. Browning chanting hymns of liberty to the Italian patriots, becoming identified with their struggle, making her English voice dear as a home-born one to heroes daring death.

She was in New York. Finding it difficult just then to cross the lines to the Confederate hospitals, she came to Harper's Ferry for the present.

The two girls soon became intimate. They were very different. Frances was a New Englander, with a highly vitalized brain and system, finely-strung nerves, acute intellect, trained to

walk in paths where few women outside of New England tread, a daring speculator in thought, though not in action. There is no abandonment, no enthusiasm in her voice. It is cautious, reserved, rather too thin and high. Her fine, clearly-cut profile is very sweet; so are the mild hazel eyes; and every outline is pure and graceful. Juliet's character, faults and virtues, throbs in every lineament of her face, moulded for happiness, even ecstasy in life, health, nature's gratified desires, nay, passions. But written there is the tale of unrest, inquiry, self-analyzing, rare among Southerners.

Another nature was here in Harper's Ferry, approaching in a dim way the problem of its existence. A young Quadroon girl was seeking whether, through the door of personal liberty, she could gain a higher freedom, without which she were still a slave. She rather disappointed Frances. Contact with a half-roused nature is not inspiring. The spectacle of a whole race in the like condition, an inexorable hand upon their possibilities of anything better, has a melancholy interest; but the individuals, except in rare cases, are not attractive. We fancy floating from the mournful, appealing eye the question, "Why, why is it so?" or, "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" But the dark problem of their condition does not, generally, present itself to them with the trenchant, incisive edges that it does to our disciplined intellects. Personal, physical, immediate, in no other light is its outline often defined, even when, like Diana, they have climbed to the window-ledge, and can see the sunlight and the free rolling meadows stretching away, while they feel the thrill of the masterful Anglo-Saxon blood. Whatever Diana's thoughts, they did not influence her daily demeanor. She had the complete secretiveness of a subject-race—that instinctive muttering of one personality to another—"Hands off!"

Juliet Soule and Frances Osborne worked faithfully together—the lower, selfish motive answering, for the nonce, as well as the higher—among the cots where the maimed suffering fellows lay, bearing their trouble cheerfully enough. Many a story, pulsating with hope or sad with disappointment, was poured into Frances' gentle ear. Sometimes tales of daring and adventure, and wild contrasts, simply told, as by men who, loving such things, had had no time to reflect on the tragic element in them. Even the most commonplace lives were lit up by the scarlet flame of the danger through which they had lately come, or softened into something like beauty by the helplessness and

suffering in which they lay. It was a strange gathering—not the least striking figure in the group, that of the graceful Carolinian administering broth to some Green Mountain boy.

Now and again a ludicrous vein cropped out—the love-making of the captain, the same Mr. Agnew, who had formerly belonged to James Osborne's regiment, to Juliet Soule. Poor, flimsy young man! he was incapable of comprehending her; and he never perceived that the attentions and flatteries suited to a drawing-room had roused the winks of the men, and made the doctor and nurses laugh heartily. One soft June evening he drew Juliet out in the moonlight, and pictured in dainty and flowing language the "rural parish" to which he would woo her, with its rose-covered rectory, the abode of "simple eloquence and refinement," modeling it (as he had never seen it he could do that as he pleased) after those charming English homes that live before our delighted eyes in our best English novels. Juliet quietly refused it—and he was simpleton enough to be very angry. His airs of offended consequence afforded excessive amusement for many days.

About a week after poor Mr. Agnew's disappointment, Frances Osborne heard him expostulating with Juliet at the outer door, saying, stiffly, "My dear young lady, it is no fit thing for you to do. I take the right to speak which my cloth gives me—considerations of propriety, etc."

Juliet was habited in the dress of the Gray Sisters, the hood drawn over her head. At the door was a wagon, in which sat a faithful and well-known orderly. "Whither bound, Juliet?" asked Frances.

"Down to the river-side, where the fight was to-day," answered she. "Lieut. Bronson has not come in. No," she continued, "he is not my lover, nor any kin to me. But I promised his mother in New York that if I could ever do anything for him, I would. I may save him; and if not, there are those who would give years of life to look upon his dead face."

Frances knew that well, but she said, "Can't you send?"

"Send! You, so thorough-going, self-reliant a girl, tell me to send! Don't you know it wouldn't be half so sure. This dress protects me—I run no risk."

She got into the wagon and drove off. The New England girl would have had to be strong-minded to do this. The unconscious Southern girl did it readily.

There had been a "brisk little scurry" that day, in which the regiment at that post had

been engaged. For hours those at the hospital had listened to the rattle of musketry, the far-piercing yell of charging, for which the Southern troops are distinguished, then the pause by which they knew the quiet, deadly work of steel to steel.

Arriving on the field, Juliet commenced her search among heaps of the dead and dying, human arms and legs, rags of flesh, dead horses: the earth slippery with blood, the billows of smoke surging about her. She shook from head to foot. She had overrated her strength in coming hither. She went from one body to another, lowering her lantern to the face of every one who bore any resemblance to Lieut. Bronson, turning them over when they lay, as they frequently did, on their faces. A party of Confederates was on the ground, carrying off the wounded. She went up to the litters and scrutinized each pale, anguish-struck face. The men looked at her with reverence. "It's her brother she's after," said they, "if she is a nun."

As she toiled on there flashed upon her a remembrance of dancing the Lancers with Percy Bronson, in New York, the winter before. Again she heard his gay laugh, his thoughtless words. Just then she came to a heap of bodies, in which, partly under a dead horse, she discovered the object of her quest. His hair was dabbled with blood; his smooth cheek terribly gashed, smeared, and blackened with powder and dirt. He was not dead, but would have breathed only a few minutes longer. It required all Juliet's strength, added to that of her attendant, to extricate him. They placed him tenderly in the wagon.

"We might bring off another. Miss," said the orderly. "There's room. I don't see any of our men hereabouts, leastways, none alive. Here's a fellow looks as if he might live—he's tother side, though."

"No matter, I'll take him," said Miss Soule—and he was put in the wagon.

When Juliet returned to the hospital, her dilated eyes wore a look of horror that they were not to lose for weeks. What was frivolous in her nature was crushed out in that night.

The next day the Federals were allowed to bring off the field the rest of the wounded. The beds were full again, and the work of attendance became trying.

PART III.

THE Confederate, Droyer by name, whom Juliet had rescued, was placed in one of the beds under Frances Osborne's peculiar charge.

he was a cross-grained, ignorant fellow. One day he drew from beneath his pillow, and showed her a pencil-case, which she at once recognized as her brother's. "This I took from a Yankee chap that I finished at Fredericksburgh," he said. "Here's his name on it."

Frances stood as if petrified. "You—killed—him—did you?" said she, sternly.

"Well, I reckon," returned the man. "But not till he had slashed these three fingers off, confound him! The last stroke I gave him was for that."

Frances stood looking at him, her eyes dilating, her face growing whiter every instant. He it was who had quenched the light of those eyes, so dear to her; who had made it impossible for her ever again to hear that voice; who had cut short that career of proud promise, widowed her heart, made the world for her little else than a place of longing and waiting. He lay there before her, almost boasting of it. And she—

"Was he any kin to you, Miss?" said Droyer, peering into her blanched face.

Frances turned quickly and walked out of the room, straight out of the house, up the hill, out of the village. When alone, on the hill-side, she turned into a grove of maples and sat down on the moss.

The fire-hot, bubbling flood of hate and rage, thirst for revenge, took possession of her soul; and as the lava-flood licks up all before it, so did that. Grief was obliterated. It fused every thing into its own substance. It spirited up the wildest, most diabolical images. God's vengeance it was that she longed for. She was no Spanish senorita, to plunge a knife into the heart of the man who had injured her.

Strange sounds were they that crept among the laurels on the Virginia hill-side, like those of a blast of agony.

She began to quail before herself. Her hate had taken on an existence quite distinct from that of its miserable object down in the hospital yonder. It was a deadly monster; she cowered before him. The instinct of self-preservation impelled her to resist him. She knew that if she admitted him into her spirit to reign there, to animate it with his hideous life and power, to coat it with his horrid slaver, he would make her akin to the evil ones. Already she felt his rapid, foul fingers shaping and coloring her soul, breathing into it an evil, fetid, laidly strength.

Then her eyesight, cleared and sharpened by the sympathy with the malign and debased already working within her, there was given to

her a look into the world of hate. No other element was needed, not sin, not remorse, not banishment from all good, to make her see it a world of misery, whose mighty activity was born of corruption, horrible, loathsome. And to share this she had a capacity. She stood at the entrance of the road thither.

The powers of light and darkness were battling for this woman's soul. She knew it with a strange insensibility as to the result; indeed, with a sort of clutching at the serpent-coils tightening about her.

It was singular, this power of self-introspection in the midst of tumult and torture. No other temperament than one like hers could have exercised it.

She rose and wandered on, she knew not whither. She had been led down here from the mountains of New England to meet the crisis of her life. Many others had met their last crisis here—just here, in this hollow, circled by peaks which cut the sky. In sight was the guard-house, where John Brown was confined. Behind the Virginia Heights was a huge burial-pit, the end of much human flesh and bones—and what beside?

Milroy's men had cut their way, not through, when the Confederates stormed the place in June. Many brave fellows had been buried where they fell. Amid broken wagon-wheels, fragments of soldiers' jackets, canteens, with whiskey dried in the bottom, her eye caught a ghastly sight—a man's hand sticking out of the ground. The rain last night had washed away some of the few inches of earth. She stooped over it, discolored, dirty, bruised. She thought of the face so near. Had he a sister, perhaps? She thought of another nameless grave, like this it might be. And then, sick and reeling, she looked up at the pitiless blue sky, and heard the oriole singing in the maple-tops, saw the sunbeams glancing on the crimson moccasin-flower, and the crimson stains beside it, and, to her tortured brain, that cold, repulsive object seemed to fit in well with all she saw and heard. It was this world's gift to its human denizens. With her delicate hands she loosened the earth around, and scooped it away, that the hand might find a resting-place beneath; and then went on, contending feebly. Words of prayer issued mechanically from her lips, but not from her heart. The agonized longing for aid refused to take the shape of prayer—and no help came; no help, except the recollection of her look into the world of hate.

This soul was to be driven, not led to the light. Still she ceased not the struggle. Her

grasp loosened not from the eternal laws of right and wrong.

At four that day, the surgeon had appointed to operate upon this man Droyer's leg. She took out her watch. It wanted but twenty minutes of the hour. She turned and walked straight toward the hospital, looking neither to the right nor left.

"Ah! Miss Osborne," said Dr. Walker, as she entered the ward, "I was wondering where you were. You're pretty steady to-day?"

She did not answer. Dr. Walker gazed at her curiously. She looked like a sleep-walker. She assumed her post at the bedside with a hate and loathing, an unutterable horror and shrinking. She held the very right hand which had let out the young life of her brother. But her eye was alert, her comprehension of the surgeon's wants instant, her hand most tender. And all the while her soul was the football of fiends.

The operation was finished, the bandages were adjusted, and the patient composed to rest. About an hour after he called to Frances, "Look here, Miss, I believe this is bleeding again." She turned down the sheet. The blood was streaming from the artery. She knew what to do. Placing her thumb on the orifice, she called to the orderly at the door to go instantly for Dr. Walker.

Dr. Walker was not to be found. He had ridden over to another post.

"I don't see what else you can do but go after him then," said Miss Osborne, "and bring him or some other doctor back with you."

The man grumbled something about "cursed old secesh, not worth such a darned sight of trouble;" but the strangely steady eyes of Miss Osborne never moved, and she soon heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped down the street. She listened to it as far as she could hear it—speculated on how long she should have to stand there. If she moved her thumb before some one came who could take up the artery, Droyer would bleed to death. She stood, her eyes fixed on the wall behind his head. What did she see painted on the air between? Her dead brother's face, his smile.

A low curse escaped the wretch before her, and her eye fell on his face, sensual, brutish, malignant. "Let me have him!" screamed the tempter in her ear. "He is fit for me; he belongs to me—don't you hear? Take away your hand. Let me have him."

Ah! this would be an exquisite revenge; and so easy withal—a simple movement, nay, a mere ceasing of effort. Her muscles were rigid now; her spine almost refused to sustain her;

her strength was well-nigh exhausted. Surely, she has done more than could be expected of her. A glare, as of a reflection from the pit, came into her eyes. And then a look of affright. "Oh, God, help me!" she murmured.

Droyer looked up at her. "Oh, Miss! you won't give it up, will you?" he whined. "Yer can hold on a bit longer, can't yer?"

He received no answer.

And still there came no help to the soul clutching with the grasp of desperation to the eternal truth of love—none save the vision of the abode of hate.

Frances stood two hours by that cot, Droyer ever and anon raising abject glances of fear and entreaty to her face.

The surgeon hurried in at last. He took up the artery, replaced the bandage. Then he turned to Miss Osborne who stood by a window. The sleep-walking expression had disappeared. Yes, her will had held firm. The powers of evil had retired, baffled.

"So," said the doctor, "you've stood here two hours. Well, you've saved his life. Heigh-ho!" he continued, as he glanced round on the evidences of care, the jelly, the tumbler of cool drink, "it seems strange that this worthless rebel should be so tended, while many of our poor boys— A coarse, low-minded fellow, I should think. Wonder how many better men he has sent to their account? I don't like his mouth, or the way he wets his lips. He could be cruel when he was roused. Hey—what! Hysterics, or a fainting fit? No, *you* won't faint. Here, drink this," and he put his brandy-flask to her lips.

When next morning came, and Frances Osborne resumed her duties, none would have suspected that she had passed through the battle of her life the day before. Only Diana divined it by the magnetism of a sympathetic temperament.

Diana was watching, cat-like, these daughters of freedom, on whose shining but undefined possession she had laid her hand, especially the Yankee girl, from that far land where the snow lay nearly all the year. She had early discovered that neither was happy, and this bewildered and disappointed her. There was no certainty among these Northern folks, she thought, in this life of liberty. Down in the Sea Islands, for massa's folks, there was the certainty of home, love, luxury, varied enjoyment and occupation, service more or less faithful; for her the sure rendering of that service, interwoven with many pleasures if with some privations. But before the ruling, macerated

nature that had come forth from its trial, stern, sharp, not attractive or endearing, Diana shrank, puzzled and appalled. Yet it was to Frances that she made the prayer that she would take her home with her—for now Frances was going home. Harper's Ferry had accomplished its mission for her. And—a compliment to her own New England—Juliet Soule, too, wished to accompany her. Frances smiled as she thought of making her appearance, in her matter-of-fact home, with two such overpowering adjuncts.

"I want to begin to live really, earnestly," Juliet said to Frances, as they sat together beneath the sandstone ledges, "and I think that, near you, I could learn to do it."

"I have nothing for you, Juliet," replied Frances, shivering; "and Brandon is no sphere for you."

"I want to try it," said Juliet. "Is there no one who would take me in?"

"Why, yes," replied Frances, "if you really wish it, there is the minister of the parish, Mr. Bullitt."

"Is there anything I could do there?" asked Juliet.

"Yes," returned Frances, "you could teach his three grandchildren. A governess like you, with your brilliant accomplishments and talents, would be invaluable to them."

Teach three country children among the "Green Mountains!" Was this what now appeared on the magic curtain for the brilliant Juliet Soule? However, she accepted it with a smile. "It will be healthy for me for awhile," she said. "And Diana shall go with us. I don't subscribe to your New England creed of self-help. My energies are more valuable than hers; and so, if I can, I may use hers for the lower purposes of life, and leave mine free for the higher."

"But, Juliet," resumed Frances, "I thought—ah! here comes destiny in the shape I surmised for it;" and she looked up the path to Lieut. Bronson coming down, now a very hand-

some figure of an invalid officer, pale, and limping slightly. As he neared them, she rose and sped lightly away. Juliet sat amazed; but the lieutenant soon gave her the result of his cogitations during his weeks of painful tossing on his cot. Every soft touch on his fevered brow he had taken for tenderness, all care and kindness for the assiduity, the anxiety of affection. What else had sent her out to seek him? And then he began not to want this affection. "Of course, it was very good in her to come after me," he muttered. "I'd have been under-ground now if she hadn't, and, of course, I'm very grateful to her; but, hang it! it places a fellow in a deuced unpleasant position. I wish to heaven two of them had come, and, as I couldn't marry both, I shouldn't have been expected to marry either."

At last he had magnanimously determined to sacrifice himself. And never was a poor wight more surprised than when rejected.

"Why, I thought that you——" he began.

"You thought that I loved you, and, therefore, you made me the offer you have!" exclaimed Juliet, reading his thoughts. "And now you feel relieved, and yet nettled. But what sort of a love did you offer me in return for one which, as you deemed, sent my woman's feet out among the blood, and bared to my woman's eyes the sights of a battle-field? Ah! well, from that place of horrors I came back a woman—the morbid, discontented girl was laid to rest that night. As for you, my friend, you have made a mistake. Never mind. Tell your mother, when you see her, that Juliet Soule kept her promise."

And, rising, Juliet took her way up the mountain-path, found Frances Osborne in her room, and, twining her arm about her waist, said, "Come, my sister, let us go. We are done here. And Diana can come, too. She also has learned to enter on a new path."

And Frances turned, replying, "Arise, let us go hence!"

MASTER HORSEY'S EXCURSION.

Gaston, Fay

Our Young Folks. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls (1865-1873); Aug 1865; 1, 8;

American Periodicals

pg. 500

MASTER HORSEY'S EXCURSION.

IN the State of New Jersey,—a province, my dear little friends, of the Camden and Amboy Railroad,—not twenty miles from the city of New York, is found a range of hills, attractive alike to the student of history, the sportsman, and the lover of nature. To the one it is familiar, as a barrier behind which the army of the Revolution found a secure and timely retreat; while the other associates with its sheltered valleys the whirring of the woodcock, or cherishes its wooded tops as the home of the fringed gentian.

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At about the centre of this range of hills is situated the town of South Owlives, a place more particularly distinguished for the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants, its extensive circulating library, its aristocracy, and its *little boys*. Belonging exclusively to the last-mentioned class is Master Charles Horsey, the hero of this little sketch.

Charley is a bright little fellow, about five years of age, with light hair, blue eyes, and the rosiest of cheeks. For animals he has a great affection, — so great, indeed, that he never goes to his meals or his bed — of both which he is extremely fond — without sharing either the one or the other with his cherished wooden favorites. In the season of vegetables he may be seen wandering about the garden in search of some deformed carrot or turnip, which, by careful pruning, he fashions into the likeness of a chosen beast. Horses he adores above everything else, and he may be brought from fits of the deepest dejection, or even rage, — for Master Charley is not a perfect boy, — by simply pretending that he is an unruly colt; although it must be confessed that, in the pantomime incident to the transformation, the stinging switch often plays an important part. If horses and colts hold the first place in his affections, he is not insensible to the charms of cows, calves, cats, dogs, rats, mice, and even snails. To pigs he has a great aversion, for which he is indebted to his beautiful mamma, who, in teaching him lessons of cleanliness, bases her illustrations of untidiness upon the habits of this beast.

One bright morning in October, all was bustle at Owlive Grange; for Master Charley and myself — his elder brother — were about starting on an excursion to the mountain. The uncooked dinner was being prepared, the baskets for chestnuts were being looked up, and a thousand and one preparations making for the happy occasion. At last, everything in readiness for the start, Toby, the house-dog, and Jip, the terrier, were called away. With many injunctions, Master Charley was confided to my care, and as he bounded here and there, in his excess of joy, he was indeed a picture of ruddy, robust health. The terrier seemed to share his little master's excitement; but sober Toby, disdaining such petty exhibitions of pleasure, walked sedately and with dignity by my side.

To reach the mountain road it was necessary to cross a small stream; but imagine our surprise, on arriving at the bridge, to find the flooring removed, and nothing remaining upon which to reach the opposite bank but some narrow rotten timbers. There was but one course to pursue; so I directed Master Charley to mount upon my shoulders. No sooner said than done; up he scrambled, and, placing his arms about my neck, we started on our perilous journey. As we advanced, the beam cracked ominously; so, taking a firmer hold of my little companion, I moved on with redoubled caution. Reaching the centre of the bridge, I felt the decayed timbers crumbling beneath my feet, and I expected an instant upset into the water. I sprung upon the beam running parallel to the one on which I had been walking, and had barely recovered my balance when a loud splash revealed how narrow had been our escape.



No sooner had we reached the firm ground, than the sharp yelp of Master Jip drew our attention in a new direction. Toby, without knowing why, gave tongue, and, following the lead of the little terrier, was soon buried in a mud-hole on the edge of the stream. Master Charley was all excitement, and insisted upon waiting to see the result of the hunt. Yielding willingly to his wishes, I drew a rail from a neighboring fence, and lifted off the turf, that the dogs might have a better chance to follow the course of the hole. Jip, almost beside himself with excitement, instantly disappeared from sight, while poor old Toby, too large to follow, scratched furiously on the surface. Guided by the muffled bark of the active terrier, we followed diligently with the rail. In a few moments we struck something soft, when, with a suppressed growl, out jumped Master Jip, with a muskrat in his mouth almost as large as himself. One or two shakes, and the rat lay dead! The terrier, encouraged by his

great success, gave a whisk of his tail and renewed the hunt. And now, to our astonishment, there came straggling from the ground four young muskrats, about two thirds grown. Charley, myself, and Toby closed with a rush about the innocents, and the poor things, blinded with dirt and half dead with fear, were quickly captured. My little companion, overcome with joy at such an accession to his menagerie, begged that their lives might be spared.

I was only too happy to add to his pleasure, so, placing them carefully in the empty chestnut-baskets, I carried the trembling captives to a neighboring farm-house, to be kept till our return. Having temporarily disposed of our booty, we returned to the stream to watch the progress of Master Jip. We had barely reached the spot, when the terrier reappeared, slowly backing from the yawning trench. By and by the tips of his ears peeped above ground; and then, as he emerged completely to view, we perceived that he held in his mouth a muskrat of most extraordinary age and size. Imagine, my dear little friends, a rat larger than any you ever beheld, gray with age, and rippled all over with wrinkles! The terrier, supposing his adversary to be dead, slackened the firm grip in which he had previously held him, and turned to us for the praise to which he fancied he was entitled. The rat, which was not dead, opened first one of his twinkling eyes and then the other, and, observing the occupation of Master Jip, gave himself a shake, and with one bound sprang into the stream and dived deep under the rushing water. The terrier followed in pursuit,—but too late. The rat, more wary than to trust himself again within reach of those terrible jaws, sank deep into the mud, and sought new companions to which to relate the startling adventures of the day.

While lingering near the stream to give the dogs an opportunity for rest, Master Charley plied me with questions concerning the habits of the muskrat. I answered by counterfeiting their cry, which is a sharp squeak, easily imitated, and used by hunters to draw the usually wary rats within shooting distance. I also told him, that, as a boy, I owned trained minks, that, swimming and diving readily, were taught to enter the burrow of the muskrats. On these occasions terrible combats would ensue between the pursuer and pursued, in which, however, the latter were almost invariably victorious.

We continued our conversation as we advanced toward the mountain road, but when we struck the ascent I could not but remark, that Master Charley was less eager in his questioning, and that the up-hill work was producing its effect. The journey now became wearisome, and fatigued my little companion; but by partly dragging him along, or chasing the half-grown rabbits into the stone walls that lined the road, or beguiling the time with imitations of his favorite bear "Bruno," we reached at last the top of the mountain.

Now came the consideration of the business of the day. Seating ourselves on a convenient log, we discussed where, after a ramble through the beautiful woods that crown the top of the Owlive mountain, we should build our fire and cook the dinner. Various charming spots were suggested, but I

decided that the crystal spring should be the chosen spot. By this time Master Charley having sufficiently rested, we whistled for the dogs, preparatory to a start; the latter, however, were barking so furiously in a copse to the right, as to be entirely deaf to our efforts to attract their attention. Hardly had we reached the spot whence proceeded such a hubbub, than out jumped a little brown rabbit, his white tail glistening in the sun, while in close pursuit followed Jip and Toby, yelping with stunning vigor. Seizing Charley by the hand, we hastened to secure a convenient position from which to view the progress of the chase. Now rabbits, when closely pursued, always move in a circle; acting on this well-known habit, we stationed ourselves behind a clump of bushes. A sight of the rabbit running directly towards us rewarded our precaution. On he came, well followed by the dogs, until he reached a point directly opposite our place of concealment, when, with a quick swerve to the right, he flung himself into the bushes where we were seated. Astonished at finding strangers in such close proximity, he stopped a moment, as if dumb with astonishment; but the cry of the dogs admonished him that he had not a moment to spare. With a dart he was out of the copse and speeding on his circle, his pursuers gaining perceptibly upon him. For the second time he approached our covert, but, wiser than on the first occasion, he passed us at full speed, Jip close upon his heels, while stupid Toby, panting and exhausted, was far in the rear. Again the rabbit made the circle, but, as he approached us for the third time, he gave evident signs of failing strength. Plucky little Jip gained upon him. The rabbit doubled, and the terrier fell head over heels, but quickly recovered himself and made amends for the accident. In vain did poor little Bunny use all his ingenuity to throw off the dog; wiry Jip had seen too much of the chase to be thus easily baffled or discouraged. For the fourth and last time, the rabbit neared our hiding-place; but, driven to desperation, he leaped into the copse, and directly into Master Charley's lap; and just in time,—for as I seized the terrified animal by the ears, and drew him towards me, Jip's sharp little jaws snapped at his tail. I gave the terrier a pat on the head to reward him for his pluck and perseverance, and replaced the rabbit in Charley's lap.

The latter was quite overcome with excitement, and, with tears in his eyes, asked if he could n't save the rabbit. As for our little prize, his astonishment had not as yet been mastered by his sense of fear, but the beating of his little heart, and his quickly moving nostrils, testified to the severity of the race. The question now arose as to the disposition to be made of little Bunny. Charley was all eagerness to carry him home, to add to his already extensive collection,—but how to do it? We could not put him in our baskets,—they had been left at the farm-house,—and he would certainly jump out of our pockets! In view of the difficulties of the case, no other alternative presented itself but to release him. Warning Charley to hold fast to the terrier,—as for stupid Toby he was already asleep, and dreaming to the top of his bent,—I placed the rabbit on the ground; he loitered a moment, as if unconscious that he had regained his freedom, but, quickly recov-

ering himself, he gave a whisk of his little white tail, and with a bound disappeared, much to the regret of Jip and his master.

Twelve o'clock was now near at hand, and serious thoughts of dinner were uppermost in Charley's mind, as was apparent from his toyings with and repeated observations concerning the tin pail. He no longer manifested the same interest in passing objects; the bark of the gray squirrel and the chirrup of the chipmunk possessed but feeble fascinations, and aroused but a mild enthusiasm. Striking off into the woods, we hurried towards the crystal spring. Soon, the clump of trees that marked our destination appeared in sight; a few more steps, and a sigh of relief and contentment from Master Charley announced our arrival at the dining-place.

Our first care was to collect some nice flat stones, as a basis for our fire-place; this accomplished, the next thought was of wood. Charley, all eagerness and enthusiasm at the prospect of a speedy termination to his fast, hunted with extraordinary vigor for the necessary fuel. Leaves and wood in ample abundance were thrown into the fireplace, and, all being in readiness, Master Charley claimed the honor of applying the match. With great precipitation he made several attempts and as many failures, but at last the leaping blaze, crackling among the twigs, crowned with success his persevering efforts.

Now that the fire was well started, an inspection was made of the contents of the tin pail. The lid was carefully removed, exposing to view a napkin squarely and neatly folded; this was expeditiously unpinned, disclosing slice upon slice of fresh bread and butter. A quiver of anticipation agitated Master Charley's frame, while Jip and Toby licked their chops in happy expectation. But what have we here? a small iron pot filled with beef and potatoes, properly seasoned with pepper and salt! A little water from the spring, poured upon this prospective stew, made all ready for the boiling. Cakes and buns,—the latter bearing upon their swelling backs the word "Charley" printed in letters of sugar,—and portly eggs in snow-white bowls, completed the bill of fare. The iron pot, with its savory contents, was placed upon the fire, and soon it commenced to fizzle and boil, while from the steaming mess arose pleasant odors, affecting alike Charley, Jip, and Toby. In due time the iron pot was lifted from the fire, the bowls prepared to receive each its proper share, the eggs cracked, the salt and pepper placed within reach, and, last of all, the napkin pinned about Charley's neck. The latter seated himself upon the hospitable log, and commenced a feast that to his infantile mind had never been equalled. Jip and Toby were not forgotten, for when their master's appetite was satisfied, the relics of the feast were bestowed upon them. But everything must have an end, as well for dogs as little boys. The dogs, in gluttonous emulation, quickly finished their share, leaving no vestiges of the banquet save the smouldering fire and empty egg-shells. The iron pot, bowls, and spoons were replaced in the now no longer mysterious tin pail; perhaps a too familiar acquaintance with the contents of the latter had given us a contempt for that which before was unknown and inspired our respect; at all events, the cover was rudely banged

into place, the handle seized with disrespect, and, slinging unnoticed backward and forward, it was thrust negligently upon Master Charley's arm. The call was whistled to the dogs, which, lingering lazily over the relics of the feast, answered but sluggishly the summons, while Master Charley betrayed the heartiness of the repast in his slow and measured step, and indifferent responses to experimental questions. A grassy road through the woods opportunely relieved him of the fatigue of choosing the route. As we advanced, the foliage became more dense, and the underbrush on each side more impenetrable, while the autumn leaves tempted us, with their gay and varied color, to frequent and lengthy halts. During one of the latter, the dogs, impatient of the delay, wandered off in advance, and evidently to some purpose; for a fierce uproar at no great distance announced the presence of some unusual game.

Charley, no longer the eager sportsman of the morning, expressed a disinclination to follow the track of Jip and Toby. Anxious to discover the cause of the confusion, I directed my little companion to remain quiet, and await my return, and, hastening on, found that Jip and Toby were holding at bay a large boar, evidently the property of some neighboring farmer; the animal seemingly looked upon my arrival in the light of a reinforcement, for, quickly turning tail, he broke cover and fled with great precipitation, the dogs following in rapid pursuit. As the animals disappeared, I turned, and retraced my steps in search of my little companion. Imagine my surprise, on reaching the clump of bushes near which I had directed him to remain, to see no signs of the wayward boy. I called vigorously several times, but, receiving no answer, I became seriously alarmed, and commenced a determined but unsuccessful search. At this juncture a crackling of the leaves announced the return of the dogs, and in a few moments the nimble Jip, followed by the more sedate and careful Toby, burst through the underbrush. Toby had always been accused of being of the St. Bernard breed, a fact which determined me to use the present emergency as a test of the legitimacy of his pedigree. Calling him to me, I directed his attention to the spot where I had last seen little Charley, but with no more satisfactory result than is implied in a stupid look and lazy wag of the tail. I persevered, however, in my efforts, and, urging the obstinate creature to attempt a scent, he seemed at last to comprehend what was expected of him, as with a deep bark he moved off in a direction contrary to that which I had taken in my first search. Although Toby pushed on with more vivacity and certainty, I did not relax my vigilance, but urged him to his work with words of encouragement. We had now reached the thickest of the woods, and, while looking about me seeking some opening through which to pass, I discovered hanging upon a bush a very small moist glove; the dog at the same moment increased his pace to a sharp run. The tangled underbrush prevented my following as rapidly as I could wish, and fearful that, if Toby found the boy, he would stay by him and not return to me, I gave a loud "halloo," which to my great delight was answered, but in a voice so melancholy and faint, that I knew it must belong to my lost excursionist. Pushing through the bushes I emerged at an open spot, in which I was not surprised to see the melancholy and

disconsolate Charley, both fists at his eyes, and Toby looking up at him with a most satisfied expression. Jip in the mean time had followed quietly at my heels, having taken no part in what he considered a very foolish piece of business. Charley quickly recovered his spirits, through an evaporation of tears, and showed a little of the enthusiasm of the morning when he once more found himself on the mountain road.

The lengthening shadows of the afternoon warned us to hurry towards our home, and it was quite late when we reached the crest of the mountain. As we looked down into the beautiful valley, a long line of smoke arose from behind old Owlive Grange.

"There go the cars!" exclaimed Master Charley.

"Yes, my dear child," I sadly replied, "that is the smoke from a train on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. One of these fine days, when you grow to be a man and follow the business of the great city, you may perhaps be a passenger by that road. Then will your present joyousness depart, then will your youth be wrecked in the rush of crashing trains. Night after night, your mother and sister will wait anxiously your return, while you, eager for the expectant supper, will be dragging slowly up some convenient grade, drawn by a panting and exhausted locomotive, the make perhaps of some early dabbler in steam, and bearing as if in derision the name of 'The Comet.'"

As we moved on in the fading twilight, tears gathered in Master Charley's eyes; but whether a tribute to my melancholy picture, or an offering on the altar of prospective suppers postponed and spoiled, time alone can reveal. Night overtook us as we descended into the valley; Toby with dripping tongue, and Jip subdued and careless, passed unheeding the skipping, white-tailed rabbits. Not a sound disturbed the air, save the echo of our lazy footsteps or the quiet panting of the dogs. Stopping but a moment to reclaim our captures of the morning, our feet soon pressed the well-worn gravel-walks of our dear old home, and as the fire in the cosey room flickered with fitful blaze, lighting the path before us, it revealed the figure of the watchful mother waiting the return of her long absent son.

Gaston Fay.



MISS PECKHAM'S PARROT.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

I CAN bear easily enough with a cat, and consent to a "King Charles," or even a poodle, with tolerable equanimity. Never having been subjected to a monkey—except sporadically, under my window, in the street-organ way—I am unable to "assert myself" (as Mr. W. Whitman would say), upon that animal as a domestic institution. Yet I feel no hesitation in stating my conviction that I should prefer a monkey to a parrot. For Miss Peckham's parrot I would cheerfully have substituted a chimpanzee, or even a moderate-sized gorilla. Ever since the period of my martyrdom to that abominable bird, I have regarded the parrot tribe with unchristian feelings of hatred and abhorrence.

As many years have elapsed since that episode of my life, I have no objection to relate it to you, especially as it bears a moral, which I heartily wish you may discover! •

I was about nineteen when the shadow—or rather, the substance—of Miss Peckham's parrot first darkened my horizon. Miss P. at that time, and for many years subsequently, I believe, kept "a select boarding-house for single gentlemen."

It was rumored that, at some period in the remote past, Miss Peckham, even then beyond the peach-bloom epoch of maidenhood, had suffered a catiff blow, metaphorically speaking, from the "arch deceiver—man" (her own epithet), dealt her full in her virgin heart. This cruel wound was laid bare to the cynic world by a process termed "a suit for breach of promise," the result of which only added insult to injury, and left Miss Peckham doubly a victim.

Under similar circumstances some persons (generally, however, of the sterner sex), are wont to seek oblivion in the intoxicating bowl. Others of a more tragical temperament, fly to suicide as a final refuge. Miss Peckham, animated and sustained by a spirit of comprehensive vengeance against the male element of society at large, conceived the project of subjecting a certain unprotected portion of mankind, at least, to an ingenious system of domestic torments, from which, owing to their forlorn and dependent condition, they should find it difficult to defend themselves. To this

end she opened "a boarding-house for single gentlemen."

Whether her parrot was originally intended to play a predetermined part in her household drama, I am unable to say; though I fancy that, as far, at least, as regarded myself, his rôle was purely accidental. Be that as it may, the parrot had been a fixed fact in her domestic economy long before I became a member of "the family." At this period I was a romantic youth, fresh from a country college, and sent by a confiding parent to study the mysteries of medicine in the metropolis.

The "family" of Miss Peckham consisted of her niece—a very pretty, hoydenish maiden of sixteen, an orphan, and dependent wholly on her aunt, who did not specially exert herself to make Miss Jennie's life cheerful—six single gentlemen beside myself (most of them of mature years), and the parrot. The first intimation I had of this creature's existence as one of "the family," was on the morning after my installation, when, descending the stairs to breakfast, as I passed by the partly open door of Miss Peckham's own apartment (which was the small room over the hall, on the second floor), I distinctly heard a hoarse, angry voice within, exclaim:—

"Philip, you're a villain! Philip, Phil—ip, you're a villain!"

Now, Philip being my own Christian name, this sudden and decidedly uncomplimentary assault on my private character from an unseen source, something discomposed me. I halted a moment in surprise and uncertainty, then, as the accusation was repeated even more energetically than before, my blood rose, and pushing open the door, I strode fiercely into the chamber. It was empty, and in some disorder; the bed yet showed the imprint of Miss Peckham's virgin form, and something white, of an indefinite shape, on a chair, I supposed to be that elderly maiden's night attire. A cap with cherry-colored ribbons hung upon one side of the dressing-glass, supported by a bunch of very trim auburn curls on the other, and a variety of neat boxes and bottles stood in array upon the marble slab, from one of which, the lid being off, glittered something very like a set of spotless

teeth. As my eye comprehended these objects in a searching glance around the room, and, encountering no living occupant, began to dilate with increasing wonder, the same hoarse voice again broke forth with: "A villain! a villain! Phil—ip, you're a villain!" apparently from overhead. I looked up, and the mystery was explained. Between the windows, about seven feet above the floor, an iron rod stood horizontally out from the wall, with a cross-piece of wood at its extremity, and upon this, with twisted neck, and one eye gravely scrutinizing me, was perched a large parrot, who, the moment he saw that I had discovered him, recommenced to assert, with great volubility, his conviction of my villainy, intermingled with a prayer, in quite another tone, that I would "take Polly down."

For a moment I thought of acceding to this request, with the subsequent intention of fatally increasing the twist in Polly's neck. But further reflection convinced me that this operation was not calculated to secure Miss Peckham's confidence, and I virtuously refrained. Contenting myself, therefore, with bidding Polly "shut up," I left the room, resolved to seek an explanation of the origin of Polly's aspersion of my character.

In the parlor I found Miss Jennie and Mr. Podder, the occupant of the second story front, with whom I was slightly acquainted—he having, in fact, been my sponsor to Miss Peckham.

Mr. Podder was a jolly bachelor of fifty odd, who having a fair income, and with much leisure time on hand, devoted most of the latter, and not a little of the former, to the noble work of exposing the popular humbugs of the day. With this view, he sedulously frequented "spiritual manifestations," and prestidigitatory performances of all sorts; and purchased and experimented with an endless number of "specific" remedies for all kinds of ailments—upon himself in some instances, but more frequently upon those of his friends whose credulity, good nature, or despair of other relief, made them willing subjects. I regret to add, that, though he discovered and denounced very many tricks of "spiritual," medical, and other charlatans, his philanthropy did not appear to be rewarded by a proportionate decrease in the number or extent of successful impositions upon society. Humbug still continued to prosper, and credulity to be victimized. Mr. Podder, however, by no

means discouraged, persevered in his "mission," only observing, from time to time, when some fresh triumph of quackery irritated him, that, "The fools were not all dead yet!" Which was undeniable then, and might not, even now, be considered an extravagant assertion.

"Morning, Philip!" said Mr. Podder. "Miss Jennie, this is our new acquisition, Mr. Kent (Mr. P. always spoke of Miss Peckham's as 'our' establishment); Miss Peckham's niece, Miss Martin, Philip. There! now we're all in the family!"

I gazed upon Miss Peckham's niece, and wished, instantly, that I *was* "in the family"—by marriage.

What the nature of my remarks or her rejoinders were, I have no recollection whatever now. Nor had I any at the time, as far as I know. But in five minutes after my introduction to Miss Jennie Martin, I was—to the best of my knowledge and belief—deeply in love with her. This sudden sentiment I imparted in confidence to Mr. Podder, when we went forth together. It was received by that gentleman in a manner wholly unbecoming the gravity and delicacy of the subject, I thought. For he laughed at me, and made a very absurd and unnecessary, as well as discourteous request of me. In short, he asked me—"not to be a fool."

How was it possible for a highly intellectual gentleman of the mature age of nineteen, and but recently a graduate of a learned academy, to be a fool, under any circumstances? And especially under those to which Mr. Podder so coarsely referred! However, I smothered my indignation, and asked him the mystery of Miss Peckham's Parrot. Upon which he told me the little history of which I have given a brief outline in the beginning of this sketch.

My resentment toward that bird subsided thereupon, and was merged in a vague feeling of pity for his mistress, accompanied, however, by a strong sentiment of indignation toward the original "villain" of her life-drama. Though, I fear, this indignation was chiefly aroused by that person's having had the audacity to dishonor the name of Philip. But could I have foreseen the consequences that the parrot's stigma upon that name was to produce, Miss Peckham would certainly have mourned the untimely loss of that interesting specimen of ornithology at an early

period of my residence in the family, and this story would have had, if written, a very different moral.

My passion for the *espigle* Miss Jennie grew with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of my intimacy with that damsel. And, in spite of Mr. Podder's ungenerous reception of my, perhaps, somewhat premature confidence, his subsequent conduct certainly, though doubtless unintentionally, fostered the secret sentiments of my bosom.

This he did by constantly inviting Miss Jennie to accompany him to lectures, experiences, and other public expositions of his favorite humbugs, and invariably including me in the party; whereby, his whole mind becoming rapidly absorbed and his attention fixed, in scrutinizing the so-called phenomena of the exhibition, Miss Jennie and I were left in the position of a genuine *tête-à-tête*, and I had ample opportunity to feed my flame, as well as to kindle a reciprocal spark in the bosom of its object. Without vanity, I can assert that it did not take very long to accomplish this. Before I had been a member of Miss Peckham's family a month, the blissful consciousness of having achieved this triumph was mine! Before another month had waned, the artless Jennie had plighted me her maiden troth (I believe that is the consecrated style of saying it), and nothing remained to brim the cup of our mutual happiness, save the enthusiastic consent of Miss Peckham and Mr. Kent, Senior, and the ceremony immediately consequent. On reflection, and consultation with each other, however, Jennie and I were not sanguine of arousing the desired enthusiasm in the breasts of the two elderly persons referred to.

Further reflection and consultation decided us not to try, for the present, at least. We resolved to suffer and be strong, in silence, for awhile. I would pursue my professional studies to their conclusion. She would continue to cultivate her aunt's affection by assiduous attention to her wishes and caprices, and I was also to ingratiate myself with that respectable spinster, as delicately as possible, during our weary, but inevitable term of probation. We were, we thought, rather young than otherwise: at least, we should not be beyond a marriageable age in two years; and then, with my diploma as my *ægis*, and our mutual patience and long-suffering as our best advocate, I should—having easily won

my honored parent's approbation—present myself to Miss Peckham as a suitor, long-afianced, for the fair hand of her favorite niece, Jennie Martin.

Under these auspices we felt success was sure! And the noble sacrifices we had made to win it would render that success tenfold sweeter, and our subsequent happiness tenfold more enduring and complete! The argument was rational, the plan was most admirable, the resolution to abide by it most praiseworthy! But, alas!

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agleg!"

We had omitted—no, we had not foreseen—one obstacle. One absurd and insignificant trifle we had overlooked, or rather had not been prescient of (how could we be so?), which, like the grain of sand in the marksman's eye, was destined to divert our hymeneal shaft far wide of the mark we aimed at. We had reckoned without Miss Peckham's parrot!

Though my first emotions of anger toward the parrot had subsided, after hearing the explanation of his apparently strange and unprovoked assault upon my private character, yet I could not bring myself to hear, with entire indifference, or equanimity, his daily and hourly reiteration of the announcement that "Philip was a villain." It began to annoy me exceedingly, especially as the infernal bird seemed to know when I was within ear-shot, and to repeat, with particular and malicious emphasis, his monologue on these occasions. It pursued me up and down stairs; it interrupted me in my medical readings; it greeted my exits and my entrances; it rang wierdly through the pauses of my sleep, until it finally fairly haunted me.

When I reflect upon the stoicism with which, for Jennie's sake, I bore the daily torture of that demoniac parrot's persecution, for four whole months, I cannot refrain from retrospectively contemplating myself with an admiration bordering upon awe! But there is a limit to everything, except eternity and feminine controversy, and I, at last, reached that of my endurance. I reached it the sooner, perhaps—though, Heaven knows, it held out wonderfully!—from the lack of sympathy I experienced in my martyrdom. With the exception of Jennie, I met, in fact, with none at all. Mr. Podder thought the coincidence a

capital joke; and when I remonstrated with him on his callousness, he repeated his former offensive request with reference to the character of my behavior, which I have quoted previously in mentioning my confidence to him on the subject of Miss Jennie.

Several of the other members of the family, also, took the liberty to rally me impertinently about it, occasionally; and when I appealed to Miss Peckham herself to abate the nuisance, she indignantly replied that "I should make a pretty doctor, if I was to be made nervous by a parrot's talk, and that it would be well for me if I didn't live to deserve Polly's accusation myself, some of these days, after all!"

This unexpected piece of brutality on the part of Miss Peckham, combined with the other aggravations above-mentioned, and with the fact that the lectures were on the eve of closing, and I of returning home to spend the summer, wrought me up to a desperate alternative, which I as desperately resolved to force, by moral suasion, upon my beloved Jennie. This was nothing less than a runaway match between us.

I put the case to her, forcibly, somewhat thus: "My dearest girl," said I, "this thing cannot possibly go on any longer in this manner. Our case—my case, certainly—is desperate, and we must resort to a desperate remedy. To live another season in the house with that atrocious parrot is beyond the physical and mental power of mortal Philip. I should become a hopeless lunatic in three months, more or less. I am now obliged to leave you for a protracted absence of at least two months, perhaps even longer. When I return, if I ever return—for who can foresee the future—I must seek another home if that abominable bird still lives. We shall thus be separated, and, knowing the cause of my secession from her household, your aunt will not make me a welcome visitor, even to her hearth. I have quarrelled with Mr. Podder, and cut most of the other members of the family on that bird's account, so that I shall have no excuse whatever for coming here. Is not this a harrowing prospect, dearest? Your sobs confess that it is! Well, then, what alternative is left us! Only one of two, and of these two, one is, certainly, of very doubtful promise. They are: either for you, during my absence, to assassinate the parrot; or for you to consent to be my own darling

little wife before I go, and to go with me in that delightful character! Don't you see it thus, my beloved girl? 'Yes; but you dare not, indeed you dare not leave your aunt in such—at such—without?'—Then, idol of my heart, murder the bird! 'Oh no, no! you never, never could do such a horrid thing?' I don't in the least think you could, dearest; and so, let us fly together from persecution and tyranny, to love and happiness! When we have left this hateful roof, when the holy man has united us in the blissful bonds of matrimony, we will seek my country home, and fling ourselves at my good father's feet. He will frown, perhaps, for a moment, but the next he will have seen your face made lovelier by your tears, and he will fold you to his heart as his accepted daughter!"

I went on in this eloquent style for a long time, I believe, and, naturally, I was victorious. Polly's fate trembled in the balance at one time, but at last the brighter, less cruel, more romantic alternative won the day, and Jenny consented to fly with me to the secret altar!

As a very respectable number of writers have depicted real or fictitious lovers' feelings under similar circumstances, I will content myself with observing that, though I was resolved, and felt no coward itchings to back out or postpone the gallant adventure, yet, somehow or other, I occasionally had a sort of vague doubt as to whether I was acting in a strictly honorable and magnanimous way toward Miss Peckham, or Mr. Kent, Senior, or even toward my dear Jennie. And these shadowy feelings seemed to come over me more particularly during the intervals immediately following one of the parrot's usual exclamations in my hearing. Had there been a longer period of suspense before the fated moment was to arrive, I am not sure that these feelings would not have grown into a distinctness sufficient to have prevented the enterprise.

But the flight was to take place the following night, when the household should be buried in slumber, and the *modus operandi* (excuse the professional phrase) was to be—and was, to a certain point—as follows. If the combination appears puerile and extravagant, the reader will remember the youth and very limited experience of the parties.

It was known to be my intention to depart in the early morning train of the next day. I proposed to leave, in fact, by that train, but

going only to the first station to return to the city by the next train passing. I would devote the day to finding a proper clergyman, and making other preparations, and at exactly midnight would let myself in to Miss Peckham's house with my latch-key (which I kept for the purpose), as, owing to the sex of her boarders, Miss P.'s front door was not locked at night. I would then proceed quietly to Jennie's room (a small, *quite* small one, at the head of the second flight of stairs) and taking possession of her light luggage we would both, with equal quietness, leave the house. A carriage would be waiting not far off, which should take us to a distant hotel, where rooms had already been engaged for a gentleman and his sister, under a feigned name. Here we were to remain as brother and sister till morning, whence at a very early hour we would proceed to the altar, and thence by the first train to my father's country residence, for his pardon and blessing, in the genuine (dramatic) runaway style.

This seemed to promise certain and easy success. For even should I be heard in entering Miss Peckham's, or in going up or down stairs, it would excite no suspicion, but be supposed to be one or other of the gentlemen of the family, whose exits and entrances were irregular and often tardy, and nobody would open his or her door to see which especial gentleman it was. The only danger we ran—it seemed to us—was from the possible *bona-fide* entrance or exit of some one of the gentlemen referred to, and this we were forced to run, relying upon the protection of luck and Cupid. It was but a remotely possible danger, however, we felt confident; owing to the hour, which was either too early or too late for the probability of such an accident.

As to Miss Peckham herself, she went to bed regularly at half-past ten o'clock; first turning down the gas-jets in each hall and passage-way, to about the size and shape of the ace of spades, and locking up the silver in the store-room, together with everything eatable in the house, except the raw meat (which is *not* eatable in that state, in temperate latitudes), and a plate of hard crackers, which always stood on the side-board, but were never regarded in the light of edibles by any member of the family, save the parrot.

To assert that I was perfectly self-possessed and thoroughly serene in mind, as I slid my latch-key into Miss Peckham's street-door,

with a somewhat tremulous hand on that fateful night at the appointed hour, would be to—in short, to exaggerate. I was *not* so!

In fact, looking re- and introspectively from this distance of time, upon the state of my inner being on that momentous occasion, I fancy my feelings were not wholly dissimilar to those which a really felonious person (whom I rather resembled than otherwise in my outward demeanor) might rationally experience in a like crisis.

In spite of my conflicting emotions, however, I entered the house, closed the door, and proceeded slowly and firmly up stairs. The firmness diminished, and the rapidity of my gait proportionably increased, as I approached Miss Peckham's chamber, but, with the exception of what seemed to me a stunning clamor, produced by the throbbing in my breast, I passed that dread portal in safety and silence. In another instant Jennie and I stood together on the upper landing, and after a terrible moment, devoted to gathering our mutual courage into a sort of concentrated form, we began to descend. The silence was positively oppressive. Not even a stair creaked, though, upon ordinary occasions they were all much given to that style of remonstrance. The beating of our own two hearts was, absolutely, all the sound we heard. We gained the last stair in front of Miss Peckham's apartment; a few more steps, and life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—under difficulty, I admit—would be ours; when, at that awful crisis, the solemn silence was suddenly and *fearfully* broken by a deep, guttural, but terribly distinct voice, exclaiming, as if in our very ears—"Phil—ip, you're a villain! Phil—ip! Phil—ip!! PHIL—IP!!! you're a villain!" The effect was immediate and disastrous. I started back, tripped on the stair, and, to save myself, dropped Jennie's portmanteau, which struck with a horrible rattle against the banisters. Poor Jennie, utterly unmanned (perhaps I should say un-womaned) by this unexpected terror, was unable to repress a quick cry, though, the instant *after* it escaped her, she clasped both hands over her mouth, and wilted down in a heap on the step.

Ere either of us recovered a vulgar fraction of assurance, Miss Peckham's door opened, like a trap in a theatre, and that lady appeared in its dark frame draped in ghostly white, her eyes in a wild frenzy rolling,

and brandishing a glittering weapon—which turned out to be the fire-shovel—in her wierd right hand! At the same time the street door closed sharply, and, almost simultaneously, the burly form of Mr. Podder was added to the awful tableau; while, from within the sepulchral gloom of the white apparition's chamber, the deep, angry voice continued to issue, denouncing the villainy of the unhappy Philip!

The conversation—to put it mildly—that ensued, it is really beyond my power to transcribe. I can conscientiously assert, however, that it was exceedingly animated, and also, that it lacked an essential element of polite intercourse, namely—harmony. But its results may be briefly and comprehensively summed up as follows:—

First. The retirement of Miss Peckham and Jennie into the former lady's boudoir.

Second. My own retreat—which was not quite so dignified nor brilliantly conducted as I could have wished, owing, chiefly, to the officious impertinence of Mr. Podder—and a little to a similar meddlesome disposition on the part of an inconvenient somebody or something, often called the inward monitor.

Thirdly. A challenge to that gentleman (Mr. Podder, not the monitor), which was treated with—what I then regarded as the silence of pusillanimity.

Fourthly. A decidedly unpleasant interview with Mr. Kent, Senior, which terminated in the discovery, by that somewhat peremptory gentleman, that I was afflicted with a malady, for which a protracted sea-voyage would be of unquestionable benefit.

Fifthly. The said sea-voyage, and, I am bound to own, a consequent triumph of my father's medical judgment.

And, lastly. The rooted antipathy in my sentiments—as expressed in the beginning of this sketch—toward all and every variety of the genus—PARROT!

[COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY COUSIN ANNICE.

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

HAT to do with my Cousin Annice! Lest in the library window, thinking about it, the day after she came to stay with us, not quite knowing yet what to make of her, and wondering whether or not we should be friends. Almost hidden by the heavy curtains, half I pretended to be watching the passers-by in the street below, and half I cast little inquisitive glances at my cousinly problem. She had drawn the sofa up in front of the fire, and sat

there looking into its blaze, not lounging indolently as most would have done, as I should have done, in unutterable luxury of twilight dreaming; for although she leaned her head against the brilliant Afghan as upon a pillow, yet there was no rest in her attitude, no repose in her eyes. Thinking earnestly, I knew, but as her thoughts I could not fathom, I was porfessor content to note critically her face, her expression, her dress, and with these hints, to venture with uncertain effect, some guesses as to her character. For, although as children we had been neighbors and playmates, yet for the last six years I had not seen her until this visit, the six wonder-working years which usher on "sweet twenty," and so I did not know at all what sort of a being the world's treatment and her own little experiences had made of her.

Her face was pale, she seldom had any color, though her cheeks were rounded and dimpled, but her lips were full, red and pouting. Her eyes were large, very large and blue, noticeable eyes, and sometimes I have seen such a vague sadness and mute pleading in their look, that I felt like loving her at once and forever. But then again, the blue eyes would look so hard, so cold, so speculative, that they made me shrink from her. Annice was careless about her dress, everything was nice and looked well to be sure, but it was always put on the same way. She never gave any thought to the tying of a ribbon, the arranging of a flower, the fold of a shawl, or any of those little effective things. Rather strong-minded I called her once, which made her very indignant.

So Annice sat mutely looking at the fire. I grew tired of thinking about her at length, and gave all my attention to the street view out of the window. The night drew darkly on, it was early spring and very cold and wet; people had put up their umbrellas, and everything looked dreary and spiritless. I shivered as I drew together the curtains at last, and folded my scarlet cape closer about me.

My movement made Annice turn and look at me. "Why, Minnie! you absurd little thing! I did not know you were in the room. How long have you been hiding there?"

"I have not been hiding at all," I replied, indignantly. "You might have seen me long ago if you had chosen to look."

"O, I don't care!" she said, "don't get in a passion, Minnie, for I want to ask you a few questions. What do you do with yourself all the time here? Isn't it dreadfully stupid?"

Stupid! that was the last thing I expected her to complain of, coming as she did from the quietest of villages and the sole companionship of a maiden aunt, to our stirring social town, and my uncle's house where guests were frequent, and every pleasure provided.

"Stupid!" I exclaimed, "no, never stupid. We have walks and rides, and company and callers, and parties every little while. Why, it is very pleasant!"

"Perhaps it will be," she said, "but it all depends on the people, you know. Most people are such bories. Are there any really superior ones among your friends?"

"Why, Annice Houghton! I never found any one a bore in my life! I think people are splendid. And it is so interesting to study them, they all have such different characters and different aims."

"You are happily constituted," she said, indifferently. "I find all people very much alike."

"O, well, Annice," said I, "if you are going to be cold-hearted and intellectual as you used to be at school, you want anything but the books in this library. Here's an old favorite of yours, I remember!" And I took down Plato on the Soul's Immortality.

She thanked me, and began to read it intently.

I must say, I began to think with some degree of tremor about two gentlemen whom I had casually invited to call this evening, telling them I had a cousin just arrived to whom I should be pleased to introduce them. Two very pleasant gentlemen, always desirable and obtainable in our little society, but I was afraid Annice might not think them superior. And how was I to entertain her, and make her enjoy herself, as my kind uncle had charged me?

Rain, rain, rain! I could hear it pattering drearily on the sidewalk, and I almost hoped we should have no callers. It was a relief when tea-time came, and Annice, closing her Plato, followed me to the bright cheery room, where Uncle Geoffrey was already seated at the table, and at his right hand Hal Cleveland, a handsome, insouciant young fellow, who had lately come to live with us, as his ward, he claimed laughingly, though already of age. Hal and I had become firm friends at once.

We always had nice times at supper. Uncle was like a shining sun, carrying perpetual brightness with him. And Hal was always making funny little speeches, or helping me get up delightful professions.

Somehow it wasn't so nice now Annice had come, though we had so long wanted some one to take the fourth seat at table. But she would not enter into things, she was so cold about all we were interested in, and so interested in what we did not care a fig for, that it made a discordant element in our little household. Yet Annice had a fine character, my uncle had always said, and we had felt a sort of pride in the intellect and the dignity of which rumors had reached us. But now that we had her with us, I think Uncle Geoffrey rather shared my feeling of not knowing what to do with her.

The preserved apples were golden, translucent and delicious.

"I like apples," I said, complacently; "put another on my plate, Hal, please!"

"I don't. No, thank you!" Annice replied to his gesture, as he offered to help her too.

"All right! apples for Venus, but none for Minerva!" said Hal, saucily, which made uncle laugh, but Annice looked coldly disdainful.

"Miss Annice, you are statuesque," went on Hal, undisturbed.

But Annice, ignoring him, asked Uncle Geoffrey what he thought Napoleon III. would do next? and uncle being of an imaginative turn of mind, began to answer with startling prophecies, which she disputed, criticised, and finally sailed completely out into a stormy debate, showing a considerable knowledge, whether profound or not, of politics and policy.

Meanwhile, Hal turned his attention to teasing me, which I willingly retallied, and we maintained quite a frolic at our half of the table. Suddenly the door-bell rang.

"Why, is it late enough for callers?" exclaimed Uncle Geoffrey, looking at his watch. "How long we have tarried at the tea!"

And he marched off, humming as he went, the somewhat unbelieving lines:

"Larger so much by the heart,
Larger so much by the head,
Emperor
Evermore!"

The servant brought me two cards; Mr. Allen, Mr. Pomeroy, "to see the ladies."

"Who are they?" asked Annice.

"O, just two of our usual callers. They know you are here, so it is in honor of you, Annice. Come."

"The Apollo and the Narcissus of our little realm," interposed Hal; "as it is only 'to see the ladies,' I suppose I may desert."

Then Annice and I went up into the parlor, and I introduced Messrs. Allen and Pomeroy.

Now, what did Annice do? Instead of entering at once into lively conversation with these gentlemen who were certainly handsome, well-bred and agreeable, she took possession of a great arm-chair in the corner, and sat there as queenly and indifferent as possible, answering whatever was said to her, only by clear, cold money-lables, or the shortest of sentences. And there I had invited them on purpose to meet her! I inwardly vowed never to do it again, and then I exerted myself tenfold to make the time pass pleasantly with them, after coming in the rain, too!

"Won't you sing, Miss Houghton?"

"I do not sing."

"Perhaps you will play for us, then?"

"I do not play."

So in despair they turned to me, and of course, I played and sang for them, but they had heard the same things fifty times before, and it couldn't be very entertaining.

Then I talked, and they talked, and after all we had a pretty good time with anecdotes, bits of news, and little plans for the summer. But I thought something ought to be done to include Annice, and I brought out my "Game of Authors," which was amusing and sufficiently intellectual. Annice did join in it with us, and quite distinguished herself, in getting all our cards from us. We grew very merry over it, the gentlemen uttered several witticisms, and once Annice actually condescended to laugh when Mr. Allen asked if she would give him a "Huge Miller!"

At length the evening wore away, and when they took their departure, I turned to Annice and asked:

"Don't you think they're very pleasant, Annice?"

"O, I don't think anything about them; Minnie! They are just like hundreds of others. I think it is wasting time and power to try to be entertaining to people one don't care for."

"But, Annice," I argued, "I don't think one ought to stand aside from the world. I think people all owe each other a great deal of kindness and respect, without its being necessary to care for each other individually; and it is so pleasant to be on good terms with the world!"

"Bravo! quite a speech, little Minnie!" said Hal, who had entered unseen, "allow me to applaud you, fair debutante!" And he threw a cluster of panes at my feet.

I bent to pick them up, but he was quicker than I, and put them into my hand with a bright, friendly smile. I looked at the flowers, great purple pansies, with vivid gold centres. How could those leaves, those slender stems, bear blooms so magnificent? It seemed every moment as if they must die of their own loveliness.

"Pansies in March!" I exclaimed, in breathless delight.

"They grew for you," said Hal, pleasantly.

Annice turned and looked at him curiously. It seemed as if she had hardly noticed him before, since she came. He folded his arms, and bent his merry brown eyes full upon her as she looked.

"I like you," said this singular girl, at length, putting out her hand.

"Thank you!" he answered lightly, but did not notice the proffered hand; and he walked carelessly across the room to the piano, playing a little air from *I Puritani*.

Annice and I went up stairs and left him. Our rooms were next each other. Annice lingered a little while in mine, standing by the window, looking out at the black skies. I put my pansies in a vase of water, and leaving a little careen on their purple petals, turned to my bureau. As I did so, I saw Annice's profile distinctly; it was full of a profound sadness, the heavy eyelids drooping, the red lips quivering. I instantly felt to blame for not seeking her confidence more, for not loving her more, and going up to her I put my arms about her, and said:

"I love you, Annice!"

There was no trembling then in the red lips, as she turned coldly round and said:

"No, you don't love me, Minnie."

Well, it was true, I did not love her. I did not know her yet well enough, and it was only a little kind impulse that made me tell her so, which she, with her keen instincts, fathomed. So then I said:

"I shall try to love you, Annice."

"That's honest," she remarked, coolly. "I believe you are a good little thing, Minnie, but we are very different, you know."

Yes, we were very different. I could not seem to get near to her, so I said no more, but began putting away the little trifles scattered about on my bureau. A small velvet case lying there I opened and looked at a moment, then with a little thrill of pleasure put it away. She must have noticed and misunderstood the movement, for she suddenly exclaimed:

"I wish I were just like you, Minnie, after all! You will be happy; and I—I don't know what I shall be!"

"Why?" I asked, vaguely.

"O, I can read your panes, and your pictures, and Hal Cleveland's eyes!" she said, meaningly.

My face flushed hot.

"You are mistaken!" I said with spirit; "there is nothing between Hal Cleveland and me."

Annice only smiled, and walked off to her own room.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was nothing between Hal and me! For I had some one else to love; my king of hearts was already chosen, or at least I thought so, which amounted to the same thing. And he was coming very soon to visit me, my king, my Evan!

The year before I had been attending school in Washington, and in the house where I boarded, lived Evan Rolfe. A gentleman, thoroughly schooled in all the world can teach, of vast learning, immense intellectual power, and with a grace and charm of manner which made him irresistible, when he chose to lay aside the sarcasm which was one of his chief pastimes. And this man had been willing to devote himself to me, his "woodland violet," as he called me. He had been a friend of my uncle, who entrusted me to him as to a guardian, little thinking the guardian would learn to play the lover. So much older than I, skilled in all diplomacy, a perfect reader of hearts, what weapons had I in my school-girl simplicity with which to encounter him! He was to me the embodiment of everything noble, powerful and lofty, a Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*." And when he suffered me to see that my lightest word was iron law to him, that my lightest wish was his highest pleasure, I was spell-bound, fascinated, and finally made very happy by the thought. If there was a lack somewhere in the greatness of my hero, a little selfishness latent even in his pleasing me, a want of earnest enthusiasm in the aims of his life, I did not see anything of it, he was too far beyond me for me to think of criticising. And I, the girl, lavished all a girl's devotion on this brilliant, experienced, self-controlled man, this accomplished diplomatist, whom the most exclusive and influential circles in Washington delighted to honor. To this day I cannot imagine why he ever dreamed he loved me; but he did dream it, and it was the picture of his proud, handsome face which I had shut in its

and, and lovingly hidden away. There was no engagement yet, my uncle did not yet know, but was soon to be told, perhaps during this very next visit of Evan.

Meanwhile, the days went smoothly by. Annie was still with us, but not of us, except when uncle and she talked politics or philosophy, but Uncle Geoffrey was of two sunnys a nature to want to do that often. She chilled his harmless enthusiasms, laughed at his unworldly schemes, and one day he confessed to me his fear that he did not love this orphan niece of his as he ought.

"It is so strange, Minnie! Sometimes she looks at me so wistfully with her mother's eyes, that I would give the world to her; but then, when I try to get her confidence and sympathy, there's no comfort in it, Minnie, there's no comfort in it!"

Hal said nothing about her, but continued polite, gay and careless; though sometimes we three had spicy little talks and disputes as we grew more familiar, in the cosy recesses of the library.

One day I remember how Annie shocked us, by declaring that she did not love any relation of hers any better than the merest stranger—that if her own brother were wounded and dying, she should feel sorry as for any human being's sufferings, no more!

"You heartless thing!" muttered Hal, and strode away.

She looked at me, very pale, and there came that dreamy pleading look into her eyes which always moved me, as in a sudden mood of confidence she said:

"Yet I could love, Minnie, I could love, if only the right one would come!"

"I think you could, Annie," I said kindly; "but you ought to love your own best friends first."

"I am looking for greater nobleness," she answered, vaguely, and her eyes grew cold and speculative again.

O, the April days! how softly and gently they stole upon us, with sun and shower, with tender green grass and violets. We began to take long walks, Annie and I, long walks where neither spoke much, but each indulged silently in her own little fancies and dreams.

Coming home from such a walk one day, I went straight to my room with my burden of wild flowers, but Annie lingered down stairs. Suddenly she came rushing up to me, the first time I had ever seen her at all excited, and she said, eagerly:

"O, Minnie, who do you suppose can be in the parlor? A gentleman who looks like a king, and who bowed to me with such haughty grace, as I entered! Who can it be?"

"Evan!" I exclaimed, breathlessly, starting up.

"Evan? The Evan Rolfe I have heard you mention to Uncle Geoffrey? Why does he come here?"

"He is an old friend," I said, with burning cheeks, as I left the room, and ran down to the parlor. He sprang to meet me, kindly indeed, but eagerly, and drew me to a seat by his side, while he asked me a host of questions whether I still cared for him—whether any younger man had taken his place? and all such things, questions which almost wounded me, so remote was the possibility of any disloyalty to him. In perfect content I nestled by his side, while we planned out the nicest little walks and rides to be had while he staid, and the time flew like magic, till the tea-bell started me to my feet.

We went to the table together. Uncle Geoffrey greeted his old friend with delight; Hal, who had never seen him before, with politeness, and a measuring glance; while Annie just lifted her wonderful blue eyes up to his face, and sat silent through all the meal.

But Evan was not silent. He held us all delighted listeners, while he talked, gliding from one subject to another, and displaying the most perfect knowledge of books and men. The commonest little acts of politeness at the table, he made memorable by some grace of manner or happy allusion; he could not pass a salt-cellar without a touch of Attic wit; he made brilliant bonmots, and comical little speeches, about the veriest trifles, till at length my uncle rising from the table, declared he had not been so entertained since his college-days.

Then we adjourned to the library, and I saw with a little pang that there was to be no more "tete-a-tete" for us two that evening. Uncle, Hal, and Annie, all lingered till the last moment, until finally none could linger any longer. I was proud of Evan and his eloquence, but I did hope he would have found just a moment for me alone. I suppose I showed this in my face—I always showed my feelings—for as he passed me, leaving the room, he bent down and murmured:

"Your face tells secrets, Petite, which you should keep till to-morrow."

Then turning to my uncle, who stood at the door regarding us, he said:

"I was telling your niece, Geoffrey, that I should claim a long drive with her to-morrow, in memory of our Washington 'aid lung syne,' that is, if she will accept an ancient cavalier like me."

Uncle Geoffrey bowed and said:

"My niece is honored by your kindness, sir."

And with that they bade us good-night, and left the library.

Once again Annie lingered in my room a little while before seeking her own; but this time there was a new light in her eyes, a suppressed excitement in her manner, as she turned over book after book on my table, finding many there which Evan had given me.

"Evan Rolfe is a great, noble man," she said, at length.

"Superior, is he?" I asked sily, with my supreme content.

"Superior! Why, Minnie, he is one of the great men whom nations admire more than their kings!"

High praise, but I did not dispute it. I loved to hear this cold critical Annie exalt my hero! Her next remark did not please quite so well.

"How came you to know him so well, Minnie?" with a disagreeable emphasis on the "you."

"Why, Annie, I saw him constantly in Washington."

"Yes, but why he should seem to notice you so much, I can't understand. He don't seem exactly like your choice of friends."

"Annie, you are getting rude," I said, with dignity.

"Why, what's the matter, Minnie!" she exclaimed, her face suddenly changing; "you don't think you're in love with him!"

"No matter what I think. Good-night, Annie, I'm going to bed."

At which suggestive remark, she left me.

Next morning at breakfast, Hal, who did not know of the previous arrangement, asked me if I would like a drive along the shore for an hour or two. I looked at Evan, who with a haughty smile said:

"I claim Miss Minnie for myself this morning, Mr. Cleveland."

Hal's face showed surprise as he looked from one to another, then said, gravely:

"Only for this morning, Mr. Rolfe?" by which I suppose he referred to the afternoon plans.

"That is as it may be," Evan answered, and I thought there was a little chill of disdain in his voice. The carriage was soon at the door, and Annie and Uncle Geoffrey stood on the steps to see us drive away.

O, lovely, lovely April day! every breath of air was delicious, and it was such a rest to the eye to look over the green fields. Evan enjoyed it as much as I; as we got out into the open country, he suffered the horses to walk slowly along, while he leaned back in the seat and sang. I had never heard him sing before, and it made my heart leap to hear his clear, strong voice ringing through one of Scott's war-melodies.

"Sing it again, and again!" I pleaded; so he sang it again, and then glanced lightly off into some of Moore's songs which I did not like at all, and told him so. But he went on with a mischievous gleam in his dark eyes:

"When afar from the lips that are dear,
We'll make love to the lips that are near!"

Somehow, I could not bear to hear him singing it.

"Evan, it is dreadful!" I said. "It sounds just as if you meant it."

Then he became grave, and looking kindly at me, said:

"You take everything too much in earnest, Minnie. When a man is of my age, he has learned there is a great deal of bubble on the champagne of life."

"But one ought to be in earnest, Evan," I urged; "I think the least little things seem to have so much meaning. I almost feel as if you could not sing such lines, without having a feeling like them somewhere in your heart, no matter how hidden."

"Philosophic Minnie! but you're right! I have no doubt I do feel a sympathy with those lines. Few have only one love in a life-time. *N'importe*:"

"The love of Candelmas or June
Flows from the same celestial springs;
Just as we play the self-same tune
Upon a thousand different strings."

"You came into my heart at Candelmas, Petite."

"But I give you June and all the rest," I murmured.

"So you do, my darling. Bless you!" And he gave me a look whose sweetness I have never forgotten.

Then he drove on faster. The road was rough, and we rattled over the stones. Suddenly a little brown farmhouse came into sight, and Evan declared he should get out and ask for a glass of milk. So handing me the reins, he sprang down, and spoke to a nice rosy-cheeked girl in the door. She went in and directly returned with a brimming pitcher and tumbler. As Evan took them to come to me, she followed him toward the gate. The wind caught off her white sun-bonnet and flung it under the horses' feet; they plunged madly on one side, and then in perfect abandonment of terror began running like the wind. The scene of that instant is impressed indelibly upon my vision. Evan's face of horror as he hurried down pitcher, tumbler and all, and darted through the gate, as if he could equal the speed of those horses! The vanishing farmhouse, the whirling fences, the changeless sky! Still the horses ran on. I knew there was nothing for me to do; it was so strange to think that the next moment I might be lying dead upon the stones, and Evan would grieve for his little Candelmas love!

Suddenly I saw a man driving slowly towards us; he comprehended the matter, he sprang down, and with a strong arm uplifted put himself in the horses' path. I knew that they plunged down upon him, and then I fainted.

By-and-by, I was conscious of lying on a bank, and some one's tear fell on my cheek. I looked up and there was Hal! He had saved my life! I felt so weak and strange, I thought I was dying.

"O Hal!" I said, reaching out my arms to him, "how kind you were to come! Take me home."

And he lifted me up easily, and carried me, close to his heart, to where his faithful horse stood waiting for him.

Evan came up breathless.

"Is she hurt? Is she dead?" I heard him ask.

"No dread!" said Hal, shuddering.

"Mr. Cleveland, I owe you a life-long debt, I shall never forget it! Give Minnie to me, if you please, I will take her home directly."

"Not with those horses!" exclaimed Hal, sternly.

"O, they're safe enough now, and heartily ashamed of themselves! But she shall choose for herself. Minnie, will you go with me?"

I loved him.

"Yes, I'll go with you, Evan! But O Hal, Hal!" I whispered, "how can I ever thank you?"

"You needn't, Minnie!" he said, shortly; "perhaps I didn't know whom I was doing it for!" and he sprang into his chaise and drove rapidly away.

That little speech wounded me deeply, when I thought of it again.

O, how tender and careful Evan was! He seemed to feel so penitent for what was no fault of his. And when we reached home, he would let no one do anything for me but himself. And all the afternoon I lay on the library sofa, while he read "Lucile" to me. He was a perfect reader. Towards twilight he threw down the book, and suddenly said:

"Minnie, I haven't asked yet who that pale stiff Miss Houghton is, who lives in your house and eats at your table?"

"My Cousin Annie," said I; "do you like her?"

"Not if she's dreadfully in the way. I don't want to have to ask her too, by-and-by, when you get well enough to drive again. But she has haunting eyes."

I remembered their pleading look, and determined to do her justice.

"She's a splendid girl, Evan, only so peculiar. She can read ever so many languages, Greek among them, only think of that! And she studies metaphysics and politics; she is very superior!"

"Warm hearts are better than strong minds," he said, "and she should dress better, Minnie. It is every woman's duty to make herself as beautiful as possible."

"And what is every man's duty?" I asked, rather piqued.

"To be strong!" and he sprang up, pacing the room in kindly mood. Suddenly he came back to me and said, softly:

"Minnie, as I reached the door, some one passed it suddenly, and I heard a quick rustle of a woman's dress passing up-stairs. Could it have been Annie? I should not like to have wounded her feelings by what I said!"

"I can't tell," I answered. "I don't believe you will ever know. But, Evan, go take a walk, you must be so tired of me by this time."

"I'm not tired, but I'll take the walk and get you some bananas," he said, kindly, and off he went; while I lay on my sofa, and had happy dreams till nearly tea-time. By-and-by, Hal came in laughing.

"O, Minnie, such a discovery as I have made! The statue has come to life. Annie is transformed into a brilliant glowing queen!"

"What do you mean, Hal?"

"I don't know any better than you. I met her sweeping into the parlor dressed superbly, looking as cool as if nothing was unusual, while I almost fainted in astonishment. You'd better come to tea, and see her. It's grand!"

"I can't, Hal. My head aches."

"Poor little head!" But he did not touch it as he sometimes had done, with gentle motion to charm away the pain. And the bell ringing the next instant, he went down to tea.

I heard the hum of voices very faintly from the distant room, and could just manage to distinguish Evan's. My solitary tea and toast I toyed with a little while and then sent them away, and waited rather impatiently for the others to come. At length I heard the doors opening and shutting, and steps in the hall.

CHAPTER III.

HAL came back first and took a chair by my sofa. Annie went to his great arm-chair by the table, and then came in Evan and Annie, sweeping along grandly, bowing to me in much state, and then Evan, standing off from her, said:

"You have not met before, Minnie, I believe. It is *Butterfly* *nee Chrysalis*!"

Annie frowned.

"Nay then, Queen of Sheba, if that please my lady better."

"A Queen of Sheba, with golden hair and blue eyes," I said, for want of a better thing to say.

Certainly my thoughts were completely put to rout, at sight of Annie bending over me with lustrous eyes. Where did she get that dress? I had never taken the trouble to look at her wardrobe, but surely I never dreamed she possessed such a glowing gold-colored silk as this which draped her in its heavy, shining folds. And the lace on her wrists and neck! why, I had never owned an inch of such lace in my life. I never knew how beautiful her hair was, till now I saw it massed upon her forehead like a coronet of golden ripples, with no ornament but a dusky, gorgeous-winged butterfly, a dead splendor, fastened there. Her complexion, exquisitely clear and white, with just the faintest pink tinge of excitement; her eyes misty, luminous, changeful, anything but cold and chilling. For the first time I began to know Annie, and how little even then. It was quite a tableau as she stood waiting for me to speak to her, and Evan a little apart watching us both with a smile.

I put my hands before my eyes. "Annie, you dazzle me! But if you be queen, let

me kiss your hand." She extended the soft white hand, and I kissed it, but I have never kissed hand or lip of hers since. Then I said:

"Evan, bring a throne."

He wheeled a giant easy-chair around, and she sank down in it, playing with her fan.

"Talk, Annie," I said. "I'm an invalid, you know, and you must entertain me."

So she began to talk, rallied Hal on his silence, flung saucy sparkling sentences at Evan, which he paid back generously; and now and then, she would begin some speech merrily enough, but before it ended, let it glide off into a little sad strain which somehow had an inexpressible charm. And by-and-by, I could not tell how, she was philosophizing with Evan about the mind. She quoted Greek from Aristotle, and French from Cousin, with such ease that one would not think till afterwards to be surprised because she was a woman. And Evan led her on and on, from debate to debate, about subjects manifold, but never once did he find her beyond her depth.

"You hear!" said Hal to me; "that's the way she went on all tea-time about politics and nations."

And by-and-by, Evan passing me whispered, "What an Annie that is, a woman fit to hold a court of her own. She ought to have a place in that book about the 'Queens of Society!'"

My head ached with dull throbs, and I could only smile back for reply.

"Poor Minnie! ah, here are the bananas," he said, as the servant brought them in. "These will refresh you." And taking an ottoman at my side, he began drawing off the thick peel in strips, from the rich yellow-hearted fruit inside. Then cutting off circle after circle of the creamy pulp, he dropped them one by one into my mouth.

"Like a big bird feeding its little birds," he said, laughing.

The banana was delicious, the headache began to go. I looked up at Evan gratefully, and he pushed back my hair with a caressing touch, saying, "Poor little Minnie!"

There was a rustle of the gold-colored silk, Annie was moving restlessly in her chair. Evan turned. Hal sprang up with alacrity, and said:

"Annie, don't you want a banana? Let me help you."

She did not answer, but slowly let her gaze rest upon Evan. He smiled curiously, and rising, stood before her, and presented a banana.

"Why, it isn't peeled!" looking at him with wonder in her great blue eyes.

So he peeled it. Hal came back and sat by me again.

My headache increased fearfully. I looked up into Hal's kind eyes.

"Hal, you're always by me when I am in trouble." "Are you in trouble, Minnie?" he said, with a face half stern, half pitying.

"Only this headache," I told him. So he bade me shut my eyes, but never lifted his hand to help me, never tried to magnetize the pain from my brow.

Uncle Geoffrey had been sitting very thoughtfully all the evening through. Suddenly he spoke:

"Rolfe, aren't we going to have some reading. You must not deny us the treat now and then."

"I'll abdicate," said Evan Rolfe. "Here's Miss Annie has never taken her turn yet. You'll read, I'm sure!"

Without blush or demur, she assented very quietly. He brought her Tennyson's "Princesses." And she read it, read it beautifully all through, though I thought she rather spoiled the little song interludes. Evan threw himself on a cushion at her feet, and looked up in her face. He could do such boyish things gracefully.

When the poem was ended Uncle Geoffrey arose, which was the signal for separation. I went up to my room and listened for Annie to follow. Ten minutes passed and she did not come. Then I thought I would go down stairs again and look for my vinalgrette which I had left upon the sofa. Annie was just coming up. I stopped her, saying:

"Annie, is it really you?" For I had not yet ceased being amazed.

"If it be I, as I do hope I be,

My little dog at home will sure know me!"

she sang with a little wilful laugh. "But you don't know me, Minnie!" And she went on up stairs.

Evan stood at the library door. When I had found my vinalgrette and was coming out, he laid his hand caressingly on my head, and I rested my cheek against his shoulder. For I was so tired, and I loved him.

"What an evening!" he said.

"Yes, Evan! And now I am sure she heard what you said in the library about her dress."

"Do you think she changed so for me?" he said. "I shall ask her to walk with me to-morrow morning."

"O Evan, why?" I asked, raising my head.

"It is best," he said; "I do not wish to arouse suspicion by going with you so constantly, and I do not choose to ask her to join us. So I shall occasionally invite her by herself."

"But, Evan, I did not know you cared for suspicion. I thought you were going to tell my uncle all about us. I don't like to be afraid of having things known!"

Then he smiled at me, but said, decidedly:

"Not yet, Minnie, not yet!"

What more could I say? I was mortified that I had said so much!

Next morning, Annie came down, a chrywalla again. Dressed plain gray, her hair braided straight

back, her eyes blue and cold. But the old look could not bring back the old order of things, no one could forget that she was a princess in disguise. Evan kept saying exciting things to her, to lead her to talk, but she would only make wise, brief answers, and would not grow enthusiastic at all.

So after we left the table, and Annice went up stairs to get ready for her walk, Evan overtook me in the hall and drew me aside to the parlor.

"Now, Minnie, my little blossom, grow bright and strong to-day, and to-morrow we two will have some nice long happy excursion. You are the light of my heart, you know."

"Confound you!" muttered Hal, from the depths of an easy-chair. I was so afraid Evan would hear him, but he could not have done so, for he went on carelessly:

"And don't let that boy Cleveland be making love to you. You belong to me, you know."

He stopped abruptly, for Annice was coming down stairs, in hat and cloak, and she looked around for him. So then they went out together. I turned back to the parlor to ask Hal what he had meant, but there was Uncle Geoffrey just coming in by another door, so I put it off.

The morning passed pleasantly along; I sewed, and wrote and sang, and teased Hal while he balanced uncle's accounts. By-and-by, I began to wish for Evan and Annice to return; policy surely did not require him to take a very long walk, I thought. I went to the window and looked out, clouds were gathering dark and thick over the blue sky.

"It is going to rain," I said; "those clouds will bring them home."

But they did not come. I grew uneasy. Hal finished uncle's accounts, and began to balance his own by teasing me, but I had no spirit to answer him back. He told me an amusing story, but I still looked listlessly from the window. So at length he went off, took up a copy of Virgil and began reading.

The rain at last poured in torrents. Every moment I expected to see the absent ones rush up the steps tired and dripping, but they did not. Where could they be? Perhaps they had sought shelter in some house, and would come jogging along by-and-by in a farmer's wagon. Still the moments passed, the rain poured, and they did not come. Then vague fears began to haunt me, perhaps they had ventured out on an impromptu sail, and the wind and storm had driven them out to sea, or wrecked them. I grew very nervous and alarmed at length, for I thought if they had sought shelter anywhere, Evan would surely have found a carriage or an umbrella, and come home himself to relieve our anxieties. Still it rained, and still they did not come. We waited dinner an hour, but finally went to it without them.

After that, the sun broke out, the black clouds cleared away, and I sat very patiently at the window again. It was four o'clock when I saw them coming. I ran to the door; Annice, entering, passed rapidly up stairs, but I did not notice her. I only thought of Evan, with all my heart in my face.

"I'm alive, darling!" he exclaimed, putting out his hands.

Then he told me how they had gone a long way into the country, and not noticing the clouds, were taken by surprise when the rain began to fall. No house was in sight, but a thick forest on one side of the road, offered a shelter. There they fled, and after wandering about awhile, found a deep cave among the rocks, dry and roomy, where they staid in perfect security until the storm ceased. The story did not seem quite satisfactory to me. I wondered why he did not leave Annice there, and come away for a carriage, or to let us know about them. But he said:

"Would I leave your cousin alone and unprotected in the forest?"

Then I wondered why as time passed, they did not both venture out in spite of the rain, rather than stay in prison so long. But he said:

"Would I let your cousin, a delicate girl, with her thin shoes, expose herself in such weather? So there was no more to be said, and then he went out for the newspaper.

I thought I would go to find Annice, after that. She sat quietly in her room, reading Pope's Essay on Man. I went round and stood in front of her.

"Annice, did you have a nice walk?"

She blushed a very little. "Nice all but the rain. We had a tedious time waiting."

"Annice," I said, "you would make a very fine wife for a leader in diplomatic circles."

"I will not contradict you," she answered. "I think I should."

"Because you know how not to have too much heart!" I added.

"That you are not sure of." And her eyes warned me to intrude no more.

That evening, just before tea-time, I went down into the library. No one was there, and I sought my favorite seat in among the window curtains, listening to Hal's merry voice outside on the steps, as he talked with some friend who seemed in no haste to go. Evan came in by-and-by, looked round the room, saw no one, and was going out again, when Annice entered.

Entered, dressed in black—rich, lustreless folds falling about her, and trailing softly on the floor, all black. And in her golden hair a knot of purple pansies.

"My Queen, my Sphinx, Egypt!" murmured Evan, springing towards her. And the proud head bent low upon his shoulder.

All the love in my heart for Evan Rolfe died that

moment. I came out from my curtains, and passing them, said:

"*Mes amis*, tea is ready."

That was rather a singular meal, I fancy, to all of us; but we passed each other biscuits and butter, cake and marmalade, as if there were nothing new under the sun. Hal was quite interested in the story of the forest adventure.

"You say you found shelter in a cave from the rain?" he remarked.

"Very fortunately, we did," Evan said.

"Why, there's something like that in the 4th Book of the *Aeneid*," Hal said musingly; "you learned people know better than I, but I remember this:

"*Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus, eandem Deveniunt*," etc.

"You quote very inappropriately, sir," said Uncle Geoffrey, looking up sharply. Annice turned towards Hal with a dangerous light in her eyes, but he only laughed.

After tea, Evan invited me to take a moonlight walk with him. I declined, and he transferred the invitation to Annice, who accepted rather coldly.

"I should think you had walked enough!" expostulated Uncle Geoffrey.

"I want to go to the post-office," she answered.

When they were gone, uncle said:

"I'm glad you didn't care to go, Minnie. I have always admired Rolfe, and followed his judgment, but somehow lately I feel a growing distrust of him. I hope I do not wrong him, but I wish he were gone. He almost lost your life for me, Minnie, and he has incited Annice to all her freaks. What do you think, Hal?"

Hal bit his lips.

"I dare not trust myself to speak, sir!"

"I agree with you perfectly, uncle!" I said.

Hal looked round at me with a flash in his eyes.

Before long the wandering couple returned. Annice had a letter. She told us its contents at once, her aunt wished her to return home, and she should leave the next forenoon. This was sudden. Uncle said she must not go alone, he would find her an escort.

"It is unnecessary, Geoffrey," said Evan Rolfe.

"I go myself to-morrow, and shall take pleasure in accompanying Miss Houghton to her home. It is on my route."

Uncle looked half obliged and half annoyed; but Hal very pleasantly offered to order the carriage for them. This made Annice turn towards him.

"You are glad I go, I suppose, Hal Cleveland?"

"It is the end of our play," he said, gravely; "is one usually glad to see the curtain fall?"

The next morning before any one had gone down stairs, a little note was slipped under my door; just these words, "*One moment in the parlor, Minnie*." I went down. Evan put out his arms towards me with an appealing gesture, but I took no notice, only looked at him with simple inquiry in my glance.

"Then I have lost you, Minnie?"

"You have not kept me, Evan."

"Can I keep you now?" he uttered, advancing eagerly.

"No! it is too late for that!"

"No? then good-by, little woodland violet. It breaks my heart that you are gone out of my life!" he added, with a passionate regret in his voice. But that made no difference, I smiled slightly and turned away.

Hal walked in with a gay good morning, and before long we were all assembled for a hasty breakfast. Then the travellers were ready to start.

We stood on the steps, uncle, Hal, and I, to see them go. Evan never turned his head to look at us. Annice did, once. She looked at Hal with dreamy, cold blue eyes. So they went.

And as we turned back into the house, Hal took my hand in his, and said:

"He is gone, thank Heaven! And may neither you nor I ever see him again!"

"What do you care?" said Uncle Geoffrey.

MY EXPERIENCE KEEPING HOUSE.

BY MISS AMELIA DUTTON.

ALL the young folks of my acquaintance come to me with their household troubles, and I believe look upon me as a sort of dragon in the art of housekeeping, with a specialty for solving the vagaries of tradesmen's bills, and gifted by nature with sufficient courage to cope with that terrible bugbear, a domestic servant. When I see their anxious young faces, and listen to their sorrowful tales, my thoughts go back to an adventure of my own early youth.

It was winter, and I was about fifteen years old, when my mother's health obliged her to leave London, so that a long perspective of Christmas preparations and the entire charge of the housekeeping fell to my lot. So many solemn injunctions accompanied the trust that I became rather unhappy, and secretly would

have given much to escape my promotion; but of course, when mama, upon my faintly hinting my misgivings, said: "My dear, you are no longer a child, etc.," I assumed a mature air, and vainly endeavored to understand her instructions. A day or two after she was driven away in a carriage full of pillows and shawls, while I stood watching her from the door, with a very large bunch of keys in my hand, and something in my eyes that made the street look very queer and confused.

As the orders for that day had been given, I had a short time before me in which to reflect upon my newly-acquired empire. My ruminations were of a very dismal character, when I remembered that I was on terms of painful familiarity with the cook, who was in the habit of calling me "My dear."

When we had dinner-parties, our man Byron seemed to have a weather eye open to intercept the wine as it approached my neighborhood. I was very sore upon this subject, although I infinitely preferred water; but, with the martyr-like spirit common to my age, would have gladly sacrificed my tastes to induce people to think me a year or two older than I really was. Byron's officiousness offended, and at the same time awed me, so that a reprimand would, I felt, be more than I could manage in connection with him. The housemaid regularly ordered me out of my own bedroom if I intruded at cleaning times, and would ruthlessly destroy any trifles which she judged useless and troublesome to dust. In fact, I was generally considered of no account by the servants. When I thought of this, and what foundation my ignorance gave for it, my heart sank. The more I thought, the more I felt some desperate move on my own part was necessary, and I finally resolved to astonish papa himself by my demeanor.

No sooner had I made the resolution than I determined to carry it into execution that very evening, when a stranger was coming to dine.

For the better fulfilment of my purpose I got out a book on housekeeping, and turning to that portion which treated of "the mistress," I found a recommendation to glance at the newspapers in order to be able, upon the return of the master in the evening, to converse with him upon the topics of the day. This struck me as an excellent idea, and I accordingly buried myself in the Times until it was time to dress. After a careful and lengthy toilet, I descended to the drawing-room, and sat upright on a sofa, with my heart beating very fast, waiting for papa and his friend. When they arrived, I was rather disturbed by papa's saying, "Mr. Freeman, this is my little daughter Rose, my housekeeper for the present;" however I behaved with much dignity, and tried to look as accustomed to it as I could. I thought papa very cruel for calling attention to my taking mama's seat as a great joke, and I was further outraged by his asking me if I hadn't better send the soup to him to dispense, and by Byron's intense enjoyment of this sally. However, we got through dinner with tolerable smoothness, and I should again have become quite comfortable had not my mind been perturbed by anticipation of the critical moment when the ladies usually leave the dining-room. How majestic appeared the idea of rising amid general confu-

sion and a rush of gentlemen to open the door! How I longed to sweep out, leaving a napkin-strewn room behind me. But, alas, papa was seated opposite! Then torturing fears arose that I was in the way, and I began to get very red cheeks as these thoughts trooped through my head one after the other. Never can I forget the relief I felt when Mr. Freeman looked at his watch and declared he had only time to catch his train. My gratitude to kindly Fate, who had caused him to live out of town, was unbounded; and when I sat down to play to papa, I reflected with delight that, in Mr. Freeman's eyes, my dignity was unshaken.

After tea papa, being thoroughly aroused from his nap, I brought in some work, and seating myself on the opposite side of the fireplace, felt that now was my time for the topics of the day. After rejecting one or two subjects as being too feminine, I made a bold plunge and said:

"Papa, surely the premier is a very incompetent man?"

Papa was reading the Quarterly Review, and did not answer. Then it occurred to me that he was very likely tired of politics, so I tried another topic.

"Papa, dear, what a nice place Tattersall's must be; I should like to see it."

Papa had been fidgeting and impatient following the lines in his paper with his forefinger, and at this point he looked up with rather a bewildered air and said:

"What in heaven's name, are you talking about, Rosy?"

"I was reading in the paper about a place called Tattersall's, papa, and it said that the amount of speculation on the turf created quite an agreeable surprise. It must be delightful to play at cards on the grass, but wouldn't it be rather cold at this time of year?"

"There, good night, my dear child. It is past ten o'clock, and quite time you were in bed."

I was much blighted by this failure, but there was some consolation in the fact that my humiliation had had no witness.

At breakfast next day, sore troubles began. The first thing I did was to lose the keys, and go despairingly up and down looking for them, and expecting every moment to hear papa's heelless slippers (the comfort of which I have never been able to appreciate) slapping the stairs. At last they were found, and I had just made the tea when papa came down.

Being late, he wanted everything at once, and nothing was forthcoming. When I poured out the tea, I was alarmed to observe its pale appearance, and when the milk was put in, it looked decidedly forbidding. Papa pronounced it "flat as ditchwater." The newspaper, too, had not been aired, and I could see he was regretting the absence of mama, who was one of those charming people who can always give you a pin, a postage-stamp, or two sixpences for a shilling, and who invariably know the day of the month.

When at last papa got off, I felt greatly relieved, and presently, when Julia Gray came for me to go and see her Christmas-tree, I joyfully put on my bonnet and sallied forth utterly oblivious of my responsibilities. On returning, about half past twelve o'clock, in high spirits, I found the cook in an unapproachable temper, declaring she had "been looking for me high and low, with no dinner ordered and going for one o'clock, and master so pertickler; and she wondered why missis couldn't stop at home, she did," and so on, until my courage oozed away; and with the hope of bringing her round, I even descended to coaxing. This, if not dignified, was, perhaps, the best thing I could do. The good old soul took pity on my youth, and not only forgave me, but did her best with the cookery department until my mother's return.

Byron and I did not agree so well. I was not on such familiar terms with him, and he treated me with distant contempt, as a creature altogether too infantine to be worthy of consideration. When I dined or lunched alone, instead of sounding the gong, he would tell me casually that I could go down, or send me a message by any one who happened to be passing. He was apt to spread a tablecloth over only half the table, and to give me a small knife and fork. He insisted upon my taking tea in the dining-room, and would in time, I think, have brought me down to milk and water. A teacup at breakfast he considered best suited to my age, and he never by any chance posted my letters.

My mother had been in the habit of visiting all the trades-people once a week, so on the first Saturday I sallied forth, and with many misgivings, called on the butcher. I had never been to his shop before, and consequently was not known there. As it was quite full, I remained for some time standing in one corner, very much distressed by some pendant liver, on one side, and on the other by a whole carcase, with long straggling

limbs which now and then, when I unwarily gave them the opportunity, poked me in the back in a ghostly and alarming manner. I thought, and still think, the men unnecessarily emphatic in thumping down the meat, and that they displayed a fiendishly triumphant dexterity in sharpening their knives and in flinging the inferior parts of the meat through the window on to a kind of bed, covered with a sheet, which stood outside. Crowding round this place were a number of anxious faces with large baskets, and generally carrying halfpence in their hands, carefully heaping together scraps and bones which their well-to-do brothers had rejected, and behind them were still leaner figures, looking wistfully over their shoulders, not even venturing to ask the price.

I was painfully absorbed in watching these grim specimens of a poverty I had scarcely seen before, when the master of the shop—a large man with a soothing manner—came up and asked for my commands. I tried to look knowing as I glanced up to the roof of the shop where was a grove of legs and loins of mutton, and said bravely I want a piece of beef. "Quite so," murmured the butcher, "nice-tender? What part would you like?" Here was a poser! However, driven to desperation, I answered briskly, "Send me a round." I thought I detected a slight smirk about the butcher, and on my return the cook greeted me with, "Lawks, my dear! what have you been a buying?"

"Wasn't it right, cook?"

"Right? Why, my child, there was enough there to feed four or five 'ulkin boys for a week! Not a hounce less than thirty pounds of beef if you'll believe me! I sent it back directly, and more shame for him to send it here."

I defended the butcher, and confessed my sins; but I never ventured into his shop again, and ever after, when I passed it, the men would nudge one another to look at the young lady who bought the round of beef!

And now I must confess to a piece of cowardice which haunted me for years, causing me to feel hot and uncomfortable whenever I remembered it. Mama had very strict and distinct rules concerning visitors in the kitchen, and I had witnessed many a struggle between her and the servants upon the subject. One evening when papa had gone out after dinner, and I was quite alone, I heard strange and unmistakably masculine voices issuing from the kitchen. I felt very much

disturbed and alarmed, and approached the kitchen door with caution. I noticed that it was only just ajar instead of being wide open as usual. Peeping through the crack, I saw within a hilarious party. The table was spread with much profusion with our best china and plate: at one end was placed a large ham, which had appeared that day at our table; at the other a fine Stilton cheese, and the interval was filled up with side dishes and sweets which had all made their *debut* upstairs. The company gathered round the board was numerous. Cook presided, arrayed in a large patterned tartan dress, and was supported by a stout, bald gentleman, in shirt sleeves and a black satin waistcoat, diligently carving ham. A portly lady, who was drinking beer from papa's silver tankard, appeared to be his wife as she addressed him as "Father dear." Our housemaid was dandling their baby, who indulged in loud crowing, interspersed with shrieks. Cook divided her attention between hospitality and a youth apparently about eighteen, who was seated by her side and appeared to be her lover. A strange young lady, who was nursing our cat, sat by a vacant chair which Byron had evidently just quitted for the purpose of uncorking several bottles which stood on the dresser, and which looked suspiciously like papa's old port. I stared long at this horrible sight, and was only roused by the cold from the fascination which possessed me. I shivered, hesitated, walked towards the kitchen, then suddenly turned and run away.

What an evening I passed! Wandering from room to room, every now and then gloomily listening over the banisters to the mirth below, and suffering all the tortures of a bad conscience! When at length I went to bed, I could not sleep for thinking of the party in the kitchen, and with strange inconsistency, when I heard them going, I felt thankful that papa had not come home to find them. I got out of bed and stood shivering at the window to watch them pass the lamp at the corner of the square to make sure they were all gone, and then crept back to pass a night of terrible vacillation. In the morning I arose with half a determination to carry fire and sword in the kitchen. But somehow or other, when I approached the enemy, the cook was so obliging and cheerful, showed so much sympathy in aiding me to grapple with the mince-meat question, and altogether confronted me with such an innocent face, that I confess with shame, I ignored the previous

evening and have kept my discoveries to myself ever since. Day by day I sank lower. When it was necessary to reprove any of the servants, I grew cold with alarm; and at the most unsuitable moments, as visions of some forgotten duty would come into my mind, my cheeks and ears would become scarlet.

One day, while the kitchen was empty, I accidentally discovered two volumes of the *Waverley Novels*, belonging to a very handsome set of which papa was extremely fond. Strange to say, I blushed violently when I discovered them. Why, I do not know. Was it intense sympathy for the servants, I wonder, as it was not so many years since I had left off such sins myself? Was it papa I feared? or mama? I was only fifteen, and I am afraid it was the servants. Still, had any one come in at that moment I think the worm would have turned for once. But, alas! I had ample time to cool, and I did nothing but carry a dreadful load of anxiety about with me. Every day I visited the bookcase in the fond hope that the books might be replaced then I stole some opportunity of contemplating them in the kitchen, and watched, without a murmur, their progress from the cook's drawers to the housemaid's work-box, and thence to Byron's pantry. In the evening I was always dreading the moment when papa might ask for them, and at such times resolved to strike the next morning. Those were dreadful days, and my sufferings were not the less acute as Christmas time approached, and I had the prospect of playing hostess to a party from the country about to visit London for the first time.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgles were farmers, and they had one child, a boy. Papa had encountered them years before, when he had been concerned in some election, and had taken a great liking to Mr. Higgles. Ever since, we had received substantial civilities from them at Christmas time, and this year they were to come up and stay with us to see the wonders of the metropolis.

On the day of their arrival, papa went to meet them at the station, and I sat at the drawing-room window nervously looking out for them. At length a cab drew up and I was surprised to see nothing on the top but a moderately-sized trunk, covered with cow-skin of the most vivid red and white ever produced by nature, and a huge bundle of evergreens. I hurried down stairs and found papa vainly endeavoring to lead Mrs. Higgles into the dining-room, for she was too much occupied

with anxieties concerning her baggage to pay any attention to him. Byron was drawn up behind the door, where he had retired in duddgeon because his services in handing bundles had been declined; and Mrs. Higgles, very rosy with exertion and the cold air, was pulling and straining at the box. Meanwhile the cabman, after liberating the party, stood holding the cab door open, and disclosing the interior of the vehicle perfectly crammed with bundles of every size and shape. I have never properly understood how they were all collected at the railway station; and papa, when I questioned him about it, had no clearer recollection than that he had had a fearful time of it altogether, until the party was landed in our house.

At length the box was laid on the doormat, whence it was taken by Byron, whose taste was severely wounded by its gaudy outside. The evergreens were next attacked, and these Mr. Higgles most inconsiderately placed in the middle of the hall, where they effectually fenced in the whole party; and poor Mrs. Higgles could only gaze across this prickly barrier, and shriek agonized directions concerning her favorite bundles. Among these was a large basket with a handle in the middle and a lid on either side, from under one of which a black bottle peeped. This contained a strong brew of tea, and the basket was further provided with substantial provisions which had been packed up for refreshment on the road. There was also a large bunch of laurestinus, which Mrs. Higgles had that morning gathered in her garden, another of sweet herbs, and they both smelt delightfully of the country, and a huge hamper filled with rural delicacies. A large handbox, tied up with a blue and white cotton handkerchief, contained Mrs. Higgles's best bonnet; and when the cabman's profaning hands brought it forth, her anxieties were so vivid that I feared she would immolate herself on the spiky holly like a Balaklava hero on the Russian bayonets. Now, when all these treasures had been extricated, Master Job Higgles who had been buried behind them, became apparent. He emerged in an embarrassed state, and immediately commenced wiping his shoes on the mat, from which performance he was with difficulty induced to desist.

Mr. Higgles was about fifty years old, spare in figure, with a weather-beaten red face, bright watery blue eyes, and scanty gray hair and whiskers. His ordinary attire was black, his coats appearing to be made of some

exceedingly unsympathetic material which declined to fit his figure. His coarse linen was spotlessly clean; and he had a rough broadbrimmed hat which he invariably placed on the ground beside his chair. He had a fearfully loud voice, which was alarming at first; but his manner was so kindly, and he gave such an impression of general honesty and heartiness, that he reminded one of frosty weather, which nips very sharply, but withal is wholesome and sound.

Job Higgles had a shock head of hair, quite white, an ever blushing complexion, and he appeared to be in a perpetual state of surprise at the shortness of his sleeves and trousers, the result of rapid growth.

Mrs. Higgles was of another style, being fat and full-blown. She must have been pretty once, and still had an abundance of fair hair, now sprinkled with gray, worn in little bunches of curls on either side of her face. Her dress was of black satin, was a remarkably tight fit, and was fastened at the back. Her caps were very curious, and not unlike those sweetmeats dear to infant palates called "all sorts," which consist of a little of everything. Thus, you may begin by a tame enough comfort which disappoints your expectations of arriving at a definite flavor in the centre by crumbling into gritty particles and revealing a caraway seed! Your next venture which looks deep-colored, hollow, and unpromising, suddenly bursts and inebriates you with a rush of liqueur! This may be corrected by lumps of luscious gluten; and should lock jaw or somnolence ensue, is there not peppermint to counteract?

It was doubtless an indistinct remembrance of these joys that influenced Mrs. Higgles's taste; and the adornments of her cap seemed put on to counteract one another. She was very careful of her clothes, and in the evening, when we gathered round the fire, she was an extraordinary sight, sitting in a priedieu chair, a handkerchief spread over the back to lean her head against, and her skirts folded over her knees.

At dinner, papa talked to Mr. Higgles a great deal about farming and horses, when I was so much afraid he was going to tell about Tattersall's that I was not able to talk to Mrs. Higgles. It did not matter much, though, as she was closely occupied in looking hard at all the things on the table; and Job seemed as shy as I was.

After dinner, however, when we were alone, Mrs. Higgles indulged in conversation, and

plunged into matters of housekeeping which I had never even heard of. When she asked what meat was per pound in London, I thought of my round of beef, and changed the subject. Then she went into details of cleaning, and poured receipt upon receipt into my ears until I was bewildered. However, I made up my mind to conceal my deficiencies as much as possible, though I was rather alarmed when I thought of the servants.

The next morning, on coming down, the fire had every appearance of having been just lighted. Instead of that generous mass, with its glowing heart of live coal flashing at every breeze, little jets of gas bursting out all over it that squeak with good-fellowship, and the top covered with soft brown coals that look as if they had bubbled and swelled from intense warmth, there was a chilly grate, looking hard-hearted from recent black lead, heaped with flinty coal, black, shining, and cold, a row of spiteful sticks cracking and spurning and sending out stinging sparks, a layer of obstinate damp brown paper, with edges curled up tight and producing nothing but sky-blue tinder, and a volume of thick green smoke that came into the room on the slightest provocation.

How despairingly I placed the kettle on the unaccommodating coals and watched its brightness fade under a shower of blacks, and how cold the water sounded inside! How fast I talked to Mrs. Higgles, to make the time seem short, and how she *would* look at the fire and see that telltale little piece of charred wood! And how terrible it was, when I told Byron to bring mustard, and he said there was none, looking as if he defied me to send him for any. So much did I fear that man, that I sometimes fetched coal myself from the hall, and often let the fire nearly out when he had neglected to put any there.

Papa, being engaged in the morning of the first day, told me to go for a walk with the Higgleses in order that they might get a general idea of the town. When we started it was a sore trial to me to take them past our neighbors' houses, Mr. Higgles and Job having turned their trousers up round the ankles, and Mrs. Higgles wearing an unmistakable agricultural bonnet and shawl. I found the family had been studying, with great diligence, a little book descriptive of the sights of London, and were rather more "up" in the matter than I was. When they began to quote their "Guide," which was highly eulogistic in tone, I feared they would be dis-

appointed when they came to inspect the realms of wonder so glowingly described.

I first took them to Regent street and its neighborhood, where they would be able to see the shops and their Christmas contents. With these they were highly delighted; and I had no sooner drawn them away from one shop than they were transfixed before another. Much amused by their remarks, I next took them to Buckingham Palace. They were exceedingly loyal, and had so exalted an idea of everything connected with the queen, that I rather trembled when we came in front of her palace.

Surely it is rather hospital-like to be the dwelling of the highest person in the realm? Is not its architecture somewhat mean and characterless? and are not those dismal narrow windows conducive to low spirits? And that very unregal sea of mud which lies before the chief entrance, and in which London sparrows delight to paddle, can scarcely excite national pride! So keenly did I feel its sordid appearance that I endeavored to turn their attention from it by descanting at great length upon the splendors within. Upon this theme I waxed so eloquent, that Job became excited, and I stopped abruptly, fearing he might at some time make a second Boy Jones of himself. But if the palace was a failure, it was made up for by the club-houses and private residences. It was not very difficult to amuse our guests, as they were good enough to provide jokes for themselves. They laughed readily; and I earned the reputation of being quite a wag upon selecting Apsley House as the residence one day I intended to have.

They couldn't forget it, and Mr. Higgles kept bursting out into little shouts all the way home, and murmuring, "You're a deep un, you are—aint she, mother?" This sally, and Job's suggesting that his father should take a hint from the Iron Duke in the construction of his scarecrows, lasted them all the time of their visit, and I believe, were scarcely considered stale for years after.

I was preparing to cross the road, when Mrs. Higgles suddenly set up a shrill scream, and clutched me by one arm while Mr. Higgles seized the other, and Job rushed at a tree with obvious intentions of swarming up it. The cause of this was the supposed peril of being run over; and it was not without great difficulty that we at last reached the lamp-post in the middle of the road. Here they made a desperate stand until ignominiously rescued by a crossing-sweeper. I thought

them very cowardly, and silently congratulated my own superiority, until we met a *drove of cows, on which occasion, I am afraid, I retreated into the nearest shop.* On arriving home I found the fire out in the dining-room and no lunch ready. Byron, on my venturing to remonstrate, declared with acrimony that, "he never seed sech a 'ouse. He never 'ad no time for nothink; an' nif 'e jes set down to write to 'is mother, blowed hif the bell didn't ring that instant minit! Coals? It was coals, coals, coals, hall day long."

Things now begun to tell upon me, and I became so dejected that Mrs. Higgles more than once noticed it. In the afternoon, in consideration of the fact that they had been kept awake all night by the strange noises, and in anticipation of the theatre to which we were going in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Higgles indulged in fitful slumber, now and then waking up and accusing each other of it, while Job and I played at draughts. I was signally worsted; and after each defeat he would set out the board again, all the while shaking his head in a congratulatory manner to himself.

We were to dine at half-past five o'clock, so the family retired early to their toilet, and came forth at dinner-time with every appearance of having suffered in the noble cause. Mr. Higgles had laid aside his black clothes and deemed the occasion worthy of a pair of nankeen trousers, a red velvet waistcoat, and a large blue satin stock.

We ladies make a great hubbub concerning "the shocking ignorance of men" in all matters relating to feminine attire; but I suspect we are quite as open to remark when we meddle with the manly garb. It must be so; for how else is it that every male convalescent who has been affectionately assisted into his clothes by his wife looks so supremely ridiculous?

Poor Job's appearance bore unmistakable evidences of his mother's revising hand. His garments sat uneasily on his body, and his head, from the excessive redness of his face and sleekness of his hair, appeared to have been subjected to immersion in cold water.

But, perhaps, Mrs. Higgles presented the most striking result, being attired in a transparent shawl-patterned dress, very short in the skirt, and a cap so completely covered with ribbons of all colors, that she looked like a butcher's shop at Christmas time. I was violently affected at the sight of her, and was

obliged to leave the room precipitately. I only hope they didn't hear me outside. I can never forget the contrast her appearance presented to papa's: as he handed her to the box. She, in a fur tippet and scarlet hood, looking like a pantomimic Red Riding Hood, and he, so tall and gentlemanlike, with his beautiful white hair and beard, and snowy plain of shirt!

The Higgleses seemed to be troubled with a feeling that everybody was looking at them, and very much objected to a prominent position. Mrs. Higgles shrunk behind the curtain, and scarcely ventured to peep forth till the evening was half over; and Mr. Higgles, on being placed with Job in the middle of the box, sat bolt upright, with his knees far apart, and scraped his chin very sheepishly. Job, I suppose, was too young for these feelings, for he immediately tilted his chair forward by putting his toes behind the front rail, placed his chin on the velvet front of the box, where his white hair, which was dry and bushy by this time, showed in high relief, and applied himself to staring at everything and grinning till every tooth in his head showed. When the music struck up he began to rock his chair with such energy that we were in great peril.

I was glad to see Mr. Higgles grow more reconciled when the performance began, and it was delightful to watch the effect of it on the whole party. The actors had reason to bless Mr. Higgles, for whenever there was the slightest opening, he rose in the box, and led the applause with hands, feet, and voice, and at the end of the performance sank breathless into his chair, and declared, while wiping his forehead, that "it was like going to hounds; and he never thought to have made so much noise in London."

The Museum next day was not such a success. Mrs. Higgles thought the stairs very dirty, which made me wonder what she thought of *our* stairs. In the reading-room Mr. Higgles said, "very fine, very fine! but I never was fond of book-learning." I suppose that was why they were so indifferent to the statues, and said it was time such broken old things were thrown away. The mummies excited commiseration, and an inquiry as to "what the poor things died of, and why they didn't bury 'em decently out of sight?"

The stuffed birds were the only things that pleased them; and with characteristic taste Mrs. Higgles remarked that "a couple or so

of cases filled with 'em would be a vast improvement to our drawing-room!"

The following week was harrowing. The housemaid became insubordinate, and there were dreadful mounds of dust under everything. I reproached her, and she promised amendment; but, as far as I could see, she never altered her ways. Mrs. Higgles was, indirectly, a great consolation to me after a certain evening we passed alone together.

She seemed very thoughtful, and I, as usual now-a-days, was despondent, when she suddenly began to cry, telling me not to mind her. Of course I went to her directly, and then she flung her arms round my neck, and said, with many sobs and excuses, that "she couldn't help being low now and then when she thought of her dear precious children dead and gone." She had three besides Job, and "buried them all." I sat down on the ground beside her in the firelight; and when she stroked my hair and talked of these babies so sweetly and simply, her smooth round face became quite lovely! We went early to bed that night, and somehow my cares were lightened as I heard her footsteps in the next room; and instead of my usual nightmare of brushes and brooms, Byron in papa's clothes, no fires, and everything forgotten, dreamed pleasantly of her and my own dear mother. Still domestic matters grew worse and worse, until at last the crisis came.

Mr. Higgles went with Job to the cattle show, and Mrs. Higgles and I returned early one morning from a walk. When we got home, the housemaid let us in, and, in answer to my private inquiries for Byron, tossed her head and said she knew nothing of him. This was the last feather on the camel's back; and I went up to my room unable to conceive what ought to be done.

Suddenly, with one muddy boot off, I rushed to Mrs. Higgles's room, and, throwing myself into her arms, began to cry.

"Why, my pussy! what's the matter?" cried she, in great alarm.

"O, dear Mrs. Higgles! What shall I do? Byron's gone out."

"Gone out?"

"Yes; and Jane's in such a rage, and says she won't do his work. Cook reads papa's books, and uses such quantities of brandy in everything. The house is so sticky and dirty! O, I wish mama would come home. Dear, dear Mrs. Higgles, do help me. The servants won't mind me, and Byron is so unkind! What shall I do—what shall I do!"

"There, there, don't cry, my pet. Why, I didn't like to say anything, but I've been looking about me, and certainly the house *does* look muddled up. But don't you cry. I'll see to it; and we'll have the place like a pin before your ma comes."

The dear old lady was so cheerful, and went bustling off to the kitchen at once. By the sounds I heard, a tremendous storm seemed to be going on; but presently there was a lull, and she came up again flushed with triumph. Jane submissively followed, and I heard them go into all the rooms; and there was a heaving about of bedsteads and carrying up of pails all day. With what ease she went about!

How marvellous her knowledge of dusters and brooms and furniture-polish! How humble Jane became! With what unparalleled daring she questioned the cook concerning missing articles of food; and—greatest wonder of all—in a single interview, with Rarey-like skill she put her foot on the head of the zebra Byron!

How happy the rest of the time was until my mother returned, and how pleased I felt to see the meeting! My darling mother, with her sweet, lady-like manners, won Mrs. Higgles's heart directly; and at parting, she kissed her, and thanked her for coming to the rescue so cordially, that Mrs. Higgles drove away, with the cow-skin box and the bundles, looking quite moved and flattered.

NIGHT ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

A PARTY of Englishmen, members of the Climbing Club, stopping in the Bernese Oberland, were about to attempt the ascent of the Jungfrau.

I am no great lover of the English. There may be some very amiable people among them in their own country; I have never been disposed to go there and search them out; but I have met them all over the rest of Europe; and everywhere, even in my dreams, I protest I have found them stiff, ungracious, sullen, and unsociable, guarding themselves against all approach, like thistles or porcupines; therefore the idea of their Climbing Club, giving us another proof of the only kind of superiority I recognized in them over us, irritated me to the last extremity.

The English have planted their flag in each of the five divisions of the globe. The bubbling sea no sooner gives birth to a little chance island, than, before it becomes half consolidated, while it is yet only a mass of liquid mire, they plunge into it a tall pole surmounted by their leopard streamer; this same pole, this same streamer, must needs now decorate the snowy summits of the highest mountains on the globe, beginning with Switzerland. For this object was the Climbing Club organized; the Climbing Club, the highest expression for their system of encroachment, now being carried to its crowning point.

In company with some fellow-tourists, I was at that time sojourning at Lanterbrunnen, in that valley where the Jung-

frau rears its head thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-one feet high. From our inn, we could see it proudly overlook the whole northern chain of the Alps. It was constantly before my eyes, and its sight filled my soul with emotions lofty as its own proud summit.

Of my companions, some were artists, others botanists or mineralogists. All, every morning, dispersed according to their several tastes; I from choice, remained behind, guarding the baggage, book in hand. Now, as this book was generally some Guide to Switzerland, I might have been, though remaining stationary, better posted than they in all the beauties of the Bernese Oberland; but my attention was constantly diverted by the sight of the mountain.

One day when we met at dinner, my companions, beginning, as usual, to rally me upon my quiet habits and indifference to Alpine explorations, I made a proposition which struck them all with amazement. It was to bear away from the Climbing Club the honor of first scaling the Jungfrau. As the Englishmen were to arrive on the morrow, I proposed that, to forestall all competition, we should engage, that very day, all the guides in that section.

The idea appeared audacious, particularly as coming from me; nevertheless, it was unanimously adopted, and I was commissioned to recruit our escort.

Fortunately, the head guide—the one who presided by right over all great expeditions of this kind—lived at Lauterbrunnen. I repaired to his house, but found only his wife and three sons, the latter already of an age to hunt the chamois. To these four I communicated my plans, and they agreed that as soon as the father should return, they would send him to my inn to perfect the arrangements.

Night came on, and, weary of watching for my guide, I threw myself upon my couch, leaving orders with the servant to awaken me as soon as he should come. Scarcely had I touched the bed,

when a knock was heard at my door. It was he, and in him I recognized, to my great surprise, old Christian Roth, one of the most trusty of guides, and who had been strongly recommended to me by my particular friend, Cyprian Fournier.

Christian Roth comprehended the situation at once. The English Olimbers would arrive at Lauterbrunnen very early in the morning, probably with an escort engaged at either Unterseen or Interlaken; consequently, if we wished to precede them instead of following on their trail, there was not a moment to be lost. The moon was at its full, and as the night was magnificent, he believed it more favorable than the day for the ascent, in consequence of the greater solidity of the snow. Besides, we could provide ourselves with torches and lanterns as a safeguard against fog and clouds.

His advice was to start immediately, and I at once fell in with it, so great was my fear of seeing the Olimbers bear off the honors before our very eyes.

In the greatest haste I knocked at the door of each of my companions; but sleep held enchained both eyes and ears. In vain I beat the door, cried, rung, turned the house topsy-turvy, all to no avail.

A thought—born of pride and temerity—entered my brain; it was, to steal a march, not only upon the Englishmen, but upon my Parisian friends also; to concentrate upon myself, myself alone, the glory and the perils of this great expedition.

Christian Roth had with him two experienced guides; these, with his three sons, were a sufficient number for the undertaking. We supplied ourselves with feruled staffs, ropes, ladders, shoes *à crampons*, hooks, picks, and even fire-arms. Not that there was any danger from thieves in those altitudes—they are never met more than five or six hundred yards above the level of the sea—but as there was

some risk of being severely nanded by bears, we thought it prudent to be guarded on all sides.

We set out. Our horses carried us rapidly to and over the first declivities of the mountain. Here we were compelled to leave them, and we secured them to the jutting roots of an old pine tree, felled by an avalanche. For an hour we travelled over a gravelly soil, where vegetation existed only in the form of mosses, lichens, scattering gentians, and a sort of dwarf ranunculus. Stimulated by the pure and invigorating air of these high regions, I pursued my way with a firm step, enjoying also the pleasure of an herborization by moonlight. We were approaching the regions of eternal snow.

Who would believe it? Upon these heights, which know only one season, and that the inhospitable winter, where all vegetation is suspended, animals live. I saw there the chamois standing sentinel upon the inaccessible peaks; I also saw foxes in pursuit of *poules de neige*. Christian informed me that in the day-time we would meet even birds, not eagles, but *pinsons de neige*, chasing flies; and sometimes butterflies driven upward by the winds, half-benumbed and scarcely able to fly.

Some distance below, I had enjoyed the pleasure of a nocturnal herborization; here I participated in the excitement of a fox-chase, which, however, had nearly cost me dear. I know not whether I hit the game, but the detonation of my gun, although scarcely perceptible to the ear, produced such a concussion in the surrounding atmosphere as to cause the fall of an avalanche. This avalanche engulfed one of our guides. I was about to spring to his aid,

'No imprudence!' said Christian, with the most unconcerned air imaginable, at the same time interposing his arms before me. 'It is not a heavy slide; he will probably come out of it.'

He gave me to understand, however, that if the fellow did not succeed in

extricating himself, the fact would greatly diminish the total of our expenses.

Fortunately, a few moments afterward, the man rejoined us, shaking from head to foot.

Soon we arrived at the most arduous part of our enterprise. Sometimes there were moraines to be shunned, or stones, which, propelled by the waters of some invisible stream, came tumbling down those heights we were, with so much labor, climbing; sometimes a torrent of muddy water barred our passage; the torrent leaped, a crevice in a glacier, several feet in width, would be our next obstacle.

My friend, Christian Roth, wishing, as a conscientious guide, to make the enterprise profitable in every possible way to me, placed a torch between the yawning sides of one of these crevices, and called me to admire its effect. From its depths a series of prisms was reflected in all imaginable shades of blue, while rays of the purest sea-green formed a border to the chasm.

Ten years before, a member of the Olimbing Club had lost his life in this same crevasse. The body was still there in a state of perfect preservation; I saw it distinctly; not ten paces from it Christian lowered his torch again; mechanically I stooped toward the opening, but instantly recoiled, shutting my eyes; a current of air, charged with sleet, came rushing up from the depths of the gulf; I did not doubt it was the dead Englishman whisking the snow up into my face.

Of what occurred afterward, I have only a confused recollection. I only know that they tossed up ropes, planted ladders, and that we continued to mount, mount, mount.

Yielding to a sensation of drowsiness, exhausted by fatigue, I would fain have rested myself upon a piece of granite; but Christian declared me a dead man if I stopped ten minutes. To substantiate his opinion, he instanced the fate of several former ad-

venturers, who, having succeeded in reaching this same point, had succumbed to the cold, and now slept there to wake no more.

At the same time he made me drink from his flask a liquor composed of equal quantities of brandy and vinegar; he also compelled me to eat some black bread accompanied by a morsel of roast cheese, an indispensable viaticum to all Alpine climbers.

Then, supported on one side by his arm, on the other by my feruled staff, my feet, thanks to my shoes *à crampons*, bearing me firmly over the ice, closely sustained by my escort as by a living bulwark, for several minutes I marched, I ascended, or rather, they helped me on, they hoisted me up; but the desire for sleep came over me again—my brain grew confused; the cry of the marmots, that last cry of life heard in these Alpine heights, I took for a call from those explorers who had gone before me, now sleeping in their snowy winding-sheets or icy tombs. I fancied I had already recognized their tombs in a number of stones ranged in a line in one of the valleys below.

This was too much; my strength and courage were exhausted, and willing to renounce the glory of being the first to tread the virgin summit of the Jungfrau, I was on the point of giving the signal for retreat, when suddenly, through the blue vapors of the night, I perceived a human figure. Like me, it was toiling up the ascent to those snowy, immaculate heights. I thought of the Olimbing Club!

My ardor was aroused; I quickened my pace, I out-distanced my guides; borne forward by supernatural strength, I cast aside my staff, and slid down the declivities with lightning rapidity; I flew over the heights with the speed of a racer. At last, with a single bound, I scaled the snowy peaks and stood upon the culminating summit of the mountain. But what disappointment awaited me there!

That human form, which I had seen

below, and supposed still far beneath me, was standing upright upon the plateau in an attitude of triumph and defiance.

I approached—it was a woman—Lalagé! Lalagé! Ask me not yet who was Lalagé.*

‘Ah!’ said she in a tone of bitter raillery, ‘not content with disputing with the Olimbing Club the glory of first standing upon this summit, a feeling base in its conception, you have also, for the gratification of your vanity, turned traitor to your friends! *Eh bien!* I am here first, and you have lost both your labor and the glory of the enterprise. Is it not just that you should fail, when you attempted to succeed by such unworthy means?’

Abashed, I heard her voice still ringing in my ears after she had disappeared from my sight.

The next moment Christian Roth appeared, bearing in his hand the French stand of colors. He planted it, or rather secured it in its upright position by means of pieces of rock, and filled the interstices with snow. I watched him with a sort of apathy; stupor was again creeping over me; I had only one desire left, and that was, to return.

How did we manage our descent? The only circumstance I distinctly remember is, that when we reached the place where we had left our horses fastened by their halters to the roots of the old pine, we found only their bones. The bears had feasted on the rest.

Finally, at break of day, weary, travel-worn, half-stupefied, and nearly frozen, I once more threw myself upon my couch, hoping that a refreshing sleep might—but that sleep, so necessary after my excessive fatigue, was almost immediately interrupted by my Parisian friends:

‘Quick! quick! It is time we were

* His guardian spirit.

starting. The Virgin already extend her arms in welcome. Come, up, slug-gard!

'Sluggard!' said I, attempting to open my eyes. 'Since yesterday I have not closed my eyes in sleep; all the night have I been on the march; I took advantage of the full moon and splendid night to perform, in company with Christian Roth and his three sons the ascent of the Jungfrau.' I have but just now returned.'

They all burst into laughter.

'A pretext about as adroit as likely for not venturing out this day,' murmured one of our company.

'What!' said another, 'after having originated the enterprise and drawn us all into it, you are going to abandon it!'

'So far from abandoning it, I have already accomplished it, alone, and at my own risk and peril,' I replied, wide awake this time. 'Put your head out of the window,' I continued; 'look at the summit of the mountain, and there you will see waving our glorious tri-colored flag, upon whose folds the Climbing Club can read from afar these words: TOO LATE!'

Not a man stirred from his place. They looked at one another in astonishment.

Just then a servant announced that the chief guide, the man for whom I had left the message the evening before, was there and wished to see me.

He entered. It was not Christian Roth.

After the interchange of a few words, I related to him my adventures of the night, and although he prefaced them by saying that a moonlight ascent of the Jungfrau seemed to him impracticable, yet he very cheerfully assented to the correctness of my observations, and the reality of the objects I had met. For instance, the old, uprooted

pine, the gravelly plateau, bearing only the gentian and the dwarf ranunculus; also the thousand other details of the route. When I came to the incident of the dead man in the crevasse of the glacier:

'Very true,' interrupted he; 'it is *la crevasse à l'Anglais*.' As for the white tombs in a line: 'All correct,' said he; 'it is the *Vallée des Moraines*.'

True, he added:

'But all that could be learned from books, and as for the head-guide in charge of the route, one thing is certain: it was neither Christian Roth nor myself; for I slept all night at Rosenlaoui, opposite Mettemberg, and father Christian has slept these five years in the cemetery at Meyringen.

'At any rate, gentlemen, believe me, we must postpone the expedition until to-morrow; to-day, the Jungfrau will be inaccessible to every one, without exception,' he said in conclusion, with an authority which seemed to imply: I have the key in my pocket.

My companions inquired of me if I still intended to make the ascent otherwise than in a dream.

'Faith, no!' I replied. 'I am satisfied with what I have seen.'

I have since conversed with persons who had made the ascent of the Jungfrau in full possession of their waking faculties, (the ascent is common enough at this day,) and I have always been able to speak quite as intelligently as they of its scenes, without ever having given myself the trouble and toil, like them, of scaling its rocky sides. More than this, I have recalled to them several particulars which had escaped their memory.

We sometimes see more clearly with dreaming than waking eyes.

OUR BRILLIANT FAILURE.
A SKETCH OF THE SEASIDE.

BY WM. K. NEVILLE.

READER, my name is Coodler. Having unbosomed myself to this extent, I need have no compunction in adding that I have a wife, a family of two interesting children, a snug business, and have been recommended to try Banting. By this you must not imagine that I am fat: I am only comfortable; my angles are pleasantly rounded, and I haven't a wrinkle in my chubby countenance. I am of a good temper—my wife once termed it seraphic, but since my recent visit to the seaside I am afraid she has not been able to apply that extravagant term with the same consciousness of its correct significance as before we—but there, I mustn't anticipate.

Immersed in business from ten till five, it is not to be wondered at that I look forward to my annual holiday with, if I may be allowed the expression, my mental mouth watering. I am quite aware that there is no such thing as a mental mouth, though why there should not be when we have Shakespeare's authority for the existence of a "mind's eye," I can't say. But I never had a very great opinion of poets. I have had one or two on my books before now, and they are not punctual in their payments; far from it. Well, as I was saying, when the weather begins to grow warm I find my place of business insupportable. I soon begin to grow warm myself, and a very small amount of sunshine and exertion overcomes me. My wife is something of the same temperament, and she also longs annually for the seaside; for we don't consider a mere visit to the country an "out." We like fields, and hedges, and cows, and all that sort of thing; but we can have all that if we drive to Richmond or Epping Forest. What we want is a sniff of the briny, the bracing salt air, the clammy, sticky atmosphere, that makes you feel uncomfortable and happy. I am vulgar in my tastes and delight in Margate. Some people say they like to go to the seaside for quiet. Very good; let 'em go. I prefer noise. I hate quiet. I like niggers. I like Punch. I like the Jetty; and as for your Esplanades and dulness at your fashionable places, they're not in my way, and that's the honest truth. Now in her heart my wife delights in Margate too. Why, we went there when we were courting, and so the place has a sort of charm for both of us.

But when I suggested Margate this year you should have seen the expression on my wife's face. It was grand. I knew what it meant. We've lately grown acquainted with Mrs. Mackintosh of — Square, and a very genteel lady she is, and mighty

grand notions she's imbued my wife with—horror of Margate being one of them.

"Mrs. Mackintosh tells me that Margate is unbearable this season; such a set of people!" said Mrs. Coodler to me when I mentioned my favorite haunt.

"Bother the people," I replied; "I suppose you want Brighton with the sun in your eyes all day, and everybody dressed as if they were going into the Parks."

"O, dear no!" said my wife, with a toss of the head; "it's not the season at Brighton yet."

Pretty changes had taken place in my wife's notions since Mrs. Mackintosh made her acquaintance. She never used to lay such a stress on its being the season; in fact, she was rather partial to the earlier portion of the summer or the autumn, lodgings being cheaper at those times. Well, from Brighton I went through all the seaside places I could think off; but Mrs. Coodler had an objection to them all. I began at last to have serious fears that we should miss our seaside out altogether, for Mrs. Mackintosh had something to say against every place. My wife determined to go nowhere "out of the season," so really our choice was limited, as those places whose seasons fell late in the year were out of the question. I must take my six weeks in the summer, you see, and so the Isle of Thanet being shut against us (for Rams-gate shared the Mackintosh denunciation, and Broad-stain I kicked at myself), I began to feel uncomfortable. At one time I imagined Mrs. Coodler was about to propose Boulogne in order to come back with a foreign flavor; but she can't even go to Kew by the boat without being ill for the day; and as to my opinion of Frenchmen—well, there, if you want to get my back up mention 'em, that's all.

As luck would have it, Mrs. Mackintosh's mother fell very ill about this time, and the genteel friend had to go abroad, which was a great relief to me, for of all the women I ever knew she—but there, I say nothing, she's in a foreign land, poor thing, and I can only pity her.

She had gone, it is true, but the genteel viper we had been nourishing in the family bosom had left its sting.

She had recommended Mudville. At present you are, of course, by no means impressed by the enormity of recommending Mudville. You don't know Mudville, never heard of Mudville, and will probably not find Mudville on the map. But wait. Hear more, and, I was going to add, avoid Mudville, but that advice would be superfluous for a description of my visit to and my treatment of that den of—but there, again, you'll excuse me, I'm sure, when you have read a few pages further.

We were sitting at tea—a social meal in which I delight—nobody ever quarrels over tea; it's far beyond dinner in my opinion. We were seated at tea, Mrs. Coodler, myself, and Grimley, an old friend. Grimley has a disagreeable knack of making himself universally unpleasant. Were it not for this he would be a very nice fellow. He is what they call a rough diamond, and takes a pleasure in being rude; but, as I say, it's his only drawback. "Pass the buttered toast, Grimley," I said with a smile, for I was in a good temper, and was eating more than was prudent.

"Sooner keep you for a day than a week," replied the rough diamond, with his mouth full of muffin.

My wife threw a glance at Grimley that would have annihilated many men, but he didn't notice it.

"You go in for tea as if you were at the seaside," remarked Grimley, after a pause.

Disagreeable as the remark, I was grateful to my friend for making it, for I had been longing to touch upon the subject of our summer tour and hadn't known how to approach it. My wife brightened up too, and left off looking black, a thing she always does when Grimley comes. I can't say why, but women are queer creatures, and Mrs. Coodler is no exception to the rule.

"Wish I was at the seaside," I exclaimed, throwing a side glance at my wife.

"Ah! indeed," sighed Mrs. C.

"Why don't you go, then?" granted our agreeable friend.

"That's just it," I replied, hurriedly; "why don't we, eh, Jane?"

Jane didn't know she was sure. For her part she was ready to go to-morrow.

"Margate again, I suppose," sneered Grimley; he had a dreadful habit of sneering—all rough diamonds have.

"Margate indeed!" said my wife, with a toss of her head. "O dear, no! no more of your Margates!" then, after a pause, she added with most irritating emphasis, "nor your Rams-gates."

Now this was quite uncalled-for, as we had never stayed at Rams-gate, nor had I suggested that we should.

Grimley had always abused Margate. Now, however, he espoused the cause of that charming place and praised it beyond measure.

"Got too grand for Margate, I suppose, Coodler?" he observed, taking another cup of tea—his third.

"No, I haven't," I replied, indignantly. "Give me Margate before all the watering-places in England, ay or Wales either, if you come to that," and I brushed the crumbs off my shirt front with an indignant sweep of my hand, for I was (though seraphic), beginning to get a little put out.

"Margate's low," jerked out my wife, with a scowl at Grimley.

"Too many tradespeople, I suppose," sneered the rough diamond, with a maddening grin.

"Well, I won't go," said my wife, bringing down

her fist (positively her fist) upon the table, and making the cups and saucers rattle again.

"Go abroad, ma'am," put in Grimley; "there's lots of pretty places in Switzerland."

The puppy! because he had once been down the Rhine with Mr. Cook's party.

"Or America," he continued, with that horrid smile of his; "there's all sorts of golings on there now, notwithstanding the war. Saratoga, for instance."

"And whose she, I should like to know?" asked my wife, whose geography is limited, and, poor thing, she thought it was a female's name.

"O, rubbish!" I exclaimed, wishing to cover her ignorance, "none of your chaff, Grimley, for it's not required. I shall stay at home unless it's settled very soon."

This frightened Mrs. Coodler, I can tell you. She turned pale. I saw the change distinctly—she turned very pale, and gasped out rather than spoke the following:

"Mrs. Mackintosh has told me of a delightful place on the coast; a lovely spot which is hardly known yet; a wonderful place for children, and very, very genteel."

Reader, a word in your ear. Whenever you hear of a spot being described as a "wonderful place for children," avoid it. Remember you are not a child, and go somewhere else.

"And what's the name of it, my dear?" I asked.

"Mudville," replied my wife, with a side look at Grimley, for she suspected he would make one of his vulgar satirical remarks upon it.

"Well," he said (as I knew he would), "it sounds very pretty; quite inviting, I may say;" and he chuckled. He had a peculiar chuckle, something like the laugh of the hyena, only more horrible.

I felt bound to rush to the rescue.

"I have no doubt that if Mrs. Mackintosh says it's nice, it is nice," I observed.

My wife gave me a grateful squeeze of the hand under the table, which brought the tears into my eyes; for she is a muscular woman, though short of stature.

"Has she ever been there, mum?" asked Grimley. "No, she hasn't," replied Mrs. C., snappishly; "but she's friends who have, and I can trust her."

"Ah! can Coodler? that's the thing," said Grimley, with a twinkle in his evil eye. This was a sly dig at my business, a subject upon which I allow no man to joke. I drew myself up. I am not tall, but even my enemies admit that I am dignified. I drew myself up, and placing my thumbs in my waistcoat holes, and my head back—my favorite position when desirous of being impressive—I thus addressed the satirical Grimley.

"Grimley, you are an old friend. As the poet says, 'We were boys together;' but I will not allow you, Grimley, to throw my shop in my teeth in the presence of the gender sex. Don't do it again, Grimley, because I don't like it." Then turning to my wife, I said, with a sudden transition of manner from the imperially severe to the domestically gentle, "My love, we go to Mudville on Monday."

Going to Mudville, and getting there, are, I beg to state, two very different matters. The spirit may be willing, but the railway arrangements are worse than weak, the train putting you down at a very considerable distance from your destination.

We started—myself and wife, my son Christopher, aged nine, my nurse, Sarah Naggles (estimable, but warm-tempered), and my infant Roderick—from the station after breakfast, and the train put us down at Maffborough, and left us looking disconsolately at our boxes on the platform, and wondering whether we should get a fly, for we were some miles from Mudville, and we'd a good deal of luggage—we always have. We didn't wonder long. The Interesting Stranger soon ferreted out a fly, and a pretty specimen of a fly it was.

But first, touching the Interesting Stranger. He was a remarkably good-looking person, that is for those who admire tall people—I don't; little and good's my motto. He had a slight tendency of blood to the nose, but, as my wife remarked, that might have been constitutional; he had very large, and certainly very bushy whiskers, though they were not things I ever admired much, looking a good deal like blacking brushes, I think; and though I've not the slightest symptom of 'em myself, I don't envy those who have 'em, not I. He parted his hair down the middle (an idiotic fashion, only fit for women; but that's neither here nor there), and he wore his seaside hat in a jaunty manner, and was altogether rollicking, and perhaps a trifle vagabondish-looking. However, I never judge a man by his appearance, and I must admit he was very polite. He talked politics to me, for he got into the same carriage with us as we were starting, hoping he didn't inconvenience us, and not shying the least bit at the baby; he handed my wife the paper; he snapped his fingers at Roderick; and he threw Christopher into convulsions by showing him some tricks with halfpence, and imitating the man who came round for the tickets. We were quite delighted to hear he was going to Mudville; we were sure of one pleasant acquaintance there, at all events. I never saw my wife so pleased with anybody in my life, for she generally puts on a haughty way with strangers, which I have heard before-to-day described as "queenly;" for she is chary of making acquaintances, and never forgets her family, who, between ourselves, were against her marrying me, especially her Uncle Benjamin, who was a something or other under government in foreign parts, and came home with a pension, and no liver to speak of. Aristocratic in a small way

was Mrs. C. before she condescended to smile on Christopher Coodler, I can tell you; and she had refused a half-pay officer, a young man high up in the customs, and a distiller with a beautiful house at Brixton, previous to my popping the question. So considering all things, I was surprised to see how affable she was with the Interesting Stranger bound for Mudville. When the Interesting Stranger—who, to save trouble, I will, if you don't mind, denominate I. S.—found us ruefully eyeing our luggage at the station, he smilingly came to our assistance, and pounced upon a fly like—a spider. Then he helped to pile our luggage on to the roof, and bullied and cajoled the stupid driver into an almost wakeful condition, and so at last we found ourselves on the road to Mudville, and later on at that retired spot.

Mudville was one of those places that beggar description. It was small and melancholy, a wretched little—but there I won't attempt it. We had been recommended to the apartments of Mrs. Grogum, and thither we drove.

Mrs. Grogum's front apartments looked out on to the sea, and by an ingenious arrangement the builder had contrived that the back windows also gave you a fine view of the ocean. Mrs. Grogum's house was built diagonally (I think that's the word), and it seemed to me to catch every wind that blew. It was plentifully supplied with windows, too, and they rattled delightfully without ceasing.

Mrs. Grogum was a fiery-faced female, with the most obtrusive black "front" I ever saw. I believe that front to have been made of horsehair, it was so shiny, stiff, and undeceptive. From a casual glance at the rubicund features of Mrs. G., I came to a hasty conclusion that she was addicted to ardent liquors. I was not surprised at this, as it is not altogether uncommon with brandy and watering-place landladies. Pardon my humble joke, it will be my last. The instant we were settled (though we were a long time coming to terms with the one-eyed driver, who was pertunacious, insolent, and apparently in a chronic state of inebriety), my wife went out to see what we could have to eat; for she is a good manager, is Mrs. Coodler, and I don't know a better judge of butcher's meat or fish. So she started off with the view to seeing the tradespeople, whilst I remained to settle myself. Settle myself, indeed! I hadn't got through the first half of my police reports (a part of the paper for which I have a weakness, I admit), when a loud tap was heard at my door, and before I had time to say come in, the form of Mrs. Grogum blocked up the entrance, and stood quivering with some strong emotion. I have before observed that I am beneath the middle height—a good deal beneath it—I am also a peaceable man, prone to let things take their own way, and with a sublime respect for "peace and quiet." Consequently, I will admit that the quivering frame of Mrs. Grogum flustered me, and I felt a sudden palpitation, and a general trembling, which was not lost upon the landlady, whose quivering increased, and whose features became, if possible, more fiery, as she saw me quail beneath her luminous eye.

"O sir," she blurted forth, making a sharp bob, "asking your parding, but is Mrs. Coodler to cook your meales, or am I to do 'em? I merely wish to know to save confusion for the futur."

Instared. It was the only thing I could do at the moment, and I did it.

"I repeat, sir, which is to do 'em?"

"Why, Mrs. Groggins—"

"Groggins, sir, if you please," was the lofty reply; for I'd called the woman by a wrong name in the agitation of the moment.

"Rum, by all means," I responded, with a touch of humor.

She looked daggers at me, but luckily, like the gentleman in the play, "used none."

For Mrs. Coodler, she came into my kitchen and made remarks. Now I'm misiss in my own 'ouse, I do 'ope, and I am not a going to have strange ladies a coming and a poking their noses, and a prying into my kitchen, and a making remarks about my domestic. Mrs. Coodler comes into my kitchen, she does, and requests to look at my frying-pan, and speaks sharp to my domestic as doesn't bring the frying-pan instantaneous; me being misiss in my own 'ouse and not lodgers, nor never will as long as my name's Maria Grogum. No. Imperent curiosity is what I won't stand, because it flusters me; and one as wishes to do her dooty to parties as takes her apartments, can't be flustered and do her dooty at the same time. So what I says, sir, is, if your good lady is a going to cook, let's know at once, and the sooner we parts the best for all concerned; but if I'm to do the cooking, why then let Mrs. Coodler keep herself to herself, a making her complaints when proper, of course, but not a coming a prying about in parties' kitchens and a asking to see frying-pans."

I believe that if a violent fit of coughing had not taken Mrs. Grogum, she would have been speaking still. However, she coughed and courtseyed and quivered herself gradually out of the room; and mentally determining to look for fresh lodgings as soon as possible, I again attacked the great embezzlement case at Bow street. But I was not to get beyond the third paragraph uninterrupted. Again the door opened, and again a form quivered with passion upon the mat.

This time it was not Mrs. Grogum, but her servant of all-work, Susan, or as she called herself, "Shoozan."

Shoozan had a round rosy face, and round rosy elbows; she had red hair, and was freckled in reckless profusion. She could not, even by her most

ardent admirers, have been considered a "neat-handed Phillis." The number of grates she blackened weekly was evidently overwhelming, when compared to the ablutatory exercises she indulged in. In short, she was "grimy" to the last degree; and she wore black stockings, and a black cap, both of which articles I would abolish by act of parliament, if I could. Shoozan was bursting with some strong grievance, so I laid down my newspaper and waited to hear her story.

"Please, sir," she gushed out after an inward struggle, "would you like to be called a 'nuzzy'?"

Now I don't think I *should* like to be called a nuzzy. I have no notion what it means, but it sounds insolent. Before I could reply, however, the girl burst forth again, "And if she expects as I'm going to take the children's dinner up to the top of the 'ouse, she's mistook."

Here Shoozan wagged her head about defiantly. "My good girl," I said, for I always feel for servants in lodging-houses, poor wretches! but the kindly tone of my voice was too much for her; she burst into a vehement boo-loo, and wept loudly. Beauty in tears is all rubbish. Those poets again! Beauty blubbering looks frightful, with a red nose and swollen eyes. Even the plain domestic looked plainer after wiping her eyes with her apron.

"It's very hard to be called names, a poor girl as never see her parents." Here she burst out again.

"There, go along," I said; "Sarah shall see to the children's dinner;" and with a parting howl, Shoozan retired.

What a time my wife seemed away! Again I attacked the embezzlement case, and this time I got as far as the magistrate's request if the prisoner had anything to say. But no further.

The door again burst open, and Sarah Naggles stood before me. Sarah Naggles, than whom there is not a better nurse and a more abominable temper in Britain, stood there, shaking a thousand times more than Grogum. In a tremulous point of view the landlady was a mere blanchmange compared to Sarah, who was a downright "shivering mountain." For some seconds she could not speak; at length she did—loudly.

"Mr. Coodler, sir, I wish to leave your service at once, sir, on the spot." Here she selected a stain on the druggot to stand upon, thereby adding, as she evidently imagined, force to her remark.

"Good gracious, Sarah!—"

"It's no use your trying to look dignified, sir. When Sarah Naggles says a thing Sarah Naggles means it; and I'm off by the next conveyance."

I looked round helplessly; but my wife was out still, and until she came back I could say nothing. Sarah could. She was apt to stick on a good many superfluous h's when excited, and she gave it as her "hopinion that the landlady was honly a helderly hignoramus."

She would have continued in the same strain, but, luckily, my youngest child, with intelligence beyond its years—or, rather, months—took advantage of her absence to fall off a high chair. This necessitated the presence of Sarah up stairs, and a temporary cessation of hostilities.

I was getting tired of being bullied, and I seized my hat with the intention of going out to find Mrs. Coodler. Chancing to look out of window, I saw Mrs. Coodler. Mrs. Coodler was in conversation with the Interesting Stranger. Mrs. C. was smiling; the I. S. was smiling. Apparently Mrs. C. was enjoying herself, whilst I—but the contrast was too much, and I admit I was injudicious enough to dash my hat down over my brows. As it stuck tight, and wouldn't come up again, I immediately repented my rashness, and felt about for the door with a crab-like action which was appropriate to the locality, but ungraceful.

Suddenly I found myself in somebody's arms. With a convulsive effort I raked my hat; terror had endowed me with increased strength, and I had a dreadful suspicion it might be Mrs. Grogum.

It was not. It was the one-eyed fly-driver. The one-eyed fly-driver had been drinking, and swayed backwards and forwards, occasionally hiccuping. I asked him his business.

"Business," replied the man, looking round, as if undecided as to how he should continue, then jumping to an indisputable conclusion, "aint pleasure. What is pleasure to some folks is pain to others."

The combination of annoyances was getting too much for me. I drew myself up, and assumed a frown.

"When I clapt my eyes," continued the driver.

"Your eye, sir," I replied, loftily. "Stick to facts."

"On *you*," said the one-eyed incubus, not noticing my interruption, "I said that's a gent as'll stand a glass of summut. But you didn't, now, did you?" and the fellow put his head on one side, and leered hideously.

"Most decidedly I did *not*," I replied, proudly.

"Nor aint going to?" he continued.

"Nor aint going to," I replied, clenchingly, if I may be allowed the expression.

"Werry good," said he; "then *my* mouth's sealed. I had a thing to say" (unintentionally quoting Mr. William Shakespeare, who *was* a poet), "but I wont. I'm not a-going to put my finger in no one else's pie."

If you could have seen his finger! I did, and have not eaten pie since. He vanished. I turned my head away shudderingly, and when I recovered myself he had gone.

I was becoming rabid. I was also awfully hungry. My wife came in. I should have received her with an air of sarcastic politeness (any friends of mine who read this will know the style of thing I mean—my

playfully severe air, you know), but I was broken-spirited by recent trials.

"It's so annoying," she said, coming to the point at once; "there aint a piece of meat to be got in the place; not even a chop to be procured for love or money before to-morrow."

"Sweet spot!" I murmured.

"And I've been to every shop in the place to get change for a five-pound note; but they say there isn't as much money in the town."

I smiled sardonically, but didn't speak.

"Then the fishmonger only comes over from Shell-borough on Mondays and Fridays, and to-day's Wednesday; and Mrs. Grogum says her fireplace isn't big enough to roast joints, so we must have all our meat baked; and there's no draught ale that's drinkable to be got here, because there's so little demand for it; and the poulterer's only got one very small rabbit, which is not at all good; and Mrs. Grogum said she understood we found our own plate—she's only got two-pronged steel forks; and there's a dog next door but one, they tell me, that howls all night; and the windows in our room rattle so dreadfully, that we shan't get much sleep, I'm afraid; and there's no lock to the door; and the pillows are like dummies, they're so hard. And so you must put up with an egg and a slice of bacon for your tea."

The volubility of my wife, culminating in a decided *non sequitur*, was more than I could bear. I seized a chair in my agitation, and the back rails came off in my hand. This calmed me. I propped it against the wall with the determination of declaring I hadn't done it, and smiled once more.

"Mrs. Coodler," I observed (I never address my wife thus except under very peculiar circumstances),—"Mrs. Coodler, I have taken these apartments for a month, and we must try and make the best of them. Fortified by the cheering society of the Interesting Stranger, no doubt you will be able to bear up."

Mrs. Coodler colored, and would have replied, but I waved her aside, and went out into the street to see the lions!

The lions! I was not long in seeing them all. There were the six bathing-machines, the "principal" hotel, the post-office, the library, and—nothing else. The library was an imposing edifice; that is to say, it was a deal take-in. There were no new books whatever, and I refused to be comforted by the "Adventures of a Guinea;" neither could I be brought to properly appreciate the charms of "Pamela;" so I went home again. I walked up stairs, and entering the apartment, found—no, reader, you're wrong for once—not the Interesting Stranger, but a policeman—a regular rural peeler. He eyed me with professional distrust and a calm smile. I swelled with indignation, and tried to awe him, but he was not to be awed.

"Good morning," said the policeman, familiarly.

"I presume—"

"You *do*, sir," I replied sharply, in my imperious manner; "you presume very considerably in entering a gentleman's apartments in this way, sir. Let me tell you an Englishman's first floor is his castle, sir. What do you want?"

"You!" replied the constable, in a deep tone.

I was becoming accustomed to this sort of thing, and smiled.

"Your name is Dumpton," said the fellow.

"All right," I replied; "have it so, if you like; you must know best." I was tickled by the atrocity of the whole thing. "What's the charge? Burglary? Garotting? Murder? What is it?"

"You come from town by the half after ten train?"

"I did."

"Good! A telegram informs me I'm to arrest a party of your description; at least you're near enough the description for me to arrest you. So, without more ado, come on."

My wife is an excellent woman, and at times her feelings get too many for her. She heard the final speech of the policeman, and was with difficulty dissuaded from flying at him. Such was also the case with Sarah Naggles, who has highly-developed nails, and (in consequence of blighted hopes) nourishes an abnormal hatred of "the force." Between these two desperate women the one policeman of Mudville would, I am afraid, have come to the most unmitigated grief. He saw his peril, and produced a pair of handcuffs. I confess the sight unmanned me, and I sank into a chair. I produced my card; I pointed to the direction on my boxes; I threatened to write to the "Times;" I explained how ridiculous it would be in a felon travelling about with a family; I pleaded and stormed alternately, but to no object. The policeman had received his instructions; had been directed to us by the malevolent one-eyed fly-driver; had executed his orders, and was deaf to reason, blind to a bribe, and generally stupid and unwervingly upright.

Mrs. Grogum coming in suddenly upon the scene did not improve the tone of the meeting, as may be supposed. She had settled that we "was no good" the instant Mrs. C. had made rude remarks about her frying-pan, "a article as a *reef* lady would despise to worrit herself about." And as for that sylph in the black stockings, Shoozan, she had long ago learnt to place the blindest confidence in the Mudville policeman, who was the model of manly beauty in the eyes of the neighboring maid-servants.

We were at our wits' end. My wife was frantic, the nurse furious, the children fractious. Wrapped in his panoply of authority and pig-headedness, the policeman alone was calm.

To us (at this juncture) entered blithely the Interesting Stranger. A smile was on his lip, a tear was not in his eye. I was about to appeal to him to clear

up the mystery when I observed a remarkable change come over his features. At the same time a change as remarkable came over the countenance of the aggressive constable. He clapped his eye on the figure of the Interesting Stranger, and almost instantly clapped his professional handcuffs on the wrists of the same individual.

The Interesting Stranger answered to the description in the telegram in every particular, and to this day I cannot comprehend the reason for arresting me, for we were not in the least alike. The I. S. was tall, I am—well, under the middle height. The I. S. was good-looking (at least Mrs. Coodler declares so spite of everything; and he was described by the police reporter as a "person of fashionable appearance"), and I am, I admit, not striking to look at, though dignified for a short person. The I. S. was not dressed like me either; so, altogether, it was a muddle at Mudville, and I might have kicked up a great row about it.

Did I stop to have any arguments, to receive the grovelling apologies of Mrs. Grogum, the trembling beseechings of the obtuse policeman, the solemn assurances of attention and cleanliness from Shoozan, the universal sympathy of the excited populace—did I wait for all this?

Did I?

Did I fetch the one-eyed fly-driver from his favorite haunt, and bundle self and family back to town that afternoon?

Didn't I!

PAUL WARNER'S STORY.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

It was in the Spring of '51. I was travelling for the house of Thomson & Thompson, and had reached Cincinnati, where I put up, of course, at the Burnett House. I had taken a bath, eaten a hearty dinner, drank therewith a bottle of Longworth's Sparkling Catawba, retired to my room, lit a cigar, thrown myself across the bed, and with an odd volume of Mr. Dickens's last novel (it was "Nicholas Nickleby," I think, but I won't be sure) for a companion, was resolved to digest comfortably. In a little while, something in the cigar, or in the atmosphere, for it couldn't have been in the book, overpowered me, and I fell into a gentle doze.

From this beatific state I was roused by a quick, sharp rap at my door.

"A—w, come in!" I exclaimed, yawning; and sitting up in the twilight, for it was just dusk, I beheld a tall male figure, who advanced, saying:—

"Mr. Warner, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir," I replied, now springing to my feet, "pray wh—"

"This note will explain the cause of my calling," said he, handing it to me."

"Ah! take a seat, sir, while I light the gas."

He bowed and sat down. I lit the burner, opened the note, and read as follows:—

BURNETT HOUSE, April 5, '51.

MR. PAUL WARNER—SIR: At last, then, I have found you. For one month, sir, I have been on your trace, or rather in search of it, but, until this moment, in vain. Now, however, by a mere chance, I discover you, and not daring to trust myself in the present state of my feelings, which you will acknowledge are justly exasperated, I send this by the hands of my friend Mr. Madden, who is authorized in my name to demand an explanation of your very dishonorable conduct. You will understand what I refer to, without further words, when I sign myself yours, indignantly,
GEORGE SMYTHE.

If I had been transported to Constantinople during my sleep, and had found myself reading an Arabic MS. from the Sultan, asking for an explanation of my presence in that city, on awaking, I could not have felt more com-

pletely bewildered than I did on perusing this document from Mr. George Smythe.

Who the—who was this Mr. Smythe? I had never heard of such a person. And what dishonorable or any other conduct could I have pursued toward a person whom I never—

"Well, Mr. Warner," suddenly said the bearer of this singular missive, "I hope you are prepared to—"

"I—Mr.—a—Madden," said I, now for the first time looking at him, and seeing that he was a gentlemanly-looking young man, but a total stranger to me, "Mr. Madden, you'll excuse me, but if I know what this means I wish I may be magnetized! Who is Mr. Smythe, sir? And what the—ahem! Is this intended as a practical joke, sir? or—in short, I beg you will explain the object of your visit, and of this note at once!"

Mr. Madden rose with a singularly lowering brow. "Do you intend to deny, *now*, that you are Mr. Warner?" he began, fiercely.

"Certainly not. I *am* Mr. Warner!"

"Mr. Paul Warner?"

"Of course. Paul is my christened name!"

"Mr. Paul Warner, of Pittsville, recently affianced to Miss Emma Smythe, of Buckland, and who most strangely and, it is thought, dishonorably deserted that lady on the eve of marriage?" continued Mr. Madden, in a half menacing tone.

"No, sir!" I exclaimed, becoming fairly badgered by this mystification; "No, sir! but Mr. Paul Warner, of Jenkintown, collector for Thomson & Thompson, of Cleveport, affianced to nobody, and on the eve of his arrival in Cincinnati!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the stranger, "but this is either a most singular error, or a vain and absurd attempt to escape the responsibility of an ungentlemanly action."

"Sir!" cried I, interrupting him, and really angry, "let us waste no more words or feeling upon what is so easily settled otherwise. I have, unfortunately, no papers with me that I am permitted to show to prove my identity, nor do I know a single soul here, it not being my usual route. But your Mr. Smythe is, of course, personally acquainted with the Mr.

Warner referred to in this note. Pray, ask him to step up here with you, and he will at once perceive his error."

Mr. Madden confessed the justice of this, and, half apologizing for his previous warmth, left the room in search of his friend. I calmly relit my cigar and awaited their return.

Ten, twenty minutes, half an hour, an hour passed, and no one came. The gong (they used a gong then at the Burnett) struck for supper, and considering that I had waited as long as decency required, if not longer, I went down to the table, eat my supper, spent the rest of the evening chiefly about the hotel, went to bed at eleven, rose at seven, breakfasted, and left at nine per boat for Louisville, all without having seen or heard anything of Smythe, Madden, & Co., whom I, at length, felt sure had played or attempted to play some game upon me. As they had evidently failed, I laughed at the joke, and forgot, or at least ceased to think of it.

II.

AFTER a few days in Louisville I went to Natchez, Vicksburg, and two or three other towns on or near the great river, then took an up boat for Cincinnati again, and once more stopped at the Burnett.

The morning after my arrival I went down rather late to breakfast, and was shown into the ladies' ordinary, where I sat down by myself at one of the small tables. There were not above a dozen persons breakfasting, most of them ladies, and all, of course, strangers to me.

It was, therefore, with some surprise that, upon looking up a few moments after being seated, and chancing to rest my gaze for an instant upon the face of a very sweet looking damsel at a distant table near the door, I beheld her turn suddenly very white, then flush up violently, as her eyes met mine, and instantly rise and leave the room.

"Hello!" said I to myself, "more mystery at the Burnett!" Then the queer occurrence of a fortnight previous recurring to my mind, "I wonder," thought I, "if that young lady is also going to accuse me, for somebody else, of some sort of conduct towards her. She was certainly a very charming girl in face and figure, and if any scoundrel has insulted her and she'll tell me where to find him, I'll—

what's this, waiter?" for a servant just then interrupted my soliloquy by handing me a three-cornered note on a plate.

"For you, sir, from the young lady in No. 140."

"Eh? lady in 140? Let me see! yes! 'Mr. Paul Warner, Present;' that is certainly my name! Here goes for another joke, I suppose! Cincinnati is a funny place!" And so, muttering, I undid the triangle and read:—

"I scarce know how to address you, after the—after what has passed. But for your own sake, if not for mine, I write to beg you will leave this place! I beseech you go! I forgive you; but I cannot, must not meet you more. The sight of you has become hateful. Ask your own heart if it could be otherwise—if you have a heart in which an honorable truthful emotion is left. Oh, to think I should have been so cruelly deceived in you! That I should have believed you to be—but all this is as if it had never been. I write to bid you go! My brother is looking for you up and down the world. I expect him here to-day, it may be in a few hours. Not for worlds would I have you two meet.

"EMMA SMYTHE.

"P. S. Should we ever meet again, by the hazards of this life, remember, I know you not, nor ever knew you! This is the only reparation I demand, or you can give!

E. S."

"Now, by all the wizards of east, west, south, and north!" cried I, springing up and scaring the waiter excessively, "I *will not* be bamboozled in this way any more, by any Smythe of them all!" And, rushing to the office, I wrote upon a blank visiting-card thus:—

"A gentleman, with a message from her brother, desires a moment's interview with Miss Smythe immediately."

"Be good enough to take this to No. 140, and return with an answer," said I to one of the hall servants.

In a few moments he came back. "The lady will see you, sir, right away."

"Show me the way!"

We went up to No. 140—a private parlor. I knocked. "Come in!" tinkled a sweet, clear voice. I opened the door, took a single step forward—there was a cry, and for the next five minutes I was earnestly engaged in patting the hands and sprinkling the brow of a lovely maiden by the name of Emma Smythe, far gone in a faint. At last she revived, and

slowly opening her eyes, met mine, and shuddered. I hastened to speak:—

"You are laboring under a terrible mistake, my dear young lady!" said I. "It is very extraordinary indeed that I!"—

But ere I could get any further she started up with another, though far different sort of ery. The spell was broken! My voice, at least, was my own, and not that of some rascally fellow who had appropriated my name and, apparently, my *physique* also.

"How strange!" exclaimed Miss Smythe, still looking at me in a wild sort of way. "It is wonderful—wonderful! and yet it is not *he*! No, it is *not* he!" Here she paused, took a long breath like a sigh, and then thoroughly collecting herself, "I beg your pardon, sir," said she, with just a slight tremor in her sweet voice, "for this to you, no doubt, most inexplicable scene; but your very singular resemblance to"—

"One Mr. Paul Warner," said I, smiling and helping her out.

She started: "Ah! you—you know, then—but I forgot; of course you are acquainted with—with—that is, you are good enough to bear a message from my brother, I think. Pray, sir, what does George say to me?"

"He says, Miss Smythe," I exclaimed, earnestly, carried away completely by her grace and winning beauty, as well as by the strange circumstances of the situation—"he says that a somewhat singular resemblance has already caused him to commit an awkward error, to call it mildly, and that the same likeness may deceive even you. Therefore," he says, 'the gentleman who has the misfortune to look somewhat like one who—in short, like a scoundrel—comes to you to undeceive you as to that resemblance, and to declare that he will not rest till he discovers his unworthy double, and bestows upon him the punishment he so richly merits for deceiving one of the fairest, sweetest, best'"—

At this critical moment, when I was about to cap the climax of my enthusiasm by a perfect breakdown, for Miss Smythe was evidently becoming alarmed by the warmth of my manner; at this instant the parlor door swung open and two gentlemen walked into the room.. They caught sight of me at once. "Warner, at last!" cried one of them, springing forward as if to seize upon me.

But the other, who, I perceived, was my former visitor, Mr. Madden, held him back,

crying, "No, no! that's the other!" And Miss Smythe also rushed before me, and looking in a most bewildered manner at her brother and myself—"Oh!" exclaimed the poor girl, "what *does* all this mean? You will drive me mad among you!"

The tableau for a moment beggared description. An explanation, however, quickly ensued, and the first few words bringing a calm, we all sat down to talk it over more fully.

"Yes," said Miss Smythe, "the likeness is certainly startling; though after the first glance I should not be deceived. But how extraordinary the coincidence!" She sighed again, and the scene with its associations had evidently agitated her too much to permit her presence longer. She rose, and timidly held out her hand: "I hope," said she, in a low voice; "that is, I thank you, sir, for your visit, and the kind feelings that dictated it. I should be glad before I go to know the—the—your name, sir."

"My name," I answered, gently touching her fair hand, "is—Paul Warner!"

She gave a quick cry, snatched away her hand, and fled from the room.

Three days later I arrived in Cleveport, and reported at the counting-house of Thomson & Thompson, with a pretty heavy account of collections, but not a word of my adventure with the Smythes.

III.

DURING the next twelve months I made—well, say several visits to Buckland. It lay, more or less, in my "route." Nothing had ever been seen or heard of the *other* Warner. In fact, we "never mentioned him," by tacit consent, though, of course, we, or at least *I*, thought of him pretty often. Miss Smythe was a *remarkably* sweet and charming girl.

In the beginning of '53, I went into business with Thomson & Thompson, the firm being Thomson, Warner, & Thompson. For several months previously, I had been in the habit, when at Buckland (which was—well, semi-occasionally), of calling Miss Smythe simply Emma. She called me John (my whole name was originally John Paul Jones Warner, of which I had long dropped the Jones and John), because she did not like *Paul*. Poor, dear girl! no wonder! Upon becoming a member of the firm of T. W. & T., I addressed

a few remarks to Miss Smythe, as Emma, with the prefix of "dearest."

In consequence of her reply, a religious ceremony speedily took place, by which she became Emma more than ever to me, but ceased to be Miss Smythe forever. We started upon a trip together, of a honeyed and moon-lit character. From Buckland, we went down the Father of waters to New Orleans, thence by sea to the great city of Mamahatta. We journeyed through many scenes, lonely and peopled, sweet and solemn, prosaic and picturesque, going northward to the mighty cataract. Thence southward again to the great sea city, and one morning—a foggy morning in April—saw us rattling over the ironway toward the city of Penn. We sped for a time swiftly and smoothly. Suddenly there was a strange jar, a crush, a smothered cry, a great cloud of dust, an awful pause; then shrieks, and groans, and clamors unspeakable. There had been a collision. My beloved Emily was unhurt. So was I. But she was deadly faint, and I carried her to a cottage by the roadside, fast filling with mangled forms. Leaving her there, I returned to do my part to my brethren.

How gently rough men handled the poor bruised and bleeding ones! Their hands were horny, but there was velvet on their hearts! A form was taken from the ruins with a splinter driven through his breast. He was dead. They laid him by the roadside, and were about to cover his face, when I looked upon him, and started back. Again I looked, and my heart throbbed fearfully. A wallet had fallen from his pocket. I picked it up, opened it, took out a card, read the words upon it, and shuddered! Yes! here he was, at last! But how, good God!

I put the card in my pocket, laid the wallet gently on the bosom of the dead, and went into the cottage. Emma had recovered, and was ministering to the sufferers.

"Emma," said I, "come here;" and I took her out into the neighboring orchard, and knelt down. "Emma, let us pray!"

She knelt, and whispered—"For whom?" I took the card from my pocket and handed it to her. She read it, and there, in the presence of an awful death, we prayed for his soul!

Whose, do you ask? The name upon the card was PAUL WARNER!

PORT--HOLE VENTILATION.

G D A

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reach the floor he had closed the window. After getting into bed I inquired if he was satisfied with the experiment. He replied, "If you think I am not, feel of my wet shirt; that will tell the story." I found he had received a pretty thorough ducking, which I must say rather pleased me. I had gone to sleep for the third time, when I was again aroused by the stool, which was placed against the door, turning a somersault, caused by the sudden entrance of a man who inquired if the window to the port-hole was closed. Being answered in the affirmative, he left as suddenly as he came. For the next half-hour, as I lay in my berth, I could hear, mingled with oaths, the words, "danger," "water," "drowned," and "port-holes." But in the midst of it all, for the fourth time I went to sleep. I was doomed to be disturbed once more; this time by a colored man rushing into the room. The stool didn't stop for a somersault, but sprang across the room at a bound, closely followed by the colored gentleman, who had a large wrench in his hand, which he fitted to the thumb-screw that fastened the door to the port-holes, and gave a turn or two for the purpose of making it more secure, saying that there was danger of being flooded—that one man came very near being drowned in his berth, as he was fast asleep when the water came in upon him, and of course he awoke after being well drenched. In fifteen minutes I was asleep for the fifth time, and slept undisturbed till morning.

G. D. A.

PORT--HOLE VENTILATION.

A traveling correspondent relates as follows his night adventures in the Hudson River steamer, St. John :

When I went aboard the boat, all the state-rooms had been taken. Engaging a berth, I went below to my room, and before retiring I opened the port-hole window (which was fastened with a screw) for the purpose of having a little ventilation, it being very warm. I went to bed and was soon asleep. About half-past ten I was aroused from my slumber by the sound of "many waters" rushing in at the port-hole, caused by the starting of the boat. After receiving quite a drenching, I succeeded in shutting the window and stopping the leak. Shortly after, my room-mate, who was to occupy the lower berth, came in. He complained of the heat in the room, and proposed to open the window to the port-hole. I objected, giving my reasons; but he insisted, saying he guessed there would be no risk. Not being able to convince him of the danger, I concluded to let him experiment. He opened the port-hole and went to bed. The air was certainly greatly improved, and I was soon asleep. How long I had slept it is difficult to tell—possibly five minutes—when I was again aroused by another rush of water. We both sprang up to close the port-hole; but my companion was too quick for me; before I could

ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN.

STEAM navigation, which in itself is a romance more marvelous than any of the stories told by Sinbad the Sailor, it has been thought had put an end to the romance of ocean travel, and made a sea voyage a very prosy occurrence. A man who should set out, like Sir Launcelot Greaves, in search of adventure, in these days, would never dream of taking passage on board a steamship. Desert islands, sea rivers, or any of the perils which rendered an ocean voyage so uncertain a few years ago, have not been regarded as possibilities since the establishment of regular steam lines, which make their passages with the certainty and regularity of old stage-coaches. As for a desert island, upon which a ship's crew might be thrown with all those attendant distresses which are so enchanting to read about in old story-books, we had no idea that any such thing could be had for love or money anywhere this side of the Encantadas. But a shipwreck has just occurred within a few days' sail of our own port, the account of which reads like a chapter from old Purchas or Captain Cook; from Judah Paddock, or Captain Riley. We have not read anything so Robinson Crusoeish of late years, out of Captain Mayne Reid's book of adventure. The fine new steamship, *Golden Rule*, of the Central American Transit Company's line, left New York on the 23d of May, with a crew of a hundred men, and more than five hundred passengers, bound for San Juan and Aspinwall, and on the 30th of the same month the ship was a wreck on a coral reef, and all the crew and passengers were huddled together on a desolate island, whither they had been carried on rafts, and subsisting after just such a fashion as shipwrecked crews used to do in similar circumstances before the days of steam and patent chronometers. The island of Roncada, where this strange disaster occurred, may be known to the experienced navigator in the Southern Ocean, but we confess to entire ignorance of its existence until the present time. It lies off the coast of Central America, in lat. 18° S., some three hundred miles from Aspinwall. The crew and passengers remained upon it eleven days without the loss of a life or any serious damage to their health, when they were taken off by two United States steamships, and carried to Aspinwall, two boats having been dispatched for assistance, one to San Juan and the other to Aspinwall. The cause of the disaster we do not know, whether it was owing to a variation of the compass, a capricious current, or careless reckoning; but it is very evident that, after the ship struck upon the reef, there was a capable mind directing affairs, for we cannot recall a single instance of a shipwreck where there were so many hundred lives exposed to peril effecting their escape with so little injury, and without the loss of a single life. It is terrifying to think of the horrors which would have befallen the shipwrecked passengers if the boats sent for assistance had been lost on their way, for the island is a spot which is never visited, and but for their speedy relief they must soon have perished from hunger.

As a fitting companion story to this shipwreck, it is a remarkable circumstance that the same paper which first published the account of it contained the narrative of a not less surprising affair which lately occurred on the coast of Ireland, where a ship, bound from Liverpool to a neighboring port with a cargo of Indian corn, was surrounded in a calm by a flotilla of eleven piratical boats from the shore, the crews of which boarded her, took possession of her, like so many Nootka Sound savages, pillaged her of what valuables she had, and, after filling each of the boats with corn, made off and left her to her fate. If this last story were not an official report in a shipping gazette, we should be disposed to regard it as the invention of some desperate "Bohemian," who was hard put to it for a sensational paragraph. But then we remember it was on the coast of Ireland, the only coast in all Christendom where such an event could have taken place.

SIR BROOK FOSSBROOKE.

PART II. — CHAPTER V. — THE PICNIC ON HOLY ISLAND.

FROM the day that Sir Brook made the acquaintance of Tom Lendrick and his sister, he determined he would "pitch his tent," as he called it, for some time at Killaloe. They had, so to say, captivated the old man. The young fellow, by his frank, open, manly nature, his ardent love of sport in every shape, his invariable good humour, and more than all these, by the unaffected simplicity of his character, had strongly interested him; while Lucy had made a far deeper impression by her gentleness, her refinement, an elegance in deportment that no teaching ever gives, and, along with these, a mind stored with thought and reflectiveness. Let us, however, be just to each, and own that her beauty and the marvellous fascination of her smile, gave her, even in that old man's eyes, an irresistible charm. It was a very long bygone, but he had once been in love, and the faint flicker of the memory had yet survived in his heart. It was just as likely Lucy bore no resemblance to her he had loved, but he fancied she did — he imagined that she was her very image. That was the smile, the glance, the tone, the gesture, which once had set his heart a-throbbing, and the illusion threw around her an immense fascination.

She liked him, too. Through all the strange incongruities of his character, his restless love of adventure and excitement, there ran a gentle liking for quite pleasures. He loved scenery passionately, and with a painter's taste for colour and form; he loved poetry, which he read with a wondrous charm of voice and intonation. Nor was it without its peculiar power, this homage of an old man, who rendered her the attentive service of a devoted admirer.

There is a very subtle flattering in the obsequious devotion of age to youth. It is, at least, an honest worship, an unselfish offering, and in this way the object of it may well feel proud of its tribute.

From the Vicar, Dr. Mills, Fossbrooke had learned the chief events of Dr. Lendrick's history, of his estrangement from his father, his fastidious retirement from the world, and last of all his narrow fortune, apparently now growing narrower, since within the last year he had withdrawn his son from the University on the score of its expense.

A gold-medallist and a scholar, Dr. Lendrick would have eagerly coveted such honours for his son. It was probably the one

triumph in life he would have set most store by, but Tom was one not made for collegiate successes. He had abilities, but they were not teachable qualities; he could pick up a certain amount of almost anything, — he could learn nothing. He could carry away from a chance conversation an amount of knowledge it had cost the talkers years to acquire, and yet, set him down regularly to work book-fashion, and either from want of energy, or concentration, or of that strong will which masters difficulties, just as a full current carries all before it — whichever of these was his defect — he arose from his task wearied, worn, but unadvanced.

When, therefore, his father would speak, as he sometimes did in confidence to the Vicar, in a tone of depression about Tom's deficiencies, the honest parson would feel perfectly lost in amazement at what he meant. To his eyes Tom Lendrick was a wonder, a prodigy. There was not a theme he could not talk on, and talk well too. "It was but the other day he told the chief engineer of the Shannon Company more about the geological formation of the river-basin than all his staff knew. Ay, and what's stranger," added the Vicar, "he understands the whole Colenso controversy better than I do myself." It is just possible that in the last panegyric there was nothing of exaggeration or excess. "And with all that, sir, his father goes on brooding over his neglected education, and foreshadowing the worst results from his ignorance."

"He is a fine fellow," said Fossbrooke, "but not to be compared with his sister."

"Not for mere looks, perhaps, nor for a graceful manner, and a winning address; but who would think of ranking Lucy's abilities with her brother's?"

"Not I," said Fossbrooke, boldly, "for I place hers far and away above them."

A sly twinkle of the Parson's eye showed to what class of advantages he ascribed the other's preference; but he said no more, and the controversy ended.

Every morning found Sir Brook at the Swan's Nest. He was fond of gardening, and had consummate taste in laying out ground, so that many pleasant surprises had been prepared for Dr. Lendrick's return. He drew, too, with great skill, and Lucy made considerable progress under his teaching; and as they grew more intimate, and she was not ashamed of the confession that she delighted in the Georgics of Virgil, they read whole hours together of those picturesque descriptions of rural life and its occupations, which are as true to nature at this hour as on the day they were written.

Perhaps the old man fancied that it was he who had suggested this intense appreciation of the poet. It is just possible that the young girl believed that she had reclaimed a wild, erratic, eccentric nature, and brought him back to the love of simple pleasures and a purer source of enjoyment. Whichever way the truth inclined, each was happy, each contented. And how fond are we all, of every age, of playing the missionary, of setting off into the savage districts of our neighbours' natures and combating their false idols, their superstitions and strange rites! The least adventurous and the least imaginative have these little outbursts of conversion. And all are more or less propagandists.

It was one morning, a bright and glorious one too, that while Tom and Lucy were yet at breakfast Sir Brook arrived and entered the breakfast-room.

"What a day for a gray hackle, in that dark pool under the larch trees!" cried Tom, as he saw him.

"What a day for a long walk to Mount Laurel!" said Lucy. "You said, to other morning, you wanted cloud effects on the upper lake. I'll show you splendid ones today."

"I'll promise you a full basket before four o'clock," broke in Tom.

"I'll promise you a full sketch-book," said Lucy, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"And I'm going to refuse both; for I have a plan of my own, and a plan not to be gainsaid."

"I know it. You want us to go to work on that fish-pond. I'm certain it's that."

"No, Tom; it's the catalogue—the weary catalogue that he told me, as a punishment for not being able to find Machiavelli's Comedies last week, he'd make me sit down to on the first lovely morning that came."

"Better than those dreary Georgics, which remind one of school, and the third form. But what's your plan, Sir Brook? We have thought of all the projects that can terrify us, and you look as if it ought to be a terror."

"Mine is a plan for pleasure, and pleasure only; so pack up at once, and get ready. Trafford arrived this morning."

"Where is he? I am so glad! Where's Trafford?" cried Tom, delighted.

"I have despatched him with the Vicar and two well filled-hampers to Holy Island, where I mean that we shall all picnic. There's my plan."

"And a jolly plan, too! I adhere unconditionally."

"And you, Lucy, what do you say?"

asked Sir Brook, as the young girl stood with a look of some indecision and embarrassment.

"I don't say that it's not a very pleasant project, but"—

"But what, Lucy? Where's the but?"

She whispered a few words in his ear, and he cried out, "Isn't this too bad? She tells me Nicholas does not like all this gaiety; that Nicholas disapproves of our mode of life."

"No, Tom; I only said Nicholas thinks that papa would not like it."

"Couldn't we see Nicholas? Couldn't we have a commission to examine Nicholas?" asked Sir Brook, laughingly.

"I'll not be on it, that's all I know; for I should finish by chucking the witness into the Shannon. Come along, Lucy; don't let us lose this glorious morning. I'll get some lines and hooks together. Be sure you're ready when I come back."

As the door closed after him, Sir Brook drew near to Lucy where she stood in an attitude of doubt and hesitation. "I mustn't risk your good opinion of me rashly. If you really dislike this excursion, I will give it up," said he, in a low gentle voice.

"Dislike it? No; far from it. I suspect I would enjoy it more than any of you. My reluctance was simply on the ground that all this is so unlike the life we have been leading hitherto. Papa will surely disapprove of it. Oh, there comes Nicholas with a letter!" cried she, opening the sash-window. "Give it to me; it is from papa."

She broke the seal hurriedly, and ran rapidly over the lines. "Oh, yes! I will go now, and go with delight too. It is full of good news. He is to see grandpapa, if not to-morrow, the day after. He hopes all will be well. Papa knows your name, Sir Brook. He says, 'Ask your friend Sir Brook if he be any relative of a Sir Brook Fossbrooke who rescued Captain Langton some forty years ago from a Neapolitan prison. The print-shops were filled with his likeness when I was a boy.' Was he one of your family?" inquired she, looking up at him.

"I am the man," said he, calmly and coldly. "Langton was sentenced to the galleys for life for having struck the Count d'Aconi across the face with his glove; and the Count was nephew to the King. They had him at Capri working in chains, and I landed with my yacht's crew and liberated him."

"What a daring thing to do!"

"Not so daring as you fancy. The guard

was surprised, and fled. It was only when reinforced that they showed fight. Our toughest enemies were the galley-slaves, who, when they discovered that we never meant to liberate them, attacked us with stones. This scar on my temple is a memorial of the affair."

"And Langton, what became of him?"

"He is now Lord Burrowfield. He gave me two fingers to shake the last time I met him at the Travellers."

"Oh, don't say that! Oh, don't tell me of such ingratitude!"

"My dear child, people usually regard gratitude as a debt, which, once acknowledged, is acquitted; and perhaps they are right. It makes all intercourse freer and less trammelled."

"Here comes Tom. May I tell him this story, or will you tell him yourself?"

"Not either, my dear Lucy. Your brother's blood is over-hot as it is. Let him not have any promptings to such exploits as these."

"But I may tell papa?"

"Just as well not, Lucy. There were scores of wild things attributed to me in those days. He may possibly remember some of them, and begin to suspect that his daughter might be in better company."

"How was it that you never told me of this exploit?" asked she, looking not without admiration at the hard stern features before her.

"My dear child, egotism is the besetting sin of old people, and even the most cautious lapse into it occasionally. Set me once a-talking of myself, all my prudence, all my reserve vanishes; so that as a measure of safety for my friends and myself too, I avoid the theme when I can. There! Tom is beckoning to us. Let us go to him at once."

Holy Island, or Inishcaltra, to give it its Irish name, is a wild spot, with little remarkable about it, save the ruins of seven churches and a curious well of fabulous depth. It was, however, a favourite spot with the Vicar, whose taste in localities was somehow always associated with some feature of festivity, the great merit of the present spot being that you could dine without any molestation from beggars. In such estimation, indeed, did he hold the class, that he seriously believed their craving importunity to be one of the chief reasons of dyspepsia, and was profoundly convinced that the presence of Lazarus at his gate counterbalanced many of the goods which fortune had bestowed upon Dives.

"Here we dine in real comfort," said he,

as he seated himself under the shelter of an ivy-covered wall, with a wide reach of the lake at his feet.

"When I come back from California with that million or two," said Tom, "I'll build a cottage here, where we can all come and dine continually."

"Let us keep the anniversary of the present day as a sort of foundation era," said the Vicar.

"I like everything that promises pleasure," said Sir Brook, "but I like to stipulate that we do not draw too long a bill on Fortune. Think how long a year is. This time twelvemonth, for example, you, my dear Doctor, may be a bishop, and not over inclined to these harmless levities. Tom there will be, as he hints, gold-crushing, at the end of the earth. Trafford, not improbably, ruling some rajah's kingdom in the far East. Of your destiny, fair Lucy, brightest of all, it is not for me to speak. Of my own it is not worth speaking."

"Nolo episcopari," said the Vicar; "pass me the madeira."

"You forget, perhaps, that is the phrase for accepting the mitre," said Sir Brook, laughing. "Bishops, like belles, say No when they mean Yes."

"And who told you that belles did?" broke in Lucy. "I am in a sad minority here, but I stand up for my sex."

"I repeat a popular prejudice, fair lady."

"And Lucy will not have it that belles are as illogical as bishops? I see I was right in refusing the bench," said the Vicar.

"What bright boon of Fortune is Trafford meditating the rejection of?" said Sir Brook; and the young fellow's cheek grew crimson as he tried to laugh off the reply.

"Who made this salad?" cried Tom.

"It was I; who dares to question it?" said Lucy. "The Doctor has helped himself twice to it, and that test I take to be a certificate of character."

"I used to have some skill in dressing a salad, but I have foregone the practice for many a day; my culinary gift got me sent out of Austria in twenty-four hours. Oh, it's nothing that deserves the name of a story," said Sir Brook, as the others looked at him for an explanation. "It was as long ago as the year 1806. Sir Robert Adair had been our minister at Vienna, when, a rupture taking place between the two Governments, he was recalled. He did not, however, return to England, but continued to live as a private citizen at Vienna. Strangely enough, from the moment that our embassy ceased to be recognized

by the Government, our countrymen became objects of especial civility. I myself, amongst the rest, was the *bien-venu* in some of the great houses, and even invited by Count Cobourg Cohari to those *déjeûners* which he gave with such splendour at Maria Hülfe.

"At one of these, as a dish of salad was placed round, instead of eating it, like the others, I proceeded to make a very complicated dressing for it on my plate, calling for various condiments, and seasoning my mess in a most refined and ingenious manner. No sooner had I given the finishing touch to my great achievement when the Grand-duchess Sophia, who it seems had watched the whole performance, sent a servant round to beg that I would send her my plate. She accompanied the request with a little bow and a smile whose charm I can still recall. Whatever the reason, before I awoke next morning an agent of the police entered my room and informed me my passports were made out for Dresden, and that his orders were to give me the pleasure of his society till I crossed the frontier. There was no minister, no envoy to appeal to, and nothing left but to comply. They said Go, and I went."

"And all for a dish of salad!" cried the Vicar.

"All for the bright eyes of an Archduchess, rather," broke in Lucy, laughing.

The old man's grateful smile at the compliment to his gallantry showed how, even in a heart so world-worn, the vanity of youth survived.

"I declare it was very hard," said Tom — "precious hard."

"If you mean to give up the salad, so think I too," cried the Vicar.

"I'll be shot if I'd have gone," broke in Trafford.

"You'd probably have been shot if you had stayed," replied Tom.

"There are things we submit to in life, not because the penalty of resistance affrights us, but because we half acquiesce in their justice. You, for instance, Trafford, are well pleased to be here on leave, and enjoy yourself, as I take it, considerably; and yet the call of duty — some very commonplace duty, perhaps — would make you return to-morrow in all haste."

"Of course it would," said Lucy.

"I'm not so sure of it," murmured Trafford, sullenly; "I'd rather go into close arrest for a week than I'd lose this day here."

"Bravo! here's your health, Lionel," cried Tom. "I do like to hear a fellow say he is willing to pay the cost of what pleases him."

"I must preach wholesome doctrine, my young friends," broke in the Vicar. "Now that we have dined well, I would like to say a word on abstinence."

"You mean to take no coffee, Doctor, then?" asked Lucy, laughing.

"That I do, my sweet child — coffee and a pipe too, for I know you are tolerant of tobacco."

"I hope she is," said Tom, "or she'd have a poor time of it in the house with me."

"I'll put no coercion upon my tastes on this occasion, for I'll take a stroll through the ruins, and leave you to your wine," said she, rising.

They protested in a mass against her going. "We cannot lock the door, Lucy, *de facto*," said Sir Brook, "but we do it figuratively."

"And in that case I make my escape by the window," said she, springing through an old lancet-shaped orifice in the Abbey wall.

"There goes down the sun and leaves us but a gray twilight," said Sir Brook, mournfully, as he looked after her. "If there were only enough beauty on earth I verily believe we might dispense with parsons."

"Push me over the bird's-eye, and let me nourish myself till your millennium comes," said the Vicar.

"What a charming girl she is! her very beauty fades away before the graceful attraction of her manner!" whispered Sir Brook to the Doctor.

"Oh, if you but knew her as I do! If you but knew how, sacrificing all the spring-time of her bright youth, she has never had a thought save to make herself the companion of her poor father — a sad, depressed, sorrow-struck man, only rescued from despair by that companionship! I tell you, sir, there is more courage in submitting one's self to the nature of another than in facing a battery."

Sir Brook grasped the Parson's hand and shook it cordially. The action spoke more than any words. "And the brother, Doctor — what say you of the brother?" whispered he.

"One of those that the old adage says 'either makes the spoon or spoils the horn.' That's Master Tom there."

Low as the words were uttered they caught the sharp ears of him they spoke of, and with a laughing eye he cried out, "What's that evil prediction you're uttering about me, Doctor?"

"I am just telling Sir Brook here that it's pure head and tails how you turn out. There's stuff in you to make a hero, but it's

just as likely you'll stop short at a high-way-man."

"I think I could guess which of the two would best suit the age we live in," said Tom, gaily. "Are we to have another bottle of that madeira, for I suspect I see the Doctor putting up the corkscrew?"

"You are to have no more wine than what's before you till you land me at the quay of Killaloe. When temperance means safety as well as forbearance, it's one of the first of virtues."

The Vicar, indeed, soon grew impatient to depart. Fine as the evening was then, it might change. There was a feeling, too, not of damp, but chilliness; at all events, he was averse to being on the water late, and as he was the great promoter of these little convivial gatherings, his word was law.

It is not so easy to explain how it happened that Trafford sat beside Lucy. Perhaps the trim of the boat required it; certainly, however, nothing required that the Vicar, who sat next Lucy on the other side, should fall fast asleep almost as soon as he set foot on board. Meanwhile, Sir Brook and Tom had engaged in an animated discussion as to the possibility of settling in Ireland as a man settles in some lone island in the Pacific, teaching the natives a few of the needs of civilization, and picking up a few convenient ways of theirs in turn; Sir Brook warming with the theme so far as to exclaim at last, "If I only had a few of those thousands left me which I lost, squandered, or gave away, I'd try the scheme, and you should be my lieutenant, Tom."

It was one of those projects, very pleasant in their way, where men can mingle the serious with the ludicrous—where actual wisdom may go hand in hand with downright absurdity; and so did they both understand it, mingling the very sagest reflections with projects the wildest and most eccentric. Their life, as they sketched it, was to be almost savage in freedom, untrammelled by all the tiresome conventionalities of the outer world, and at the same time offering such an example of contentedness and comfort as to shame the condition of all without the Pale.

They agreed that the Vicar must join them—he should be their Bishop. He might grumble a little at first about the want of hot plates or finger-glasses, but he would soon fall into their ways, and some native squaw would console him for the loss of Mrs. Brennan's housekeeping gifts.

And Trafford and Lucy all this time—what did they talk of? Did they, too, imagine a future and plan out a life-road in

company? Far too timid for that—they lingered over the past, each asking some trait of the other's childhood, eager to hear any little incident which might mark character or indicate temper. And at last they came down to the present—to the very hour they lived in, and laughingly wondered at the intimacy that had grown up between them. "Only twelve days to-morrow since we first met," said Lucy, and her colour rose as she said it, "and here we are talking away as if—as if"—

"As if what?" cried he, only by an effort suppressing her name as it rose to his lips.

"As if we knew each other for years. To me it seems the strangest thing in the world—I who have never had friendships or companionships. To you, I have no doubt, it is common enough."

"But it is not," cried he, eagerly. "Such fortune never befell me before. I have gone a good deal into life—seen scores of people in country-houses and the like; but I never met any one before I could speak to of myself,—I mean, that I had courage to tell—not that exactly—but that I wanted them to know I wasn't so bad a fellow—so reckless or so heartless as people thought me."

"And is that the character you bear?" said she, with, though not visible to him, a faint smile on her mouth.

"I think it's what my family would say of me,—I mean now, for once on a time I was a favourite at home."

"And why are you not still?"

"Because I was extravagant; because I went into debt; because I got very easily into scrapes, and very badly out of them—not dishonourably, mind; the scrapes I speak of were money troubles, and they brought me into collision with my governor. That was how it came about I was sent over here. They meant as a punishment what has turned out the greatest happiness of my life."

"How cold the water is," said Lucy, as, taking off her glove, she suffered her hand to dip in the water beside the boat.

"Deliciously cold," said he, as, plunging in his hand, he managed, as though by accident, to touch hers. She drew it rapidly away, however, and then, to prevent the conversation returning to its former channel, said aloud, "What are you laughing over so heartily, Sir Brook? You and Tom appear to have fallen upon a mine of drollery. Do share it with us."

"You shall hear it all one of these days, Lucy. Jog the doctor's arm now and wake him up, for I see the lights at the boathouse, and we shall soon be on shore."

"And sorry I am for it," muttered Traf-ford, in a whisper: "I wish this night could be drawn out to years."

CHAPTER VI.

WAITING ON.

ON the sixth day after Dr. Lendrick's arrival in Dublin—a fruitless journey so far as any hope of reconciliation was concerned—he resolved to return home. His friend Beattie, however, induced him to delay his departure to the next day, clinging to some small hope from a few words that had dropped from Sir William on that same morning. "Let me see you to-night, Doctor; I have a note to show you which I could not to-day with all these people about me." Now the people in question resolved themselves into one person, Lady Lendrick, who indeed bustled into the room and out of it, slammed doors and upset chairs in a fashion that might well have excused the exaggeration that converted her into a noun of multitude. A very warm altercation had occurred, too, in the Doctor's presence with reference to some letter from India, which Lady Lendrick was urging Sir William to reply to, but which he firmly declared he would not answer.

"How I am to treat a man subject to such attacks of temper, so easily provoked, and so incessantly irritated, is not clear to me. At all events I will see him to-night, and hear what he has to say to me. I am sure it has no concern with this letter from India." With these words Beattie induced his friend to defer his journey for another day.

It was a long and anxious day to poor Lendrick. It was not alone that he had to suffer the bitter disappointment of all his hopes of being received by his father and admitted to some gleam of future favour, but he had discovered that certain debts which he had believed long settled by the Judge were still outstanding against him, Lady Lendrick having interfered to prevent their payment, while she assured the creditors that if they had patience Dr. Lendrick would one day or other be in a position to acquit them. Between two and three thousand pounds thus hung over him of indebtedness above all his calculations, and equally above all his ability to meet.

"We thought you knew all this, Dr. Lendrick," said Mr. Hack, Sir William's agent; "we imagined you were a party to the arrangement, understanding that you were reluctant to bring these debts under the

Chief Baron's eyes, being moneys lent to your wife's relations."

"I believed that they were paid," was all his reply, for the story was a painful one of trust betrayed and confidence abused, and he did not desire to revive it. He had often been told that his step-mother was the real obstacle to all hope of reconciliation with his father, but that she had pushed her enmity to him to the extent of his ruin was more than he was prepared for. They had never met, but at one time letters had frequently passed between them. Hers were marvels of good wishes and kind intentions, dashed with certain melancholy reflections over some shadowy unknown something which had been the cause of his estrangement from his father, but which time and endurance might not impossibly diminish the bitterness of, though with very little hope of leading to a more amicable relation. She would assume, besides, occasionally a kind of companionship in sorrow, and, as though the confession had burst from her unawares, avow that Sir William's temper was more than human nature was called upon to submit to, and that years only added to those violent outbursts of passion which made the existence of all around him a perpetual martyrdom. These always wound up with some sweet congratulation on "Tom's good fortune in his life of peaceful retirement," and the "tranquil pleasures of that charming spot of which every one tells me such wonders, and which the hope of visiting is one of my most entrancing day-dreams." We give the passage textually, because it occurred without a change of a word thus in no less than five different letters.

This formal repetition of a phrase, and certain mistakes she made about the names of his children, first opened Lendrick's eyes as to the sincerity and affliction of his correspondent, for he was the least suspicious of men, and regarded distrust as a disgrace to him who entertained it.

Over all these things now did he ponder during this long dreary day. He did not like to go out lest he should meet old acquaintances and be interrogated about his father, of whom he knew less than almost every one. He shunned the tone of compassionate interest men met him with, and he dreaded even the old faces that reminded him of the past. He could not read: he tried, but could not. After a few minutes he found that his thoughts wandered off from the book and centered on his own concerns, till his head ached with the weary round of those difficulties which came over back, and back, and back again, undiminish-

unrelied, and unsolved. The embarassments of life are not, like chess problems, to be resolved by a skilful combination; they are to be encountered by temper, by patience, by daring, at one time; by submission at another; by a careful consideration of a man's own powers, and by a clear-sighted estimate of his neighbours; and all these exercised not beforehand, nor in retirement, but on the very field itself where the conflict is raging and the fight at its hottest.

It was late at night when Beattie returned home, and entered the study where Lendrick sat awaiting him. "I am very late, Tom," said he, as he threw himself into an arm-chair, like one fatigued and exhausted; "but it was impossible to get away. Never in all my life have I seen him so full of anecdote, so abounding in pleasant recollections, so ready-witted, and so brilliant. I declare to you that if I could but recite the things he said, or give them even with a faint semblance of the way he told them, it would be the most amusing page of bygone Irish history. It was a grand review of all the celebrated men whom he remembered in his youth, from the eccentric Lord Bristol, the Bishop of Down, to O'Connell and Shiel. Nor did his own self-estimate, high as it was, make the picture in which he figured less striking, nor less memorable his concluding words, as he said, 'These fellows are all on history, Beattie,—every man of them. There are statues to them in our highways, and men visit the spots that gave them birth; and here am I, second to none of them. Trinity College and the Four Courts will tell you if I speak in vanity; and here am I; and the only question about me is, when I intend to vacate the bench, when it will be my good pleasure to resign—they are not particular which—my judgeship or my life. But, sir, I mean not to do either; I mean to live and protest against the inferiority of the men around me, and the ingratitude of the country that does not know how to appreciate the one man of eminence it possesses.' I assure you, Tom, vain and insolent as the speech was, as I listened I thought it was neither. There was a haughty dignity about him, to which his noble head and his deep sonorous voice and his commanding look lent effect that overcame all thought of attributing to such a man any over-estimate of his powers."

"And this note that he wished to show you—what was it?"

"Oh, the note was a few lines written in an adjoining room by Balfour, the Viceroy's secretary. It seems that his Excellency,

finding all other seductions fail, thought of approaching your father through you."

"Through me! It was a bright inspiration."

"Yes; he sent Balfour to ask if the Chief Baron would feel gratified by the post of Hospital Inspector at the Cape being offered to you. It is worth eight hundred a-year, and a house."

"Well, what answer did he give?" asked Lendrick eagerly.

"He directed Balfour, who only saw Lady Lendrick, to reduce the proposal to writing. I don't fancy that the accomplished young gentleman exactly liked the task, but he did not care to refuse, and so he sat down and wrote one of the worst notes I ever read."

"Worst—in what way?"

"In every way. It was scarcely intelligible, without a previous knowledge of its contents, and so worded as to imply that when the Chief Baron had acceded to the proposal, he had so bound himself in gratitude to the Government that all honourable retreat was closed to him. I wish you saw your father's face when he read it. 'Beattie,' said he, 'I have no right to say Tom must refuse this offer; but if he should do so, I will make the document you see there be read in the House, and my name is not William Lendrick if it do not cost them more than that peerage they so insolently refused me. Go now and consult your friend; it was so he called you. If his wants are such that this place is of consequence to him, let him accept it. I shall not ask his reasons for whatever course he may take. My reply is already written, and to his Excellency in person.' This he said in a way to imply that its tone was one not remarkable for conciliation or courtesy."

"I thought the opportunity a favorable one to say that you were in town at the moment, that the accounts of his illness had brought you up, and that you were staying at my house."

"The sooner will you be able to communicate with him, sir," said he, haughtily.

"No more than that!"

"No more, except that he added, 'Remember, sir, his acceptance or his refusal is to be his own act, not to be intimated in any way to me, nor to come through me.'"

"This is unnecessary harshness," said Lendrick with a quivering lip; "there was no need to tell me how estranged we are from each other."

"I fancied I could detect a struggle with himself in all his sternness; and his hand trembled when I took it to say 'good-bye.'"

THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR.

I was going to ask if you might not be permitted to see him, even for a brief moment; but I was afraid, lest in refusing he might make a reconciliation still more remote, and so I merely said, 'May I leave you those miniatures I showed you a few days ago?' His answer was, 'You may leave them, sir.'

"As I came down to the hall I met Lady Lendrick. She was in evening dress, going out, but had evidently waited to catch me as I passed."

"You find the Chief much better, don't you?" asked she. I bowed and assented. 'And he will be better still,' added she, 'when all these anxieties are over.' She saw that I did not or would not apprehend her meaning, and added, 'I mean about this resignation, which, of course, you will advise him to. The Government are really behaving so very well, so liberal, and withal so delicate. If they had been our own people I doubt if they would have shown anything like the same generosity.'

"I have heard nothing but the offer to Dr. Lendrick," said I.

"She seemed confused, and moved on; and then recovering herself, said, 'And a most handsome offer it is. I hope he thinks so.'

"With this we parted, and I believe now I have told you almost word for word everything that occurred concerning you."

"And what do *you* say to all this, Beattie?" asked Lendrick, in a half-sad tone.

"I say that if in your place, Tom, I would accept. It may be that the Chief Baron will interpose and say, Don't go; or it may be that your readiness to work for your bread should conciliate him; he has long had the impression that you are indisposed to exertion, and too fond of your own ease."

"I know it—I know it; Lady Lendrick has intimated as much to me."

"At all events, you can make no mistake in entertaining the project, and certainly the offer is not to be despised."

"It is of him, and of him alone, I am thinking, Beattie. If he would let me see him, admit me once more on my old terms of affection, I would go anywhere, do anything that he counselled. Try, my dear friend, to bring this about; do your best for me, and remember I will subscribe to any terms, submit to anything, if he will only be reconciled to me."

"It will be hard if we cannot manage this somehow," said Beattie; "but now let us go to bed. It is past two o'clock. Good-night, Tom; sleep well, and don't dream of the Cape or the Castles."

THAT ancient and incongruous pile which goes by the name of the Castle in Dublin, and to which Irishmen very generally look as the well from which all honours and places flow, is not remarkable for either the splendour or space it affords to the inmates beneath its roof. Upheld by a great prestige perhaps, as in the case of certain distinguished people, who affect a humble exterior and very simple belongings, it may deem that its own transcendent importance has no need of accessories. Certainly the ugliness of its outside is in no way unbalanced by the meanness within; and even the very highest of those which claim its hospitality are lodged in no princely fashion.

In a corner of the old red brick quadrangle, to the right of the state-entrance, in a small room whose two narrow windows looked into a lane, sat a very well-dressed young gentleman at a writing-table. Short and disposed to roundness in face as well as figure, Mr. Cholmondely Balfour scarcely responded in appearance to his imposing name. Nature had not been as bountiful, perhaps, as Fortune; for while he was rich, well-born, and considerably gifted in abilities, his features were unmistakably common and vulgar, and all the aids of dress could not atone for the meanness in his general look. Had he simply accepted his image as a thing to be quietly borne and submitted to, the case might not have been so very bad; but he took it as something to be corrected, changed, and ameliorated, and the result was a perpetual struggle to make the most ordinary traits and commonplace features appear the impress of one on whom Nature had written gentleman. It would have been no easy task to have imposed on him in a question of his duty. He was the private secretary of the Viceroy, who was his maternal uncle. It would have been a tough task to have misled or deceived him in any matter open to his intelligence to examine; but upon this theme, there was not the inventor of a hair-wash, a skin-paste, a whisker-dye, or a pearl-powder, that might not have led him captive. A bishop might have found difficulty in getting audience of him—a barber might have entered unannounced; and while the lieutenant of a county sat waiting in the antechamber, the tailor, with a new waistcoat pattern, walked boldly into the august presence. Entering life by that *petite porte* of politics, an Irish office, he had conceived a very humble estimate of the people

amongst whom he was placed. Regarding his extradition from Whitehall and its precincts as a sort of probationary banishment, he felt, however, its necessity; and as naval men are accredited with two years of service for every one year on the coast of Africa, Mr. Balfour was aware that a grateful Government could equally recognize the devotion of him who gave some of the years of his youth to the Fernando Po of statecraft.

This impression being rarely personal in its consequences was not of much moment, but it was conjoined with a more serious error, which was to imagine that all rule and governance in Ireland should be carried on with a Machiavellian subtlety. The people, he had heard, were quick-witted; he must therefore out-manœuvre them. Jobbery had been, he was told, the ruin of Ireland; he would show its inefficiency by the superior skill with which he could wield its weapon. To be sure his office was a very minor one, its influence very restricted, but Mr. Balfour was ambitious; he was a Viceroy's nephew; he had sat four months in the House, from which he had been turned out on a petition. He had therefore social advantages to build on, abilities to display, and wrongs to avenge; and as a man too late for the train speculates during the day how far on his road he might have been by this time or by that, so did Mr. Balfour continually keep reminding himself how, but for that confounded petition, he might now have been a Treasury this or a Board of Trade that—a corporal, in fact, in that great army whose commissioned officers are amongst the highest in Europe.

Let us now present him to our reader, as he lay back in his chair, and by a hand-bell summoned his messenger.

"I say, Watkins, when Clancy calls about those trousers show him in, and send some one over to the packet-office about the phosphorus blacking; you know we are on the last jar of it. If the Solicitor-General should come"—

"He is here, sir; he has been waiting these twenty minutes. I told him you were with his Excellency."

"So I was—so I always am," said he, throwing a half-smoked cigar into the fire. "Admit him."

A pale, careworn, anxious-looking man, whose face was not without traces of annoyance at the length of time he had been kept waiting, now entered and sat down.

"Just where we were yesterday, Pemberton," said Balfour, as he arose and stood with his back to the fire, the tails of his gorgeous dressing-gown hanging over his

arms. "Intractable as he ever was; he won't die, and he won't resign."

"His friends say he is perfectly willing to resign if you agree to his terms."

"That may be possible; the question is, What are his terms? Have you a precedent of a Chief Baron being raised to the peerage?"

"It's not, as I understand, the peerage he insists on; he inclines to a moneyed arrangement."

"We are too poor, Pemberton,—we are too poor. There's a deep gap in our customs this quarter. Its reduction we must think of, not outlay."

"If the changes *are* to be made," said the other, with a tone of impatience, "I certainly ought to be told at once, or I shall have no time left for my canvass."

"An Irish borough, Pemberton—an Irish borough requires so little," said Balfour, with a compassionate smile.

"Such is not the opinion over here, sir," said Pemberton, stiffly; "and I might even suggest some caution in saying it."

"Caution is the badge of all our tribe," said Balfour, with a burlesque gravity. "By the way, Pemberton, his Excellency is greatly disappointed at the issue of these Cork trials; why didn't you hang these fellows?"

"Juries can no more be coerced here than in England; they brought them in not guilty."

"We know all that, and we ask you why? There certainly was little room for doubt in the evidence."

"When you have lived longer in Ireland, Mr. Balfour, you will learn that there are other considerations in a trial than the testimony of the witnesses."

"That's exactly what I said to his Excellency; and I remarked, If Pemberton comes into the House, he must prepare for a sharp attack about these trials."

"And it is exactly to ascertain if I am to enter Parliament that I have come here today," said the other, angrily.

"Bring me the grateful tidings that the Lord Chief Baron has joined his illustrious predecessors in that distinguished court, I'll answer you in five minutes."

"Beattie declares he is better this morning. He says that he has in all probability years of life before him."

"There's nothing so hard to kill as a judge, except it be an archbishop. I believe a sedentary life does it; they say if a fellow will sit still and never move he may live to any age."

Pemberton took an impatient turn up and down the room, and then, wheeling

about directly in front of Balfour, said—
“If his Excellency knew perhaps that I do not want the House of Commons”—

“Not want the House—not wish to be in Parliament?”

“Certainly not. If I enter the House it is as a law-officer of the Crown; personally, it is no object to me.”

“I’ll not tell him that, Pem. I’ll keep your secret safe, for I tell you frankly it would ruin you to reveal it.”

“It’s no secret, sir; you may proclaim it—you may publish it in the ‘Gazette.’ But really we are wasting much valuable time here. It is now two o’clock, and I must go down to Court. I have only to say that if no arrangement be come to before this time to-morrow”—He stopped short. Another word might have committed him, but he pulled up in time.

“Well, what then?” asked Balfour, with a half smile.

“I have heard you pride yourself, Mr. Balfour,” said the other, recovering, “on your skill in nice negotiation; why not try what you could do with the Chief Baron?”

“Are there women in the family?” said Balfour, caressing his mustache.

“No; only his wife.”

“I’ve seen her,” said he, contemptuously.

“He quarrelled with his only son, and has not spoken to him, I believe, for nigh thirty years, and the poor fellow is struggling on as a country doctor somewhere in the west.”

“What if we were to propose to do something for him? Men are often not averse to see those assisted whom their own pride refuses to help.”

“I scarcely suspect you’ll acquire his gratitude that way.”

“We don’t want his gratitude, we want his place. I declare I think the idea a good one. There’s a thing now at the Cape, an inspectorship of something—Hottentots or hospitals, I forget which. His Excellency asked to have the gift of it; what if we were to appoint this man?”

“Make the erier of his Court a Commissioner in Chancery, and Baron Lendrick will be more obliged to you,” said Pemberton, with a sneer. “He is about the least forgiving man I ever knew or heard of.”

“Where is this son of his to be found?”

“I saw him yesterday walking with Dr. Beattie. I have no doubt Beattie knows his address. But let me warn you once more against the inutility of the step you would take. I doubt if the old Judge would as much as thank you.”

Balfour turned round to the glass and smiled sweetly at himself, as though to say that he had heard of some one who knew how to make these negotiations successful—a fellow of infinite readiness, a clever fellow, but withal one whose good looks and distinguished air left even his talents in the background.

“I think I’ll call and see the Chief Baron myself,” said he. “His Excellency sends twice a-day to inquire, and I’ll take the opportunity to make him a visit—that is, if he will receive me.”

“It is doubtful. At all events, let me give you one hint for your guidance. Neither let drop Mr. Attorney’s name nor mine in your conversation; avoid the mention of any one whose career might be influenced by the Baron’s retirement; and talk of him less as a human being than as an institution that is destined to endure as long as the British constitution.”

“I wish it was a woman—if it was only a woman I had to deal with, the whole affair might be deemed settled.”

“If you should be able to do anything before the mail goes out to-night, perhaps you will inform me,” said Pemberton, as he bowed and left the room. “And these are the men they send over here to administer the country!” muttered he, as he descended the stairs—“such are the intelligences that are to rule Ireland! Was it Voltaire who said there was nothing so inscrutable in all the ways of Providence as the miserable smallness of those creatures to whom the destiny of nations was committed.”

Ruminating over this, he hastened on to a *nisi prius* case.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PUZZLING COMMISSION.

As Colonel Cave re-entered his quarters after morning parade in the Royal Barracks of Dublin, he found the following letter, which the post had just delivered. It was headed, “Strictly Private,” with three dashes under the words:—

“Holt-Trafford.

“MY DEAR COLONEL CAVE,—Sir Hugh is confined to bed with a severe attack of gout—the doctors call it flying gout. He suffers greatly, and his nerves are in a state of irritation that makes all attempt at writing impossible. This will be my apology for obtruding upon you, though perhaps the cause in which I write

might serve for excuse. We are in the deepest anxiety about Lionel. You are already aware how heavily his extravagance has cost us. His play-debts amounted to above ten thousand pounds, and all the cleverness of Mr. Joel has not been able to compromise with the tradespeople for less than as much more; nor are we yet done with demands from various quarters. It is not, however, of these that I desire to speak. Your kind offer to take him into your own regiment, and exercise the watchful supervision of a parent, has relieved us of much anxiety, and his own sincere affection for you is the strongest assurance we can have that the step has been a wise one. Our present uneasiness has, however, a deeper source than mere pecuniary embarrassment. The boy—he is very little more than a boy in years—has fallen in love, and gravely writes to his father for consent that he may marry. I assure you the shock brought back all Sir Hugh's most severe symptoms; and his left eye was attacked with an inflammation such as Dr. Gole says he never saw equalled. So far as the incoherency of his letter will permit us to guess, the girl is a person in a very humble condition of life, the daughter of a country doctor, of course without family or fortune. That he made her acquaintance by an accident, as he informs us, is also a reason to suppose that they are not people in society. The name, as well as I can decipher it, is Lendrich or Hendrich—neither very distinguished!

“Now, my dear Colonel, even to a second son, such an alliance would be perfectly intolerable—totally at variance with all his father's plans for him, and inconsistent with the station he should occupy. But there are other considerations—too sad ones, too melancholy indeed to be spoken of, except where the best interests of a family are to be regarded, which press upon us here. The last accounts of George from Madeira leave us scarcely a hope. The climate, from which so much was expected, has done nothing. The season has been unhappily most severe, and the doctors agree in declaring that the malady has not yielded in any respect. You will see, therefore, what a change any day may accomplish in Lionel's prospects, and how doubly important it is that he should contract no ties inconsistent with a station of no mean importance. Not that these considerations would weigh with Lionel in the least: he was always headstrong, rash, and self-willed; and if he were, or fancied that

he were, bound in honour to do a thing, I know well that all persuasions would be unavailing to prevent him. I cannot believe, however, that matters can have gone so far here. This acquaintanceship must be of the very shortest; and however designing and crafty such people may be, there will surely be some means of showing them that their designs are impracticable, and of a nature only to bring disappointment and disgrace upon themselves. That Sir Hugh would give his consent is totally out of the question—a thing not to be thought of for a moment; indeed I may tell you in confidence that his first thought on reading L.'s letter was to carry out a project to which George had already consented, and by which the entail should be cut off, and our third son, Harry, in that case would inherit. This will show you to what extent his indignation would carry him.

“Now what is to be done? for, really, it is but time lost in deploring when prompt action alone can save us. Do you know, or do you know any one who does know, these Hendrichs or Lendrichs—who are they, what are they? Are they people to whom I could write myself? or are they in that rank in life which would enable us to make some sort of compromise? Again, could you in any way obtain L.'s confidence and make him open his heart to you *first*? This is the more essential, because the moment he hears of anything like coercion or pressure his whole spirit will rise in resistance, and he will be totally unmanageable. You have perhaps more influence over him than any one else, and even your influence he would resent if he suspected any dominance.

“I am madly impatient to hear what you will suggest. Will it be to see these people? to reason with them? to explain to them the fruitlessness of what they are doing? Will it be to talk to the girl herself?

“My first thought was to send for Lionel, as his father was so ill, but on consideration I felt that a meeting between them might be the thing of all others to be avoided. Indeed, in Sir Hugh's present temper, I dare not think of the consequences.

“Might it be advisable to get Lionel attached to some foreign station? If so, I am sure I could manage it—only, would he go? there's the question—would he go? I am writing in such distress of mind, and so hurriedly too, that I really do not know what I have set down, and what I have omitted. I trust, however, there is enough

of this sad case before you to enable you to counsel me, or, what is much better, act for me. I wish I could send you L.'s letter; but Sir Hugh has put it away, and I cannot lay my hand on it. Its purport, however, was to obtain authority from us to approach this girl's relations as a suitor, and to show that his intentions were known to and concurred in by his family. 'The only gleam of hope in the epistle was his saying, 'I have not the slightest reason to believe she would accept me, but the approval of my friends will certainly give me the best chance.' 'Now, my dear Colonel, compassionate my anxiety, and write to me at once — something — anything. Write such a letter as Sir Hugh may see; and if you have anything secret or confidential, enclose it as a separate slip. Was it not unfortunate that we refused that Indian appointment for him? All this misery might have been averted. You may imagine how Sir Hugh feels this conduct the more bitterly, coming, as I may say, on the back of all his late indiscretions.

"Remember, finally, happen what may, this project must not go on. It is a question of the boy's whole future and life. To defy his father is to disinherit himself; and it is not impossible that this might be the most effectual argument you could employ with these people who now seek to entangle him.

"I have certainly no reason to love Ireland. It was there that my cousin Cornwallis married that dreadful creature who is now suing him for cruelty, and exposing the family throughout England.

"Sir Hugh gave directions last week about lodging the purchase-money for his company, but he wrote a few lines to Cox's last night — to what purport I cannot say — not impossible to countermand it. What affliction all this is!"

As Colonel Cave read over this letter for a second time, he was not without misgivings about the even small share to which he had contributed in this difficulty. It was evidently during the short leave he had granted that this acquaintanceship had been formed; and Rossbrooke's companionship was the very last thing in the world to deter a young and ardent fellow from anything

high-flown or romantic. "I ought never to have thrown them together," muttered he, as he walked his room in doubt and deliberation.

He rang his bell and sent for the Adjutant. "Where's Trafford?" asked he.

"You gave him three days' leave yesterday, sir. He's gone down to that fishing village where he went before."

"Confound the place! Send for him at once — telegraph. No — let us see — his leave is up to-morrow?" "The next day at ten he was to report."

"His father is ill — an attack of gout," muttered the Colonel, to give some colour to his agitated manner. "But it is better, perhaps, not to alarm him. The seizure seems passing off."

"He said something about asking for a longer term; he wants a fortnight, I think. The season is just beginning now."

"He shall not have it, sir. Take good care to warn him not to apply. It will breed discontent in the regiment to see a young fellow who has not been a year with us obtain a leave every ten or fifteen days."

"If it were any other than Trafford, there would be plenty of grumbling. But he is such a favourite!"

"I don't know that a worse accident could befall any man. Many a fine fellow has been taught selfishness by the over-estimate others have formed of him. See that you keep him to his duty, and that he is to look for no favouritism."

The Colonel did not well know why he said this, nor did he stop to think what might come of it. It smacked, to his mind, however, of something prompt, active, and energetic.

His next move was to write a short note to Lady Trafford, acknowledging hers, and saying that Lionel being absent — he did not add where — nothing could be done till he should see him. "On to-morrow — next day at farthest — I will report progress. I cannot believe the case to be so serious as you suppose: at all events, count upon me."

"Stay!" cried he to the Adjutant, who stood in the window awaiting further instructions; "on second thoughts, do telegraph. Say, 'Return at once.' This will prepare him for something."

STORY OF A LIFE.

BY G. CRAGIN.

XV.

MONTHS had passed since that adventure with Miss Johnson. In the meantime her parents had changed their residence from Prince to Elm-st.,—a place considerably further from the church which we both attended. I became aware of the fact under the following circumstances: A maiden lady by the name of Burrell, a member of our church, resided in Walker-st.; and on learning that I was a down-town resident, and that it would be no inconvenience for me to pass down Elm-st. to Walker, instead of Broadway, with true politeness and modesty she made known to me her wishes for my company when not otherwise engaged. I was pleased with her frank simplicity, and cheerfully acceded to her wishes. Miss Burrell was a woman of unfeigned piety and goodness of heart, possessing also a well-disciplined and intelligent mind, so that I soon learned to appreciate her society, and deemed myself well rewarded for my services as her escort on such occasions. One evening as I left the lecture-room of our church, Miss Burrell remarked to me, that as Miss Johnson was alone, and going in the same direction with herself, she had invited her to avail herself of our company, believing I would have no objections under the circumstances. I hardly need say that this second providential arrangement of falling into Miss Johnson's company was decidedly pleasing to me. And it is my impression now that my esteemed friend, Miss Burrell, was heartily thanked, inwardly at least, for her agency in thus adding to my pleasure as well as to my responsibility as their protector. From that evening I got the impression, but cannot say how, that my company was, to say the least, not displeasing to Miss Johnson. On leaving her at the door of her residence that evening, she informed me that her mother would be glad to have me call and see them. I replied that I would certainly do so.

As Miss Burrell and I bid our fair friend good evening, a queer sensation passed over me—quite different from any former experience. It seemed as though I parted with a large share of myself, or life. Not that it was lost in any unpleasant sense, for I felt very happy after saying that Good evening. I had quite a loving feeling toward my friend Miss Burrell—thought I never loved *her* so much before. Indeed, I had a new appreciation and love for all womankind. Was it the reflecting of the divine element? an emanation from Christ, the conspicuous member of the great duality in whose image man and woman were created? I was quite ignorant then of the nature and power of that subtle influence or *nimbus*, called female magnetism, so exhilar-

rating, not to say intoxicating, to the sterner sex. And with all my experience in the society of women since then, the nature and mystery of that influence are by no means mathematically demonstrated. Of one thing I am certain, that no man will truthfully appreciate woman, or be vitally and harmoniously organized into her life, who does not place himself as a pupil in the school of Christ, to learn of him who is man's legitimate head, to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.

That Miss Johnson's personal attractiveness served to intoxicate my social nature to some extent, during that short walk, I freely admit. And as Miss Burrell was the occasion of this additional pleasure to our homeward-bound walks, I ought to have been very grateful to her. I think I was for a while. We had not taken many walks in that *trio* form, however, before there was something in me that wished it might so happen that my good, spiritually-minded friend, Miss Burrell, would occasionally find some other escort, or occasionally remain at home. Yes, that was the point *ego* was after—to enjoy my other friend alone. How selfish! It was not long before my wishes were granted in that respect. At the close of an evening meeting, I, as usual, looked for Miss Burrell, but only saw Miss Johnson, remarking at the same time to the latter, that I did not see our friend Miss Burrell. "She is not here," replied Miss Johnson. It will be safe to say that I did not regret Miss Burrell's absence on that occasion. I was usually a very fast pedestrian; but on that evening I made quite an effort to progress very moderately. We had not advanced very far, before Miss Johnson inquired if I had obtained a new hope. (A dash of cold water this upon the designs of Cupid in my bosom.) A new hope? What had become of my old one? Alas! I had given it up some weeks previously, judging it to be unsound according to the test applied by our new pastor. I had a great horror of being a hypocrite, and of cherishing a false hope of salvation. And our Reverend Mr. Norton was noted for his gift at removing masks and uncovering the hypocrites, and making havoc generally among religious hopes and pretensions. My difficulty was that I could not tell, for the life of me, exactly when or how I was converted, and could not therefore relate any thing very wonderful or miraculous respecting the change I had experienced. My reply, however, to that home question was in the affirmative. But my conscience at once accused me of practising dishonesty, through fear of shocking or chilling a young woman's good feelings toward me; since in truth, my religious hope was no better than it had been, though another kind of hope was springing up pretty fast.

I believe I submitted my case subsequently to the church doctors, who either gave me a new hope or patched up the old one, making it as good as new, and so sent me on my way again rejoicing. That I was regarded by the elders and leading members as a very pious, exemplary young man, I was fully aware. But still, there was an undefined *inner* want of my nature, unsatisfied with the religion of the church. In its service, it was all work and no *pay*—no rest. Christ said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It was to cease from my own self-works and enter into the works of God, or let his works enter into me, that was the real want and craving of my soul; but I knew it not then.

The next Sunday, I called according to my promise on the Johnson family and spent an hour very pleasantly, mostly in conversation with Mrs. Johnson, whom I found to be a very intelligent and edifying woman. On leaving, I was cordially invited to call upon them without ceremony, whenever I had a disposition to do so.

Some of my readers may wish to know how matters stood at this time between Sarah Steele and myself. As I had not opened a matrimonial account with her, there were no entries on either side to my knowledge. I still regarded her as a dear friend, and occasionally called on all my old friends at the doctor's. This new attraction did not seem to detract from the old ones. The idea of choosing a wife, however, out of the growing circle of acquaintances of young women in our church, did not seriously enter

my mind at that time, for the reason that my temporal circumstances forbade it. That the marriage spirit was a strong and powerful antagonist of the revival spirit in those days, there can be no question. It was creature idolatry confronting the worship of God, although cloaked with the sanctity of Bible authority.

But the subject of matrimony was an interesting one to the young men in the church, eliciting frequent and animated discussions. A brother church-member by the name of Seymour (a relative of our Circularian contributor, H. J. S.), a young man with whom I was very intimate, was fond of speculating upon the marriage question. He introduced the subject one Sabbath—that being our *free* day as we called it, both of us being clerks—by a flattering remark respecting Miss Johnson, recommending me to try my skill in winning a prize so lovely and attractive as she appeared to be. "What should I do with such a prize if I should be so fortunate or *unfortunate* as to win her, with my small salary?" I inquired; "What use could I make of a beautiful painting, without an elegant house in which to exhibit it? Why not," I continued, "make the attempt yourself?" The truth was, that my young friend had his eye already on a much less attractive young woman, personally, but one with whom, could he obtain her, wealth and position would be the accompaniments, she being the daughter of A. G. P., the prospective millionaire, and head of the firm by whom he was employed as clerk. As he intimated to me the advantages he anticipated by such an alliance, I said to him, "Then you would marry for money, would you?" "Why not?" answered he. "What is the real difference between marrying for love, as it is called, and marrying for money, provided a man wishes to make good use of the money thus obtained?" He then cited some instances of his acquaintances in which loveless marriages were more prosperous, if not more happy, than others which were induced by passion. But my friend and associate, Seymour, who saw prospectively a brilliant career before him, as a son-in-law and partner of the wealthy house to which he was devoting the energies of his youth, was doomed to experience a sudden disappointment, and that coveted career to be extinguished as by a flash of lightning.

Within the week subsequent to the foregoing conversation, the bells gave the usual alarm of a fire one morning in the district embracing our store. Our book-keeper, being foreman of a fire-engine company, no sooner heard the first tap of the bell, than, donning his cap and coat, with trumpet in hand, he started upon the run for the engine-house. What a passion he had, that book-keeper Stebbins, for the sport of fighting the servant fire whenever the signal was given that as a destroying element it was becoming the master of the situation! But on this occasion he returned in a very short time, saying that the alarm was a false one, occasioned by the fall of a building. "The fall of what building?" I carelessly inquired. "The new store of Phelps & Dodge," he replied. "Any one hurt?" "Yes, a dozen or more persons buried under the ruins." It was natural that I should think of my friends who owned and occupied the building—especially young Seymour. As soon as I could leave my business, I hastened to the spot, on the corner of Cliff & Beekman-sts. But the two hours that had elapsed since the catastrophe had been sufficient to call one hundred thousand people, it was estimated, to the scene of the disaster, hoping, like myself, to witness the recovery, alive, of some of the men from the ruins.

Let the reader imagine a brick building, six stories high, seventy-five feet deep and as many wide, fronting on two streets. The upper stories were filled with cotton, wire, tin, lead, and other heavy substances. The counting-room and the place where most of the business was transacted, were on the ground floor. On that fatal morning the proprietors and some of the employees were absent from the store on business. The two book-keepers and one or two other clerks were in the counting-room; porters and laborers were in other parts of the building. Mr. Seymour and a Mr. Pitkins, clerks, were standing against a granite pillar that formed one side of a

door, or drive-way into the building, which was used for loading and unloading merchandize. They were conversing upon the subject of the insecurity of the building, for the rumor had gone abroad that it was unsafe. Some of the employees were suffering much anxiety upon the subject. It was reported that certain unearthly sounds had been heard for several weeks previously. And while the two young men were thus discoursing, they were startled by a singular noise combining deep moaning, screeching, and the rolling sound of distant thunder. As the sound fell upon the ears of Mr. Pitkins, he instantly leaped toward the street, pelted, as he went, by the falling bricks, but reached a place of safety. His companion, Mr. Seymour, looked around at the noise to see the cause of it. It was a fatal delay; for he was instantly buried alive. The only other person in the building who escaped with his life, was a clerk in the fourth story, busy at the time in a small office attached to the brick wall in the rear. As the building fell, half of that little office remained, leaving barely standing-room for the petrified clerk. One can hardly imagine the strange and terrible sensations that must have seized him as he saw his narrow escape from a sudden death. But he had sufficient presence of mind to stand there quietly till rescued from his perilous situation. Shortly after he reached the ground, the remnant of the office where he had been standing for a long time, fell into the abyss below. The catastrophe caused much excitement in the public mind. The city press criticised the builder, while the proprietors, through the influence of wealth and position, some thought, escaped the severe public censure they truly merited.